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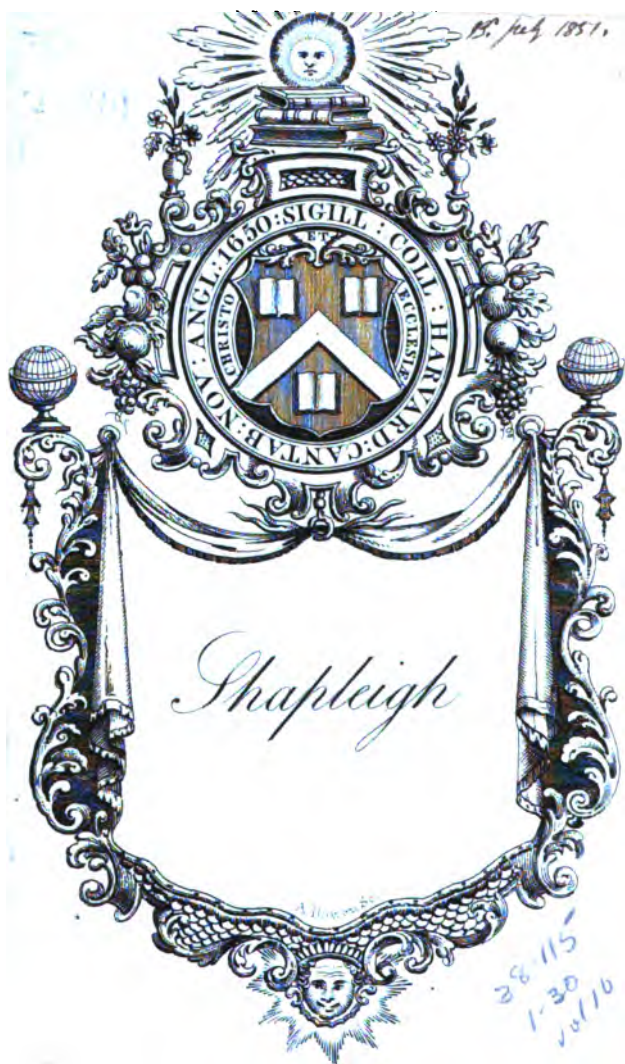
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P 257.1





THE

Knickerbocker,

OR



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TENTH VOLUME

OF THE

Knickerbocker Magazine.

'A NATIONAL Periodical Literature,' says a distinguished American statesman, 'is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion. It is an embellishment of society, and diffuses positive good throughout the whole extent of its influence.' And one of scarcely less eminence, both as a man and a patriot, has declared, that 'LITERATURE and MONEY bestowed upon instructive and entertaining periodical reading, can never be abused nor misapplied; and it is honorable,' he adds, 'to thousands in our country — of our young population especially — that both (often obtained by much labor and self-denial,) are liberally and worthily applied to this object. The good effects of this propensity are not confined to present intellectual enjoyment: they pervade the future, with an influence alike salutary and powerful.' Such a native literature as is here alluded to, it has been the purpose of the Magazine, a new volume of which is herewith announced; to render honored at home and respected abroad. Its Editors have aimed to suit their periodical to readers of every denomination — to make it generally entertaining and useful. They have endeavored to blend instruction with amusement — to pass from light and gay effusions to stern disquisition; to mingle erudition with wit; to allure and please the studious and the grave, as well as the lover of light reading; to the former suggesting matter for reflection and remark, infusing into the latter the love of knowledge, and affording to both a not inelegant nor uninstrusive relaxation and amusement.

On the first of July, 1837, will commence the tenth volume of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, or **NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE**. The publishers, mindful of the favor with which their efforts have been received at the hands of the public, would embrace the recurrence of a new starting-point, as a fit occasion to 'look backward and forward' at the past and prospective character and course of their periodical. Within the brief space of a little more than two years and a half, the number of copies issued of the **KNICKERBOCKER** has been increased from less than *five hundred* to more than *four thousand*, without other aids than the acknowledged merits of the work — acknowledged, not more explicitly by this unprecedented success, than by upward of three thousand highly favorable notices of the Magazine, which, at different times, have appeared in the various journals of the United States, embracing those of the first and most discriminating class, in every section of the Union. Of many hundreds who desired specimen numbers, and to whom they have been sent for examination, previous to subscribing, *not one* but has found the work worthy of immediate subscription. A correct inference in regard to the *interest or quality* of the matter furnished by the publishers, may be gathered from the

foregoing facts. In relation to the *quantity* given, it need only be said, that it has always exceeded the maximum promised, and in the numbers for the last year, by more than *four hundred pages*. Of the clearness and beauty of the typographical execution and matériel of the *Knickerbocker*, and the character of its embellishments — which, although not expected by its readers, nor promised by its proprietors, have nevertheless been given — it is not deemed necessary to speak. They will challenge comparison, it is believed, with any similar periodical, at home or abroad.

It has been observed, that the constant aim of the Editors, in the management of the *Knickerbocker*, has been to make the work *entertaining* and *agreeable*, as well as *solid* and *useful*. It is perhaps owing to a predominance of these first-named characteristics, that it has become so widely known to the public. In addition to several well-known and popular series of numbers — such as the 'Odds and Ends of a Penny-a-Liner,' 'Ollapodiana,' the 'Palmyra Letters,' 'An Actor's Alloquy,' 'Leaves from the Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster,' 'Wilson Conworth,' 'Life in Florida,' 'Loasferiana,' 'The Eclectic,' 'Passages from the Common-place Book of a Septuagenarian,' Notes from Journals of Travels in America, and in various Foreign Countries,' 'The Fidget Papers,' etc., — liberal space has been devoted to interesting Tales, illustrating American society, manners, the times, etc., embracing, beside, stories of the sea, and of pathos and humor, upon a great variety of subjects, together with biographies, legends, and essays, upon numerous and varied themes, interspersed with frequent articles of poetry, of such a description as to secure for the Magazine, in this department, a gratifying pre-eminence and celebrity. But neither the *scientific* nor the *learned*, the *solid* nor the *useful*, has been omitted, or lightly regarded. Original articles, from distinguished writers, (which have attracted much attention in this country, and several of which have been copied and lauded abroad,) have appeared in the recent numbers of the work, upon the following subjects :

Past and Present State of American Literature ; South American Antiquities ; Inland Navigation ; Geology and Revealed Religion ; Insanity and Monomania ; Liberty *versus* Literature and the Fine Arts ; Early History of the Country ; Connexion of the Physical Sciences ; Atmospheric Electricity, a New Theory of Magnetism, and Molecular Attraction ; American Female Character ; Pulmonary Consumption ; Pulpit Eloquence ; The Prospects and Duties of the Age ; Health of Europe and America ; Literary Protection and International Copy Right ; Poetry of the Inspired Writings ; Chinese Nations and Languages ; Chemistry (Laboratory of Nature) ; The Past, the Present, and the Future ; Our Country, with Comments on its Parties, Laws, Public Schools, and Sketches of American Society, Men, Education, Manners and Scenery ; Philosophy of the Romerucians ; Intellectual Philosophy, Philology, Astronomy, Animal and Vegetable Physiology, Astrology, Botany, Mineralogy, and Phrenology ; Progress of the Age, and of Modern Liberty ; Christianity in France ; American Organic Remains ; Historical Recollections ; the Nature of Comets ; Discussion on Scriptural Miracles ; Sectional Distinctions of the Union ; Peace Societies ; Periodicity of Diseases ; Essays on Music, Fine Writing, etc. ; together with many articles of a kindred description, which it would exceed the limits of this advertisement to enumerate in detail.

Allusion has not been had to the Literary Reviews of new works — which have embraced all the current literature of the day, with copious and interesting extracts — nor to the editorial division, in which are chronicled all interesting matters of a local and general nature, with Original Miscellanies, Notices of the Drama, the Fine Arts, etc. In short, in all things, it has been the steady purpose of the publishers and editors — Americans by birth and in heart — to present a magazine thoroughly *AMERICAN* in its tendencies, free from political or party bias, and wide and various in its scope, in which all should find something to interest or instruct, and *none* any thing offensive to good taste, or subversive of sound morals, pure patriotism, or true religion.

Among those who have contributed papers of a learned, scientific, or solid and useful

character — including two or three whose articles are in preparation — may be mentioned the following:

<i>J. K. Paulding,</i>	<i>G. W. Featherstonhaugh,</i>	<i>Hon. Charles Miner, Penn.</i>
<i>Prof. Anthon, Col. College,</i>	<i>Hon. R. H. Wilde, Geo.,</i>	<i>Rev. Dr. Beasley, N. J.,</i>
<i>Prof. Ed. Wm. Johnson,</i>	<i>Prof. Rafinesque, and</i>	<i>W. A. Rogers, Esq., Del.,</i>
<i>S. C.,</i>	<i>M. Carey, Philad.,</i>	<i>Rev. Mr. Gannet, Mass.,</i>
<i>Henry R. Schoolcraft,</i>	<i>Rev. Orville Dewey,</i>	<i>Prof. Holland, Conn.,</i>
<i>Rev. Calvin Colton,</i>	<i>Rev. J. H. Clinch, Mass.,</i>	<i>Rev. Mr. Schroeder,</i>
<i>President Duer, of Colum-</i>	<i>Dr. Rush, Philad.,</i>	<i>Prof. Fellon, Cambridge,</i>
<i>bia College,</i>	<i>Dr. Brigham, Conn.,</i>	<i>Rev. H. J. Whitehouse,</i>
<i>Noah Webster, Conn.,</i>	<i>George Griffin, Esq., N. Y.,</i>	<i>Hon. B. W. Richards,</i>
<i>Dr. Samuel L. Mearns,</i>	<i>James Brooks, Maine,</i>	<i>Penn.,</i>
<i>Rev. Dr. Branley, Penn.,</i>	<i>Hon. Lewis Cass,</i>	<i>Rev. W. O. Peabody,</i>
<i>Hon. D. D. Barnard, N. Y.,</i>	<i>Professor Daponte,</i>	<i>Mass.,</i>
<i>Professor Barber,</i>	<i>Prof. O. B. Wolf, Ger-</i>	<i>J. N. Bellows, Esq.,</i>
<i>Mrs. Sedgwick, Mass.,</i>	<i>many,</i>	<i>B. B. Thatcher,</i>
<i>Prof. Hitchcock, Mass.,</i>	<i>Rev. Gilbert Morgan, Ohio,</i>	<i>Prof. Beck, N. Y.</i>

In the department of Tales, Essays, Sketches, Biographies, Legends, etc., the subjoined names, among others, have been conspicuous:

<i>Rev. Walter Colton,</i>	<i>Miss C. M. Sedgwick,</i>	<i>Mrs. Frances A. Butler,</i>
<i>Prof. Longfellow, Mass.,</i>	<i>Hon. Judge Hall, Ohio,</i>	<i>W. P. Palmer, Esq.,</i>
<i>Dr. Bird, Penn.,</i>	<i>Capt. Marryat, Eng.,</i>	<i>Stacy G. Potts, N. J.,</i>
<i>J. K. Paulding,</i>	<i>Prof. Barber,</i>	<i>Robert Burts, U. S. N.,</i>
<i>J. G. Percival,</i>	<i>Miss E. B. Clarke,</i>	<i>John Inman, Esq., N. Y.,</i>
<i>Miss Leslie,</i>	<i>J. N. Bellows,</i>	<i>Prof. Ingraham, Miss.,</i>
<i>W. L. Stone, Esq.,</i>	<i>Dr. Caruthers, Va.,</i>	<i>Samuel L. Knapp, Esq.,</i>
<i>Mrs. C. Gilman, S. C.,</i>	<i>Timothy Flint, Miss.,</i>	<i>Joseph C. Neal, Philad.,</i>
<i>The Author of 'Pelham,'</i>	<i>J. W. Gould,</i>	<i>Mrs. E. F. Ellett, S. C.,</i>
<i>N. Hawthorne, Mass.,</i>	<i>Colonel M. Kenney,</i>	<i>R. S. Mackenzie, Esq.,</i>
<i>Gen. Ducoudray Helstein,</i>	<i>Theodore S. Fay,</i>	<i>England,</i>
<i>W. G. Simms, Esq.,</i>	<i>William Dunlap, Esq.,</i>	<i>Mrs. A. J. Graves, Md.,</i>
<i>H. R. Schoolcraft, Mich.,</i>	<i>E. T. Throop Martin,</i>	<i>'Algernon Sidney,' Cam-</i>
<i>W. E. Burton, Philad.,</i>	<i>Tyrone Power,</i>	<i>bridge, Mass., and</i>
<i>J. Barber, New-York,</i>	<i>W. G. Clark, Philad.,</i>	<i>Mr. H. H. Riley, N. Y.</i>

The names which follow, include but few of the many who have contributed, from first to last, to the poetical department:

<i>J. G. Percival,</i>	<i>E. L. Bulwer, Eng.,</i>	<i>W. G. Clark, Philad.,</i>
<i>W. C. Bryant,</i>	<i>Miss H. F. Gould, Mass.,</i>	<i>Miss Fanny Kemble,</i>
<i>Rev. John Pierpont,</i>	<i>Mrs. S. J. Hale,</i>	<i>J. H. Bright, Esq.,</i>
<i>Mrs. L. H. Sigourney,</i>	<i>W. E. Burton, Penn.,</i>	<i>Mrs. K. A. Ware,</i>
<i>Robert Southey, Eng.,</i>	<i>Mrs. E. C. Embury,</i>	<i>Robert Morris, Philad.,</i>
<i>J. G. Whittier, Mass.,</i>	<i>Rev. Dr. Pise,</i>	<i>Miss H. L. Beasley, N. J.,</i>
<i>Mrs. E. F. Ellett, S. C.,</i>	<i>Miss E. B. Clarke,</i>	<i>W. D. Gallagher, Ky.,</i>
<i>W. G. Simms, S. C.,</i>	<i>George Lunt, Mass.,</i>	<i>Mrs. Daponte,</i>
<i>Miss L. E. Landon, Eng.,</i>	<i>W. P. Palmer, N. Y.,</i>	<i>Timothy Flint, Miss.,</i>
<i>Joseph Barber,</i>	<i>Miss M. A. Browne, Eng.,</i>	<i>Miss E. M. Lee, S. C.</i>

To the foregoing particulars, the publishers would only add, that at no period since the work passed into their hands, have its literary capabilities and prospects been so ample and auspicious as at present; and that not only will the same exertions be continued, which have secured to their subscription list an unexampled increase, but their claims upon the public favor will be enhanced by every means which increasing endeavor, enlarged facilities, and the most liberal expenditure, can command. Back numbers have been re-printed to supply Volume Nine, and five thousand copies of Volume Ten will be printed to meet the demands of new subscribers. The work is now so firmly established in the public regard, as to be beyond the reach of any contingency which can affect its permanence. Increased encouragement, however, would still enable the publishers to add to the enjoyment of their readers. And they readily promise, that in an equal ratio with the enhancement of their ability, through the liberality of the public, shall be their effective labors. If each subscriber to the work, who has derived pleasure from its perusal,

would send one of more names, (a not difficult task, it is confidently believed,) the publishers can safely affirm, that *no periodical*, foreign or domestic, will be permitted to exceed in variety and interest the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*.

A few brief notices of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, from well-known journals, are subjoined :

'The progress of the *Knickerbocker* is still onward. It is conducted with decided ability, is copious and varied in its contents, and is printed in a superior style. At this season, we have little space for literary extracts, and cannot, therefore, enable those of our readers who may not see this Magazine, to judge of its merits, otherwise than upon our assurance that they are of a high order.' 'It puts forth abundant claim to the support of men of letters, and of all readers of correct taste.'—*New-York American*.

'We have found in the *Knickerbocker* so much to admire, and so little to condemn, that we can hardly trust ourselves to speak of it from first impressions, as we could not do so, without being suspected of extravagant praise.' 'It is not surpassed by any of its contemporaries at home or abroad.' 'It sustains high ground in all the requisites of a Magazine; and we are pleased to see that its merits are appreciated abroad as well as at home.'—*Albany Argus*.

'This monthly periodical is now so well known, that it hardly needs commendation; having established for itself a character among the ablest and most entertaining publications in the land.'—*New-York Journal of Commerce*.

'The *Knickerbocker* seems to increase in attraction as it advances in age. It exhibits a monthly variety of contributions, unsurpassed in number or ability.'—*National Intelligencer*.

'The work is in the highest degree creditable to the literature of our country.'—*Washington Globe*.

'We have read several numbers of this talented periodical, and rejoiced in them. They would do credit to any country, or to any state of civilization to which humanity has yet arrived.'—*Murray's London Metropolitan Magazine*.

'It is a periodical of unusual merit.' 'It exhibits articles of great worth, and is deserving of ample patronage.'—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

'The last number of this spirited publication is inferior to none of its predecessors; in the talent and originality of its articles.'—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

'We hope it will not be inferred from our omission to notice the several numbers of the *Knickerbocker*, as they have appeared, that we have therefore lost sight of its high character and increasing excellence. It has become decidedly one of the best magazines in America. The proprietors have succeeded in procuring for its pages the first talent of this country, as well as valuable aid from distinguished foreign sources.'—*N. Y. Mirror*.

'We have on several occasions adverted to the spirit and tone of the articles contained in this periodical, as being radically *American*, and as highly honorable to our literature.' 'It seizes the spirit of the times, and deals with it boldly and ably.'—*Balt. American*.

'The *Knickerbocker* contains articles very various in style and character. The reader passes 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' with an agreeable suddenness of transition. * * It is one of the chief merits of a magazine, to comprise as large a variety of subjects, as is compatible with the proper treatment of each.'—*N. Y. E. Post*.

'There is no publication among the many we receive from the Old Country, and from this continent, to the receipt of which we look forward with higher expectation than the *Knickerbocker*; and it never disappoints our anticipations.'—*Quebec Mercury*.

'Its contents are of real excellence and variety. No department is permitted to decline, or to appear in bad contrast with another.'—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

'Taking it in mass, the *Knickerbocker* is decidedly the best Magazine published in America, and equals any in the world. We recommend every person to take it. The money will not be misspent.'—*Boston Pearl and Galaxy*.

'This *American Magazine* bids fair to rival some of our best English monthlies. It contains many very excellent articles.'—*London Atlas*.

'It deserves the wide and excellent reputation in which it rejoices — and higher praise we could not yield it.'—*N. Y. Evening Star*.

'Its contents are spirited—well conceived, and well written.'—*U. S. Gazette*.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. X.

JULY, 1837.

No. 1.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER ONE.

'CHAOS of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say 'here ~~was~~, or ~~is~~,' where all is doubly night?'

CHILDE HAROLD.

EVERY enlightened American regards whatever relates to his native land, with an affection as strong as it is ennobling. Conscious of its extent and resources, he looks abroad upon its variegated landscapes, its towering mountains, and its mighty rivers, with a glow of noble pride and enthusiasm. Unequalled in richness, fertility, or grandeur, each inspires him, in like manner, with feelings of joy and exultation. He reverts to the history of his countrymen, with emotions not less dear and animating. The early struggles of his ancestors, their ultimate triumph over the enemies of his country, and over obstacles well nigh insurmountable — their onward march in social and political happiness, the freedom and excellence of their institutions, and the high distinction now sustained by the republic among the governments of the earth — all dwell upon his tongue, in accents of lofty praise and patriotism.

Such sentiments are alike worthy and characteristic of an American; but while we thus cheerfully ascribe them to our countrymen, as a general and laudable peculiarity, we cannot avoid the reflection, that one prominent subject among those claiming their attention — one which should equally inspire them with pride and enthusiasm — is most singularly overlooked, or wholly neglected. We allude to *American Antiquities*. This subject, not immediately connected with our national prosperity, seems strangely to have escaped observation. Every thing else with us has been onward; but this has been left for the inquisitive admiration of strangers. With the fresh and animating incidents of our history we have alone been busied. Beyond these, there exists a deep and illimitable *hiatus*, into which Curiosity has yet but slightly peered.

Now that data are affixed to our brief historical period, and the occurrences of yesterday, in comparison with the actual history of our land, have settled down into a succession of well-known events, it becomes us to look back into those of long-lost time, and to inquire into the memorials of our country's antiquity; to glance at what it *was*, rather than what it *is*. Here the field opens into boundless extent, and the mind becomes bewildered by the strange and diversified objects which it presents. Unlike any other in the 'world's

wide range,' it is seen to be crowded with unique monumental relics, such as men of modern date had little dreamed of. No where else do the same curious and magnificent remnants of ancient art start into view. Britain has her antiquities, but her archæologists find them associated with a people to whom history had before introduced them. They are furnished with keys by which to gain access to the relics of by-gone times. The Druids and the Romans are known to them; but who were they who raised the tumuli of western America, or the Pyramids of Chollula and of Papantla? The antiquities of Egypt, wonderful as they are, point with an index well defined, to their origin; but who can decipher the hieroglyphics of Tultica?—who read the buried monuments of Anahuac? Egypt has her history told—if not distinctly upon her storied columns—in language which we are little disposed to doubt. The tablets of Rosetta have revealed to inquiring antiquarians a flood of light; and the secret volumes inscribed upon the huge and elaborate piles of her arts, have suddenly opened to the wondering gaze their richly-stored contents. They said, emphatically, 'Let there be light, and there was light!' But no revelation has burst from the tombs of our western valleys. No Champolion, Young, Rossellina, nor Wilkinson, has preached the mysteries of Copan, Mitlan, or Palenque. No! Thick darkness still hangs over the vast continent of America. No voice answers to the anxious inquiry, 'Who were the Tultiques?' no lettered tablet is found to reveal the authors of the noble vestiges of architecture and of sculpture at Mitlan, Papantla, Chollula, Otumba, Oaxaca, Tlascala, Tescoca, Copan, or Palenque! The veil of oblivion shrouds, and may perhaps for ever shroud, these relics of an ancient and innumerable people in impenetrable obscurity. The researches of Del Rio, Cabrera, Dupaix, Waldrick, Neibel, Galinda, nor Corroy, are yet known to have developed the secrets of the buried cities of Central America, though they have labored for many years, 'silent and alone,' amid these massive fragments of ancient greatness.

'Cypres and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown,
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch-crush'd columns strown
In fragments, chok'd-up vaults and frescos steeped
In subterranean damp, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight: temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce, who can; for all that Learning reaped
From her research, bath been, that these are walls:
* * 't is thus the mighty falls!'

The train of reflections which springs from a review of these magnificent specimens of skill, genius, and toil, is peculiarly exciting. If, in the vast field of observation which this continent presents, there is one subject that more than another claims attention—if there is one which is calculated to inspire an American with admiration and enthusiasm—it is the antiquities of his country. It may in truth be said, that were we to pronounce what are the great and peculiar charms of this 'new world,' we should say, at once, its antiquities—the antiquities of its buried cities—its long-lost relics of a great and ingenious people—the sublimity of ages that every where surrounds us, and the strange associations which rush upon the mind, as we

view ourselves in connection with an unknown and extinct species of men. Which way soever we turn our eyes, we behold the mighty remnants of their arts, and the wide waste of their mental and physical creations. We every where see the wonderful labors of those who, in times long gone by, gloried in these stupendous achievements, but whose might and inventions are told only in their far-spread destruction; a people; in short, of whom history has not left a solitary wreck behind! To describe the antique arts of such a people, strewed as they are over United and Central America, or buried for thousands of years beneath venerable forests, is a task which ages only can accomplish. An approach to this, therefore, is all our most ardent hopes can at present realize. Curiosity has indeed been awakened by the little which has lately been brought to light. The ambition of the learned has been excited, and the enthusiasm of the antiquarian enkindled; yet these are but the things of yesterday. The most industrious research, and the lapse of many years, are required, to develop the hidden treasures of art with which our continent abounds. For three hundred years have the most extraordinary of these slept in Central America, among strangers from another, not a *newer* world, as they had before slept for many thousands! Even now, comparatively little is known of their character. Sufficient, however, has recently been disclosed, to excite our wonder and admiration. In truth, had we fallen upon a new planet, crowded with strange memorials of a high order of genius, that for an indefinite time had survived their unknown authors, we should not be more amazed, than we are in gazing upon the anomalous relics of American antiquity.

America has been called '*the new world*,' and we still designate it by this really unmeaning title, when, in point of fact, it is cœval with the oldest. We are authorized, from its geological structure, to consider it the first great continent that sprang from '*the depths profound*,' and are justified in believing, with Galinda, that it exhibits stronger proofs of senility, as the residence of man, than any other portion of our world. At another time, we shall speak more definitely of these facts, and present the evidence on which they are founded.

We have said that the subject of our antiquities has peculiar and important claims upon every American; but that these claims have been overlooked or disregarded. This will have appeared strikingly obvious to those who, in Central or United America, have had the satisfaction to examine the unique specimens of remote antiquity which characterize our continent. While the homage of the world has so long been paid to the monumental piles of transatlantic antiquity, and while voyages and pilgrimages have been performed to far distant quarters of the earth, to obtain a glance at oriental magnificence, and the ruined arts of primitive nations, here we find ourselves surrounded by those of a still more remarkable character. The wondrous cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Elephanta, Thebes, and Petra, are not more the subjects of just admiration than are those of our own America. The former have acquired universal notoriety, from the enthusiastic descriptions of numerous travellers, while the latter are possessed of all the charms of novelty. The first are confined

to well known localities, and are intimately connected with a distinctive people, with dynasties, events, customs, and ceremonies, familiar to all who are acquainted with antiquarian literature. In fact, they tell their own stories, so that he who runs may read. Not so with the antiquities of America. These stretch from the great lakes of the north and west, to Central America, and the southern parts of Peru, on the south; from the Alleghany Mountains, on the east, throughout the great valleys, to the Rocky Mountains, on the west; and from the Pacific ocean to the Atlantic, through all the wide transverse central range of our continent. How immense this field of observation, and how rich in objects of antiquarian research! With what associations does the scene inspire us! Standing at any point in this vast space, and looking back through the long lapse of ages, a thousand thrilling emotions crowd upon us. If this spot, perchance, be in the midst of the massive and almost illimitable ruins of Palenque, who so insensible as not to be aroused by the scene around him? Here, strewn in one indiscriminate mass, lie the wrecks of unknown ages of toil and of mind. Here dwelt millions of people, enjoying happiness more complete than that of any other, since man made a part of creation. Surrounded by the most luxuriant soil, the purest air, and, in fine, by every gift of nature that ever blessed our earth—politically and socially constituted by laws the most mild and effective that were ever devised—this city, unsurpassed in magnitude by any other of the eastern continent, may, in truth, be thought the great paradise of the western world. But the reflections arising from a glance at this part of our subject, though now seemingly irresistible, would follow, more appropriately, perhaps, the description; and so it may be with those arising from a view of the extraordinary relics of antiquity which every where meet the eye in the great western valleys of United America.

Trusting, by these preliminary observations—not, we hope, indulged at too much length—to have awakened attention to the importance of our subject, we shall pass to particulars, which seem to us to possess no common interest. It should be sufficient to induce popular research, when it is remembered, that these facts are connected with the most interesting portions of the history of man—with great and signal epocha of the world; that they involve the relative condition of the intellectual and moral state of our species, with their comparative local and general happiness, during all time.

Aside, however, from the associations which the subject of antiquities generally excites, our own antique arts will be seen to have peculiar and striking characteristics. They are not hackneyed, like others, but come to us with all the freshness of romance. They are singularly unique; and, what is not less important, they reveal to us a hitherto unknown people, which, amid the world's alarms, the wars and revolutions that have destroyed a great proportion of the human population, have quietly remained for thousands of years, if not from the origin of man, on this continent. Of these strange people, not a scrap of recorded truth is known to have been left us. Not a traditionary story, nor a symbol, is yet brought to light, that clearly tells us, as we have long anxiously hoped, of the manners

and customs of this large division of our race. Their arts, it is true, develop extraordinary facts, and, in the very language of the people, reveal faint records of their character and origin; but to us they are a sealed book; and so they must remain, until some bold and gifted spirit, with untiring research, removes the veil. This lack of historical evidence, however, does not add essentially to the interest of this subject. It gives an additional spur to our inquiries; it incites us to an examination of the only testimonials which yet remain, of the numbers, character, and origin, of these lost nations.

Aside from the *historical* interest of American antiquities, the ingenuity and magnitude of those specimens of art already discovered, are well calculated to inspire national admiration. We need only turn, in proof of this position, to the extraordinary works on Paint Creek, and Licking River, in Ohio, Mount Joliet, in Illinois; the Great Mounds at St. Louis, in Missouri; the ruined walls and cities in Wisconsin and Arkansas; the three hundred tumuli of the Mississippi, or the stupendous pyramids of ancient Mexico and Tultica, some of which exceed in dimensions the largest of Egypt; and the vast ruins of immense Tultican cities. Surely, these are enough to convince us, that American antiquities are not less worthy of admiration, and of philosophical inquiry, than those of the eastern continent, the descriptions of which have so much astonished the learned world. A knowledge of the principal monuments of Egyptian antiquity is now deemed essential to a fashionable education, particularly to a liberal one; yet few Americans, professedly fashionable or literary, avow an acquaintance with the antiquities of our own country. This far-fetched knowledge, at the sacrifice of that which relates to ourselves, is ridiculous, and ought no longer to be imputed to our countrymen. That it is a just imputation, is sufficiently apparent, in the surprise manifested by distinguished strangers, who make inquiries of us respecting our antiquities, and who have made voyages across the Atlantic for the sole purpose of examining them. Of the recently discovered antiquities of Central America, little is known which has not come to us through a foreign channel. The ambition displayed by scientific men in Europe, in exploring these ruins, is worthy both of them and of the subject. Since the first voyages were undertaken, for the investigation of these relics, great anxiety has been manifested by the learned in France, England and Spain, to gain a knowledge of the facts which enthusiastic explorers might disclose. These facts have now been before us for many years; and yet not an effort has been made either to explore them ourselves, or to procure the results of those ambitious inquirers, in this country. Of the three voyages of discovery by Dupaix, the twelve years' devotion among these antiquities by Waldrick, the archæology of Neibel, or the discoveries of Del Rio, little or nothing is here known. Few among us have ventured a league out of our way to obtain a sight of those relics which more immediately surround us, notwithstanding the great interest of the subject, the important facts which it involves, and the local feelings which, in this country, it might be supposed natural for us to manifest. Is not this indifference a national shame?

The first step in our inquiries is marked by peculiar develop-

ments; and each successive remove will be seen to advance in interest. The nature of the subject leads us first to investigate the history of the ancient Tultiques, the most recently discovered, though most remote, people of our continent. These are to be distinctly understood as independent, and more ancient than the arts and the population of Mexico. The half-buried cities, still extraordinary fabrics, existing among the wide-spread piles of huge architectural fragments, and the singular specimens of antique workmanship, to which our attention is at the outset attracted, are found on the eastern portion of Central America, and south of the Gulf of Mexico. Surprising as is the fact, these remained unexplored by the Spanish conquerors, until toward the close of the last century; or, if at all noticed, they excited little attention or curiosity among the invaders previous to that time. They were intent only on conquest and plunder; their minds were absorbed in the treasures with which the newly-conquered country was stored; and all inquiry was for the buried resources of nature, or the acquired riches of the people. Gold dazzled their eyes, bewildered their judgment, and inflamed their passions, at every point of their unrighteous conquests. The swarms of desperate and adventurous priests, battenning on the spoils of victory, were only content in the grossest luxuries, or in destroying, 'for the sake of the holy religion,' every vestige of antiquity which fell in their way. The manner in which this '*holy zeal*' was carried out, and to which we shall hereafter allude, is revolting to reason, and sickening to humanity.

Thus in the early history of Spanish discovery, or aggression, every nobler purpose was sacrificed by the clergy and the soldiery to their base idols, and every Christian virtue made subservient to wanton indulgence, or cruel bigotry. In view of this, it is not surprising that the singular ruins of ancient Mexican and Tultican cities should have had little attraction for the selfish and barbarous victors, or that many curious and antique relics should have disappeared before the superstitious phrenzy of religious zealots. It is more than probable, that the monumental ruins of Chiapa, of Yucatan, and particularly those of the great Palenquan city, were, in fact, unknown to the European invaders, and to their descendants, until about the time we have mentioned.

From Vera Cruz, the first city they built in the reputed new world, at the head of the Mexican Gulf, they pursued their triumphant way around a south-easterly branch of the Cordillera Mountains, directly to the great valley and city of Mexico. Hence the antiquities spoken of were left far on their left. The subsequent conquest of Peru, under Pizarro, led them still farther from these scenes of ancient greatness. In the conquered territories themselves, crowded as they were with magnificent specimens of primitive genius and wealth, they may be supposed to have had a field sufficiently large, and objects numerous and valuable enough, for their cupidity, while the innumerable vassals — before, the proud and happy lords of the finest country under heaven — afforded them ample scope for robbery and tyranny. These ruins, then, being removed from the first settlements of the Spanish, is one reason why they were not made known to Europeans at an earlier date. The natives them-

selves, from a just reverence for the relics of their ancestors, and a religious regard for the objects of their worship, withheld all intelligence respecting them from their cruel tyrants, and the occupants of their favored soil. At length, however, the facts in relation to the Palenquan city were revealed by some Spaniards, who, having penetrated into the dreary solitudes of a high and distant desert, discovered, to their astonishment, that they were surrounded by the remains of a once large and splendid city, the probable capital of an unknown and immeasurably remote empire! These facts were communicated by them to one of the governors of a neighboring province, who, on ascertaining the truth of the representations from the natives, wrote to his royal master, the king of Spain, to induce him to command an exploration of these strange ruins.

Another reason why the world was kept in ignorance of the antiquities of Tultica and Mexico, or, as the whole was anciently called, *Anahuac*, is attributable to the gross misrepresentations of Robertson, the historian, who, as every one knows, wrote the history of the conquest of Mexico. This writer says but little of the Mexican arts that is calculated to excite astonishment; and what *is* said by him, plainly evinces the strangest ignorance of facts, or an unpardonable and wilful perversion of truth. He says, in fact, that 'there is not in all the extent of New Spain, any monument or vestige of building more ancient than the conquest.' 'The great Temple of Chollula,' he says, 'was nothing but a mound of solid earth, without any facing or steps, covered with grass and shrubs!' He also says, that 'the houses of the people of Mexico were but huts, built of turf, or branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians!' Robertson, in these rank misstatements, could not, we think, have had the plea of ignorance; for the account of the conquerors themselves was a full contradiction of his assertions. From the facts before him, therefore, we are compelled to conclude that prejudice, incredulity, or a spirit of wilful perversion, dictated these erroneous statements. Our descriptions will hereafter show *how* wide from truth these statements are. The high reputation of Robertson as a historian will hardly atone for the errors here fixed upon him. It might be thought that prejudice or incredulity caused the Spanish inhabitants of the neighboring places to be so long silent on this subject, inasmuch as they can hardly be considered likely to have formed a correct opinion of the remoteness of the Tultican monuments, if they had noticed them, or speculated at all upon their origin. Whatever cause contributed most toward our ignorance of the antiquities we are about to describe, nothing will appear half so strange as the inconsistency and otherwise singular conduct of the Spanish authorities on this subject.

Conformably to the information communicated by the Governor of Guatemala, the King of Spain, in 1786, thirty years subsequent to the discovery of the ruins, commissioned, under the direction of that functionary, Don Antonio Del Rio, captain in his majesty's cavalry service in that province, to proceed with despatch, and the requisite means, to the exploration of the great ruins of the city of Ciudad del Palenque — signifying the city of the desert, called *Otulum*, from the name of a river running near it, which we shall hereafter notice — situated in the province of Ciudad Real Chiapa.

This city was three hundred and thirty leagues, or one thousand miles, distant from the city of Mexico, about two hundred and forty miles from Tabasco, south of Vera Cruz, north-east of Guatemala, and fifteen miles from the present town of St. Domingo Palenque. It was situated on an elevated plain, now covered by an ancient and umbrageous forest, extended for *thirty miles* along the plain, was *two miles wide at its terminating point*, upward of *sixty miles in circumference*, more than *ten times larger than the city of New-York*, and contained a population of probably near *three millions of inhabitants* !

— ' There is more
In such a survey, than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe that would adore,
* * or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters.'

The approach to the magnificent ruins of this great and ancient city was made by Del Rio from the village of Palenque. This latter place, we are led to conclude from Don Domingo Juarros, was an ancient village of Tzendales, as it was within the kingdom of that people ; but of the time of its settlement by the Spaniards, we are not informed. It has been ascertained, that the first settlement made in the province, was by Diégo Mazariegos, as early as 1528, when he established the village of Ciudad Real, the present capital city of the Intendency, with the view of keeping in subjection the inhabitants of the province, which he, with much difficulty, had recovered from the natives. In the province were numerous Indian villages, filled with the peaceful owners of the soil, when invaded by the more cruel and barbarous Spaniards. St. Domingo Palenque is on the borders of the Intendencies of Ciudad Real and Yucatan. It is now the head of a Catholic curacy, and enjoys a wild but salubrious air. It is distinguished from its having within its jurisdiction the vestiges of the great city to which we have alluded, which is now called by the Spaniards, in contradistinction to the name of the above village, 'Ciudad del Palenque,' from which it is distant but a few miles. This antique city is also called, by Juarros, *Colhuacan*, probably for better reasons than any that have been assigned by others in giving it a different appellation. Much difference of opinion still exists as to the ancient name of this wonderful city. Professor Rafinesque contends, with much assurance, that he has found, beside the name of the city, the true key to all the extraordinary hieroglyphics to be seen there. Its real name, according to this antiquarian, was *Otulum*, from the name of the river washing the borders of the city.

From Palenque, the last town northward in the province of Chiapa, says Del Rio, taking a southerly course, and ascending a ridge of high land that divides the kingdom of Guatemala from Yucatan or Campeachy, at the distance of six miles, is the little river *Micol*, the waters of which, flowing in an easterly direction, unite with the great Tulija, bending toward Tabasco. After passing the Micol, the ascent begins, and at one-and-a-half miles from them, the traveller crosses another stream, called by the natives, 'Otulum,' which discharges itself also into the Tulija. Immense heaps of ruins are

here discovered, in every direction, which render the travelling very difficult for nearly two miles! At length you gain the height on which yet stand fourteen massive stone buildings, still indicating the condition in which they were left by the people who, at some remote age, dwelt within them. These, astonishing as it must seem, have withstood the ravages of time for thousands of years; and now present to the curious a character unlike that of any structures which have come down to the present period of the world. Some are more dilapidated than others; yet many of their apartments are in good condition. It was impossible for the enthusiastic explorer to proceed to an examination even of the exterior of these singular buildings, until the thick and heavy forest trees, the piles of crumbling fragments, and the superimposing earth, had been removed. Two hundred men were therefore obtained among the natives, who, with various implements, proceeded to the laborious work of removing the many obstructions upon, and immediately surrounding, the remaining buildings. All the means necessary to the execution of this difficult part of the enterprise could not be made available. In about twenty days, however, the task of felling the forest trees, and of consuming them by fire, was accomplished. Some of these trees, according to Waldrick, who has since distinctly counted their concentric circles, were more than *nine hundred years of age!* The workmen now breathed a freer air, and viewed the massive structures, disencumbered of the dense foliage which had enveloped them. From the summit of the mountain, forming a ridge to the plain, these buildings were presented at its base, in a rectangular area, three hundred yards in breadth, by four hundred and fifty in length, in the centre of which, on a mound sixty feet in height, stood the largest and most notable of these edifices. During a part of the time employed in prosecuting the work, a thick fog pervaded the plain. This may have arisen from the retention and condensation of vaporous clouds in this region, more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the clearing away of the forest, however, a pure atmosphere existed, and the venerable relics stood boldly in view.

From the central temple, (for such it was,) was seen stupendous heaps of stone fragments, as far as the eye could reach; the distance to which they extended, being traversed, was more than eight leagues! They stretched along the base of the mountain in a continuous range. The other buildings, which so long resisted the devastating influence of time, were seen upon high and spacious mounds of earth, and all surrounding the principal *teoculi*, or temple, above-mentioned. There were five to the north; four at the south; three at the east, and one at the west; all built of hewn stone, in the most durable style of architecture. The river Micol winds around the base of the mountain, at this point of the ancient city, and was here nearly two miles in width. Into this descend small streams, which wash the foundations of the buildings. Were it not for the forest, a view would here present itself, calculated to excite the beholder with the profoundest emotions. Here and there might be seen the crumbling remnants of civil, sacred, and military works. Walls, columns, tablets, and curiously-sculptured blocks,

fortifications, passes, dykes, viaducts, extensive excavations, and subterranean passages, broke upon the sight in all directions. Even now, the observer sees many of these specimens of art diversifying the scene before him. The bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics fill him with wonder and enthusiasm. The field of research and of speculation seems, indeed, unbounded, which way soever he turns his eye.

The natural beauty of the scene is also unrivalled; the waters sweet and pure, the locality charming and picturesque; the soil rich and fertile, beyond any other portion of the globe; and the climate incomparably genial and healthful. Natural productions teem in wild and luxuriant profusion. Fruits and vegetables, which, under the hand of cultivation, undergo the happiest modifications, are every where seen in the greatest abundance. The rivers abound with numerous varieties of fish and molusca, and these streams being large, afford every facility for navigation, in almost every direction. The people are presumed to have maintained an active and peaceful commerce with their neighbors, whose ruined cities have recently been discovered in different directions, and which we shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to notice. The great Tuliya opens a passage for trade to the province of Tabasco, on the sea-coast of Catasaja. The Chacamal, falling into the great Usumasinta, presents a direct route and easy passage to the kingdom of Yucatan, where it may be supposed was their principal depôt of commerce. The rivers afforded them short and uninterrupted communications east, north, and west. The primitive inhabitants of the province of Yucatan, from the similarity of the relics there found, and from the obvious analogy of their customs and religion to those of Palenque, were in the closest bonds of alliance with their Chiapian neighbors. Indeed, from all the evidence we are enabled to collect in relation to this people, they must have enjoyed a felicity more pure and substantial than that of any other nation on the face of the globe.

In the opening of our next number, we shall present a brief description of one of the principal structures to which we have alluded, as having so long outlived their Palencian founders; satisfied that these noble relics, which have come down to us through gray antiquity, must possess deep interest to all inquiring minds; connected as they are with a people, all records of whom are lost to the world.

AN ALBUM SONNET.

LADY! I thank thee that I here may wreathe
 My name with many whom thou lovest well;
 Though not in 'words that burn, or thoughts that breathe,'
 Can I the wishes of my bosom tell:
 But there is nothing I need ask for thee,
 Of aught to maiden's heart most deeply dear;
 Yet there is one thing I need wish for me—
 It is, to keep my memory fadeless here.
 This much I know thou wilt to me accord,
 Although I give thy clustering hair no flattering word,
 Nor praise the flashing of thy clear, dark eye,
 (Though praise them as I might, I should not lie;)
 Here then I leave these wishes of my heart—
 May I be unforget, and thou just such as now thou art!

G. P. T.

THE HEIRESS.

'The passion which concentrates its strength and beauty upon one object, is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death. The living light of existence is burnt out in an hour, and what remains? The dust and the darkness!'

L. E. L.

Endow'd with all that heart could wish,
With all that wealth could bring,
I 'mov'd amid a glittering throng,
A vain and worshipped thing.
From myriads who beset my path,
My heart selected thee;
Though lips of love thy follies nam'd,
Those faults I could not see.

That wealth was mine, I heeded not,
And cared not to be told;
To one I deem'd of priceless worth,
How mean a gift was gold!
My beauty was a brighter dower,
And worthier far to be
The vain oblation of the hour
That saw me pledged to thee!

Thy bride — for thus was plighted faith,
And pledge and promise kept;
I smil'd deridingly on those
Who look'd on me, and wept:
I dar'd my doom; that reckless smile,
Its memory haunts me still,
Recurring 'mid each change to add
Intensity to ill!

Amid each change — and change to me
Has been with evil fraught,
Yet long I vainly sought to gild
The ruin thou hadst wrought;
Beneath the stern, unjust rebuke,
Love's holy silence kept,
And at a cold and thankless shrine,
I worship'd while I wept!

I learn'd to look upon the brow
Where stern indifference sat,
But love — the love a rival shared —
I could not witness that!
I saw thee on another smile,
I mark'd the mute caress,
And blush'd in agony to think
I could not love thee less!

The shaft has entered! — other hand
Had vainly aimed the blow;
With thee I had unshrinking met
A world of want or woe;
With thee I fearlessly had dar'd
Each form of earthly ill,
And 'mid the desert, bird and flower
Had gaily met me still.

The shaft has entered! — even thou
Wilt weep to learn my fate;
Oh, would that I could spare the pang
Which then will come too late!
Alas for life, which from the past
No closing light can borrow,
Whose story is a tale of sin,
Of suffering, and sorrow!

REBECCA.

FRANCIS MITFORD.

NUMBER TWO.

LONDON! — in solid magnificence — in all that the most visionary dreams of wealth can imagine — where is her parallel! Paris may surpass her in grace; the never-ending sound of joy that echoes through the streets of the French metropolis, may pleasingly contrast with the commercial solemnity which pervades her; but she alone has achieved that imperial crown which cities like her only can wear, and which is only to be won by centuries of untiring enterprise.

Five thousand a year in London is no great things. A man may, to be sure, appear among the great world, by its aid; but it can only be in *forma pauperis*. If he seek to imitate those by whom he is tolerated, he is ruined. Thus fared it with our hero. A desire to appear even as a star amid the constellations by whom he was surrounded, led him to ape, still at an humble distance, their extravagancies. But this was enough to destroy him. His house, his horses, and his chariot, in due time came to the hammer, and for the benefit of his creditors. But still Mitford had a thousand guineas left. Though reduced to poverty, he did not despair; but the source to which he looked was a delusive one. He turned to gaming, and invoked the spirit of chance.

Oh, Gaming! — of all vices thou art the most seductive, for thou assailest us through our avarice. What the merchant feels, when his ship is on the seas — what the broker feels, while the rise or fall of stocks is yet undecided — that delightful agony of suspense, which flattering Hope whispers may be decided in his favor — all this the gambler feels, while yet his stakes are on the table. From other vices a man may be divorced. The bottle he may relinquish — women he may forswear — but gambling, never!

Mitford was in the habit, since the decadence of his fortunes, of visiting those palaces of vice which, in defiance of the severest laws, rear their pernicious heads in the most public portions of the British metropolis; the more seductive, because they put forth all the blandishments of the most refined elegance — mirrors, Turkey, carpets, the most exquisite wines, and last, though not least, a *cuisine* over which Ude himself might have presided without a blush.

It may be said, 'Why are not these houses put down?' It must be responded, that in a free country, abuses of liberty will always take place. No good is inseparable from its concomitant evil. The magistracy once upon a time determined to be firm. Some of the gaming houses were attacked; the iron doors were forced; the barred windows were escalated. Some of the proprietors, and twenty of the votaries, were captured, together with the guilty instruments of their occupation.

From Bow-street they were released on bail. The case came on to be tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions.

What an array! Three clergymen, two lords, sundry merchants and gentlemen, indicted for a misdemeanor, subjecting them to the discipline of the tread-mill! The usual forms were gone through; the prisoners pleaded not guilty. What sane culprit ever does other-

wise? Counsellor Phillips closes for the defence, urging the usual clap-traps of 'Liberty of British subjects,' 'violation of private rights,' etc. 'Shall it be said, gentlemen,' continued he, 'that we shall not transact what business, or enjoy what amusement, we please, in our own houses, without being subject to the interference of the armed myrmidons of the police? Gentlemen, it is the duty of every citizen to resist such gross encroachments on his rights. For my part, were my house assailed, I would do what I have no doubt you would, defend my threshold to the last drop of my blood, and with a pistol in one hand, and a dagger in the other, deal merited death to the aggressors.'

The jury were wonderfully tickled. Verdict, 'Not guilty!'

On the foundation of this verdict, rose Crackford's palace, at which in one night a million has changed hands, and the average never falls below three hundred thousand! Whoever doubts the lamentable, nay, hideous consequences often resulting from this fatal passion, should ponder well on the following, too well authenticated to admit of skepticism.

A lieutenant in the army, a most meritorious officer, strongly attached to play, found himself suddenly plunged by this addiction deeply in debt. His resources, save the scanty means derived from his commission, had long been swallowed up. Nothing was left, except to sell his commission, and then what fate awaited his lovely wife and three children! In the horror of the thought, an idea seized him, as guilty as it was desperate. A certain nobleman, of singular habits, he was informed, would traverse a little-frequented part of the country, on a stated night, bearing with him a large sum of money, the produce of his rents. The lieutenant determined to rob him.

Lord S — was rolling tranquilly along in his carriage, enjoying the most placid state of mind, and felicitating the country at large and himself in particular, on the very great security with which nightly journeys could be made on the high roads, and which his lordship, in no inconsiderable degree, attributed to the legislative wisdom of his ancestors. At this moment, a horseman, enveloped in a capacious cloak, and mounted on a heavy charger, rode against the leaders with such force as to bring them to an instantaneous stop. To fell the postillion and coachman, open the door of the carriage, and present a pistol at his lordship's head, was the work of a moment.

'Your money or your life!' cried the robber, in a tone of assumed roughness.

Lord S —, if he had all the dignity, had also inherited all the courage, of his ancestors. He replied by pulling a trigger at the speaker's head. The weapon missed fire.

'Such another attempt will cost your lordship your life. Deliver instantly all the money your lordship has in your carriage.'

'On my word, young man, you are very peremptory; and though I cannot say I admire your proceeding, yet I suppose I must comply. Here is a purse containing fifty pounds, and here are two diamond rings, which I have just now disengaged from my fingers, to their very sensible inconvenience.'

'This, my lord, is not sufficient. I know you have a sum of three thousand pounds placed under the right seat of your carriage. Despair, my lord, has driven me to this desperate purpose. That sum you must deliver up, or I shall stop at nothing to obtain it.'

'Really, Sir, your precise information as to my affairs is admirable. Here, then, is the box containing three thousand pounds — as I should be extremely sorry to embrace the alternative you insinuate.'

'Your lordship will excuse the inconvenience to which I have been forced to subject you, and be assured I only accept this as a loan.'

'My good nature is extreme, and I will even extend it so far, on one condition; which is, that you favor me with a meeting, this day three months, at the entrance of the Coliseum.'

'If your lordship will pledge me your honor not to adopt any unpleasant measures, and not to refer to this untoward event, I certainly will.'

'My honor is pledged,' said his lordship, his hand on his right breast.

'And I will comply,' replied the robber, riding off with his booty.

'Jasmin! Turquoise!' exclaimed his lordship to his discomfited coachman and postillion, 'if your brains are not knocked out, pray re-mount and proceed.'

The 'interlocuted,' who happily happened not to be in the predicament suggested by his lordship, obeyed orders, and the carriage proceeded.

THE appointed time for meeting had nearly arrived. Lord S — was entertaining a distinguished colonel at his mansion in Belgrave Square. His lordship related to him the event, and the robber's promise. The colonel laughed at the idea of the meeting. 'Do you really think,' said he, 'your highwayman is so ambitious of the halter as to be punctual?'

'I am persuaded,' said Lord S —, 'that something extraordinary must have driven that young man to this perilous step. My idea is to reform him. You must come with me.' The colonel consented.

At the given day, they repaired to the entrance of the Coliseum. A young man, in a military undress, and whose exterior announced the gentleman, met them. Lord S — immediately recognised him as the interruptor of his midnight journey. They proceeded into the interior of the Coliseum. The stranger appeared visibly embarrassed by the presence of the colonel. In half an hour he took his leave.

'What think you of my highwayman?' said Lord S — to the colonel.

'Think!' said the latter; 'the fellow is a member of my own regiment. He must be apprehended and punished.'

'My dear colonel,' said Lord S —, 'you forget that I am bound to secrecy. No such thing shall be done.'

'But the interests of society' — said the colonel, who forthwith uttered a long chapter on that much-abused subject.

'Society, my dear colonel, will never suffer by the reformation

rather than the punishment of a criminal. I am not one of those who think myself specially commissioned to avenge the wrongs of society. They who do, generally use the pretence as a cloak to their own ill nature.'

The colonel finally permitted himself to be persuaded. But it was highly probable the young man, finding himself discovered, would be driven to phrenzy. He was probably then with his family. Lord S—— obtained his address from the colonel, flew to his house, where he found the wretched man's wife distracted, his children in tears, and himself preparing to go — he knew not whither.

Lord S—— dried up their tears, assured the lieutenant of his forgiveness, nay farther, of his assistance. The lieutenant resigned his commission, and accepted service in a foreign land, where, by a vigorous renouncement of play, and consequent attention to his profession, he finally rose to distinction.

Now I would by no means seriously advise any young man, however much inconvenienced for money, to take to the highway, for there are few persons in the world like Lord S——, and vast numbers disposed to avenge 'the interests of society.'

MITFORD had long deserted No. 10 St. James' Square, and No. 7 Pall-Mall, for the more humble and smaller hazards of '5 Bury,' and '10 King-street;' and though at each of these tables he could see the spectres of ruined adventurers flitting round the scenes of their destruction, and who were rather tolerated by the proprietors from fear, than suffered from choice, yet example gave no lesson to our hero, who, like thousands of others who had preceded him, hoped he should be able to avoid the disasters which all others had found it impossible to shun.

One fatal evening, he carried the whole of his funds with him, determined to 'make or mar' his fortune. From five in the evening, with various alternations of chance, he hung over the bank of *rouge et noir*. Morning dawned, and saw him a beggar.

He quitted the pandemonium. Fevered, heart-sick, and agonized, he rapidly traversed Pall-Mall, and plunged into Hyde-Park. The broad and placid sheet of the Serpentine lay before him, reflecting the early rays of the sun, and projecting back the shadows of the thousand palaces which seemed to claim a fairy existence in its waters.

A sudden thought struck him. Perhaps it had directed him there. Might he not at once end all his troubles, and find quiet and a grave in the stream on whose banks he now wandered?

But whatever might have been Mitford's other faults, that reckless infidelity, which must always accompany the suicide, formed no portion of his character. From the instructions of an affectionate mother he had early imbibed those religious lessons, which, however silent they may have remained amid the glare and gayeties of the world, struck him with peculiar force in the midst of his desolation, and he shrunk aghast from the thought of rushing into the presence of his Creator, unabsolved by penitence, and bearing fresh on his soul the impress of a mortal crime.

He turned toward his humble residence, with a throbbing brain. The streets were already crowded, but Mitford heeded not the bustle which surrounded him. The absolute, irretrievable, hopeless ruin into which he had fallen, alone occupied his thoughts; and his eyes saw nothing but the future misery to which he was doomed. The crowds turned to gaze at him, as he rushed elbowing through them, and seemed to think him some fugitive from a mad-house.

Arrived at home, he threw himself on his bed. The pent-up sorrows of his nature gushed out in torrents of tears, and his agony found a vent in audible sobs. But it has been wisely ordained that no sorrow, however acute, no grief, however overwhelming, should prey upon the mind with equal and continued fervency. The flood-gates of sorrow once opened, the mind, relieved from the oppression, re-bounds from the cause in which its sorrows had their source; Pride comes to the relief of Despair, and the siren Hope has yet another delusive whisper to console.

Thus fared it with Mitford. Fatigued with the grievous outpouring of his soul, he slept.

WE have hitherto seen Mitford carried away by the frivolities of fashion, and even culpably straying from the strict path of morality; but it must not be imagined that his acquaintances consisted alone of those giddy moths, who cease to flutter round the candle the moment it ceases to blaze. Many of his father's friends, solid merchants with well-ballasted heads, he still continued to cultivate; and he formed some intimacies with families of sterling worth—whether we count it in virtue or in pounds—among retired traders.

Let us now turn to more domestic matters. Some months had elapsed, and Mitford had long ceased to be a desirable resident at any of the fashionable hotels. There is no place in the world where a man can live so long without money, as London; but it is necessary to have a little, sometimes. Tavern-keepers, in this civilized age, are audacious enough to expect payment for their mutton after it has been eaten. So much for the march of democracy!

Refugiated in a suburban lodging, verging on that truly English appellation, 'the shabby genteel,' he breakfasted at nine, and made his exit at ten, exactly, leaving his landlady in considerable doubt whether he was a moderate annuitant, a half-pay officer, a junior in a banking-house, or an attorney's clerk.

While absent on one of these morning excursions, his laundress called with his clothes. 'This makes five-and-thirty shillings as how Mr. Mitford owes me.'

'And as how,' says the landlady, peering from the top of the stairs, 'he owes me for five weeks rent.'

'Strange he does n't pay!' echoed the woman of suds.

That morning Mitford's evil star predominated. His tailor, his wine-merchant, and his butcher, presented themselves together.

'We wants our money!' cries the trio in a breath.

On such occasions landladies are always curious. Ours adjusted her hair, and asked them into her parlor.

'How much does he owe you?' asked she of the man of port and champagne.

'Two hundred and eighty-six pounds, not to mention odd shillings and pence.'

'My eyes! what a lot of money!' echoes the laundress; 'and all for such outlandish stuff! I never drinks nothing but small beer, 'cept it 's a quartern o' gin.'

'And my bill,' said the Schneider, 'is three hundred pounds.'

'And mine,' cried the man of beef, 'is two hundred.'

'I tell you what, gem'men,' says the landlady, 'in my opinion you 'll never see a shiner; he owes me for five weeks rent.'

'I wish I could get my bottles back,' says the man of champagne.

'I 'll never get my clothes,' says the man of measures.

'It 's no use standing no nonsense,' says he of beef; 'a gem'man as has got no money, is no gem'man, and dash my wigs! if he do n't pay me, I 'll tell him so!'

'I 'll seize his trunk!' says the landlady.

'And I 'll keep his clothes!' said Suds, 'when I can get them again.'

'I 'll have satisfaction!' says the man of beef, his hand reverting insensibly to his steel; for in the mind of a butcher, satisfaction is inseparable from slaughtering a sheep or lamb.

The trio finally agreed to call that evening, and not depart without the wherewithal.

Poor Mitford unsuspectingly came home to dinner. Scarce had he concluded, when the man of wine, of measures, and of beef, made a simultaneous attack.

Now even when a man has money, to be dunned immediately succeeding dinner, and forced to pay out a certain quantum of pounds, shillings, and pence, is horridly provoking. What then must it be to a man who has *no* money? What must it have been to Mitford, who by no means boasted the mildest of tempers — who was still more soured by recent misfortune — and who had three of the noisiest of the genus 'dun' to deal with?

We must not then be surprised, if the man of beef found himself with a single leap from the drawing-room window at the street door; if the Schneider made but two steps down the stair-case; and if the prompt exit of the man of bottles was accelerated by an impetus to the Hotentonian portion of his unmentionables.

That night Mitford interrupted the charitable predilection of his landlady for his trunks, by discharging his 'little bill,' and the following morning found him on his way to France.

CALAIS is the grand resource of those English who live to eschew bailiffs. Sufficiently near to England to admit of a quick correspondence, it at the same time presents moderate charges.

At Desseins Mitford met the celebrated Brummel, whom he found, in dress and manners, nothing more than a gentleman should be. Oh, Bulwer! how could you travestie one of the most perfect gentle-

men of modern times, by adopting, in 'Pelham,' that story of the 'Ruelles?' — 'Do you call that thing a coat?' Brummel told Mitford he intended to write a book, entitled 'Characters in Calais,' who facetiously recommended him to prefix the substantive 'bad' to the title, being most descriptive of the English society generally met there.

One day Brummel was seated at table with Colonel Haubrey, of the Grenadier Guards. He had a beautiful Mosaic music-box, which he exhibited to the latter. It presented some difficulty in opening. The colonel was about using his dessert-knife.

'I beg you to remark, colonel,' said Brummel, gently resuming his Mosaic, 'that my box is not an oyster!'

'On this occasion, he related a curious anecdote of the tenacity of French duns.

'A literary friend of mine,' said he, 'making a temporary sojourn in Paris, and sadly in want of remittances, was one day beset by his boot-maker for a trifle of forty francs. He endeavored to soothe him, but in vain; and as a *pis aller*, told the man of sole to 'go to the devil!'

'Ah!' cried the enraged cobbler, 'you tell me to go to the diable! By gar, I will make de scandale — de *grande scandale*! You shall see vat I shall do!'

Straightway he posted himself at the foot of the stair-case, where he related to every passer-by the indebtedness of my friend for his boots. The man of intellect felt so indignant and annoyed at this conduct on the part of the *cordonnier*, that forthwith taking his last forty-franc piece from his *escritoire*, he threw it at the honest artisan's head, bidding him be gone — not in peace, but with his maledictions.

Brummel was a very fervent admirer of America, and descanted largely on what might be expected from the more extensive diffusion of British liberty through her means. 'It is only the illiberal and unwise,' said he, 'who apprehend that the power of America, transcendant as it must become, will injure Great Britain. On the contrary, as the one increases in prosperity, the other certainly must do so likewise. What would England be now, if America had never been discovered? At most, a second-rate power. Suppose such an operation to be possible, as that of cutting off Great Britain from all intercourse with the United States? How many thousands of her artisans must go without bread! How many of her commercial establishments decay! What destruction of wealth, ruin of palaces, and dock-yards! Such an event would occasion a scene of desolation to be paralleled only by that of Nineveh and Tyre of old.'

For a mere man of fashion, Brummel entertained some clear ideas on political subjects, by which ministers might have profited. Witness his opinions on Canada.

BUT these opinions, with the remainder of Mitford's varied history, we reserve for another number.

SUMMER EVENING.

WRITTEN AMONG THE BLUE-RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Lo! it is evening: down the mountain's side
 The parting sun-beams slowly melt away:
 But, ere they fade, a lingering lustre shed,
 That loiters brilliant on the smiling peak.
 See how the horizon blushes — as the last
 Declining, lingering radiance of day
 Skirts the faint eves of heaven — while adown
 The desert mountain darkness glides apace,
 And steals the cottage from the inquiring eye!

Hark! from the copse a plaintive murmur sighs,
 That seems to tell a tale of sympathy.
 'Tis the lone rivulet, which lately saw
 And felt the sun-beams dancing on its bosom:
 Then o'er its gentle bed it stole in mirth,
 And as it flowed, chimed to the lovely scene.

Ah! let me hie me to the twilight stream,
 To muse the solemn, silent hour away!
 But, as I move, upon the verge of heaven
 The full broad moon, amid a host of clouds,
 That stand like broken battlements afar,
 Unveils her silvery face, and gives a beam
 Resplendent, meek, and lovely as the hour.
 Sometimes the shaggy clouds inter her form,
 And leave me to myself and darkness — yet
 Anon she bursts her prison, and looks down,
 Like one that feels her consciousness and pride.

Here, from this eminence that tops the rill,
 My eye goes wandering to the village nigh,
 Where many a taper glimmers: there, methinks,
 Contentment cheers the bosom — peace and mirth
 Entwine the heart, and give a charm to life.
 Where now is that tall spire, which lately gleamed
 Amid the bright reflections of the day!
 Ah! it hath vanished — shaded by the night,
 It rises up unseen, and each fair mansion,
 Save by the doubtful moon, is seen no more.

Hushed is the voice of nature: to her nest
 The solitary bird hath gone — and naught
 Save the dark whip-poor-will is heard abroad.
 The meadow, but an hour ago alive
 With grazing flocks and herds, and echoing blithe
 The gentle music of the ploughman's whistle,
 Lies cheerless and asleep — a lonely waste!

Still resting on this mossy rock, 'round which
 The night-winds moan, let me indulge my soul —
 For to my soul 't is sweet to linger here.
 Turn up thine eye to yon bright vaults of heaven,
 All studded o'er with gems of light serene,
 That glimmer through the mistiness of night:
 See how they travel — their unceasing round
 Weaving harmonious — and rejoiced to do
 The will of their Creator: 'Ah!' they say —
 For, to the poet's ear they speak aloud —
 They say: 'proud man is but a reptile thing,
 Lowly and dark — and still with head erect,
 Presumes to challenge his almighty Lord,
 And dares disclaim allegiance to his will.

We, dressed in glory bright as heaven itself,
 Supremely lifted from those humble walks,
 To journey through interminable space,
 Stoop with submission to the hand that traced
 The pathway of our orbs, and love to twine
 A wreath of gratitude and praise to Him.'

Such is the language which those stars address
 To melancholy man, while from the heath
 Accordant voices rise. Lo! it is night —
 Extinguished is the brilliant orb of day,
 And none is left, save those bright stars above,
 To cheer the solitary world. So thou,
 Unthinking man! shalt one day see thy life
 Extinguished by the chilly touch of death.
 But still upon thy grave a light shall stream —
 And 'tis the torch of *Hope* enkindled there
 By meek Religion, to watch o'er thy dust,
 Which life again shall animate and warm.

To-morrow, and the sun shall rise sublime,
 Painting the face of nature; and each scene,
 Tinged by its golden beams, shall glow and laugh,
 Fraught with new life: so thou shalt lay thee down
 Within the midnight chambers of the tomb,
 And darkness shall encompass thee awhile;
 But then the light of Immortality,
 Bursting into the cold recess, shall shine,
 And wake thee from thy slumbers: thou shalt rise,
 And, robed in never-fading glory, live,
 And rest thee on the bosom of thy God.

RELIGIOUS CHARLATANRY.

NUMBER ONE.

EVERY age and every community have their peculiar moral and religious symptoms, under the action of the Christian system. So also every separate form of Christianity hath its own characteristic features. Doth not the Roman Catholic religion differ from the Protestant? Doth not Protestant religion in Germany differ from that which passes under the same name in Great Britain? Presbyterianism in Scotland from Episcopacy in England? English Episcopacy from Dissent? Christianity in Great Britain from Christianity in America? Congregationalism in New-England from the Presbyterianism of the middle and southern states? The two latter from Wesleyanism? The Baptists from all three? Unitarianism from the four? And American Episcopalianism from each of this tribe? We might descend to other specifications, were it needful. It is enough for our purpose, that they are suggested.

It is interesting as well as pleasant to suppose, that the actual experiment of the different and successive modes, or developments, of the divine economy of redemption, as they transpire in human society, operates as a sifting of their qualities as excellent or otherwise; and that the good gradually combine and become permanent, while the faulty, by the same gradual process, become obsolete.

Human frailties have ever found their way into Christian institutions, and pervaded more or less all Christian enterprises ; but the proof of time invariably determines their character before the public, and causes them to be severed from such connection — to be ejected from such society — and consequently, to lose their influence, while that which is excellent abides. Faults almost innumerable may be traced in the history of the Church ; but the candid reviewer, occupying our present position, can separate the good from the bad. We are more immediately concerned, however, to observe the character of *American Christianity* — especially those parts of it which have been most prominent and influential, and which have generated what may be called the religious spirit of the age in our own quarter. It cannot be denied, that there is something peculiar in American religion. First, religion here has been uncommonly energetic. Next, it has assumed some striking peculiarities in its modes of operation. There has been a disposition to lay aside old forms, and to put on new ones ; to make experiments ; and the business of *experimenting* has been pushed so far as to bring the public mind to a pause. It may be profitable, therefore, in the temporary and comparative quiet of this hiatus, to interpose a little philosophical inquiry.

Not to detract at all from the highly meritorious character of our forefathers, it will be obvious to the observer of the past, that the religious spirit of those who have had most influence in forming the religious character of this country, was of the puritanical school. Thus far in this statement we are innocent, and hope that no ghost will start up before he is called. Nevertheless, we begin to imagine a stirring in the graves. But we intend not to disturb the dead. We revere and laud that high Providence, which transplanted so much conscience — so much fear of himself — into these wilderness realms, and whose spirit has made this former wild abode to bud and blossom like the rose, morally and physically. We have some respect even for puritanism in ' its straitest sect ;' but in some of its forms, it was, in our opinion, rather *too* strait.

Doubtless the puritanism of England was well provoked. But it *was* provoked. The peculiarities of its mood were the legitimate product of oppression ; and its natural offspring, Dissent, has been nourished by the same cause. The puritans were aggrieved, and they came here for comfort. They might have been blessed with a Cromwell for a king, if an order from government had not thrown a barrier in his path of emigration through the sea, and destined him for a higher and more sublime purpose, whether for good or for evil. Certainly it was not for good, in the estimation of those who had the ill luck to keep him back by their own measures. They dreamed not, they were favored with no prophecy, of the work assigned to him. The reign of puritanism in England stands forth on the page of history as a singular and instructive drama, not to say tragedy. Doubtless there was much virtue in it ; but the sublime of its enactments was so closely allied to the ridiculous, that the reader who weeps must also be prepared to laugh.

America was a better field for puritanism. It was a congenial soil. And beyond all question, here it has earned an honorable distinction, and won laurels. Though it believed in witches, and hung them, (poor

creatures !) it believed in God as well as in the devil. Though it banished Roger Williams, and interdicted the Quakers, it had this good reason : ' We came here to be by ourselves. Pray do n't disturb us, when the land is so wide ! ' They who had experienced intolerance, might have some excuse for practising it — especially, as their theory and purpose was to have a community adhering to one catechism. They had taken and occupied vacant ground, (Indians are not counted,) for the sake of peace ; and they thought the best way to maintain it, was to keep away dissentients from their opinions. Nevertheless, dissentients came in, and disputes have prevailed. But the spirit of the puritan fathers also prevailed. That spirit, with certain modifications of time and chance, has pervaded New-England society, and, to a great extent, our land. Like the Scotch, who are never at home till they get abroad, the sons of New-England have also been rather ' curious.' They have spread out to the north, to the east, to the west, and to the far west, and sent school-masters, as well as pedlars, to the south. They have subdued the wilderness in all directions ; they have built and peopled our great cities and flourishing towns at the north and west ; their bone and sinew have sustained our agriculture ; their enterprise built our manufactories ; and their love of gain has pushed our commerce to the ends of the earth. First in religion, especially in the commendable quality of zeal, and first in schools and colleges, they have been chief in influence throughout all our borders. Alas for the Presbyterian church ! (for *their* sakes we say it,) the congregationalism of New-England governs it. They must emancipate themselves as best they can. It is not for us to say which is the better of the two.

Now be it known — such at least is our philosophy — the religious novelties of the age, on our side of the water, owe their being to the New-England spirit, and had their germ in puritanism. The straitness of this excellent sect was too strait to last always. Children, kept so close on Sunday as to run themselves out of breath when let loose at sun-down, were very likely to relax that kind of discipline when they came to be parents. The blue-laws of Connecticut, once thrown off, were naturally supplanted by a more generous code. The Saybrook Platform has been thrown into the garret, or buried beneath the wreck and dust of some other deposit of old rubbish. Who can find a copy ? And as for the Westminster Catechism, what pastor of New-England now assembles the children of his parish in the old school-house once a quarter to hear them recite this elaborate and comprehensive body of divinity, from beginning to end, as was the universal custom of olden time ? These blessed days of New-England have gone by. The fathers are dead. A new generation, new laws, new customs, and a different set of manners, have succeeded.

But how did this grow out of puritanism ? Is it not rather an abandonment of that high character ? There may be a little, and not a little, of truth in both. Puritanism was itself a novelty, and novelty begets novelty. We do not mean that it never had a type ; but it was cast in an English mould — a mould that was formed at a particular juncture of English history, by the operation of special and peculiar agencies ; and even on English

ground, it could last in all its force only while the causes which produced it continued to take effect, and just in that proportion, allowing, indeed, a reasonable time for its natural subsidence. In America, the causes did not exist, and the subsidence was unavoidable. It was indeed a high and stern character, which would require a space for its abatement into milder forms; but it was not in man to maintain it without its original provocations.

If we were called to give a philosophical account of its productions, we should say briefly, that the basis of this character, independent of religion, was that sturdy and indomitable love of liberty which has for so many centuries characterized the English. It was only necessary to graft religion, the strongest passion of man, on such a stock, to render it truly sublime in its capabilities for endurance, or daring under oppression. The natural consequence of the annoyances and vexations of bad government with such minds, and of encroaching on the rights of conscience, was the production of a striking severity and determination of character — especially among the ruder and less cultivated classes of society. The fear of God, as every Christian is happy to record, rose above the fear of man; all sympathy between the two great parties was divorced; and neither could discern the virtues of the other. The indifferent customs of the oppressors were allied to their vices in the estimate of the oppressed, and the theory of perfection with the latter was to eschew, repudiate, and abhor that which was done or approved by the former. Some of the highest and most desirable attainments and attributes of civilization were counted as sins, and inconsistent with Christian character, simply because they were held dear by their opponents. Refinement of manners was reckoned a snare to the soul, and regarded as beneath the high aims of religion, because it was the study of courtiers, and of the higher conditions of life. To smile, was a mark of levity, or a proof of unbecoming thoughtlessness, because it might be a stage of progress toward a sinful mirth. All historical recollections of primitive self-denial, and sacrifice, and earthly painfulness, were set up as the permanent lot of Christians, and the measure of present duty. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' was accepted as equally applicable to all the conscientious, in all times and circumstances. In a word, the theory of Christian character was moulded by the accidents of a peculiar condition; and those accidents contributed eminently to the formation of a lofty and vigorous character, a character which combined the most essential elements of moral sublimity, and oppression matured and confirmed it. There might be some acerbity of temper under such provocations, and rusticity of manners in such a course of training. The germ of a terrible retribution might lurk and lower amid the loftier aspirations of a pure and heavenly piety; for how could a deep and abiding sense of perpetual wrong fail to have its influence over minds but partially sanctified? — and the period of the interregnum sufficiently developed this fearful ingredient. Nevertheless, it was, on the whole, a character to be respected, as well as to be feared. It was compounded of the best and of the worst elements.

But a transplantation beyond sea, in a wilderness, where all the causes of its production and the modifying circumstances of its

growth were wanting, did not indeed at once reduce and new-create it; for it had been too long in coming to such a maturity, to forget its former being; it had acquired too much vigor, to bend and become supple, even by a round of years, in a new world — in a field left to its own sole occupation, unsupported by the blasts and storms of its native regions. But it was morally impossible that the second generation in such circumstances should fully sustain the character of their fathers. The second was naturally destined to soften down yet more; the third to experience a farther modification; and so on, till this character should necessarily, and to a great extent, be remodelled by the altered circumstances of a new state of existence. That certain of the primitive features, enough for ever to identify the race, should remain, was as natural as that any should be effaced. And here we are, the children of our puritan fathers. Who could mistake us?

Again, we solemnly aver, that we mean not to speak disrespectfully. Far from it. Eternal shame on the recreant, who could libel such a parentage! Let the princes of the earth boast of their lineage; let the sons of a race emblazoned with the proudest heraldry, hang out the flag that displays their arms, and prove their worth and greatness, by deciphering the emblems of a piece of parchment, borrowed from the remotest antiquity. Ours be the glory of descending from a stock heaven-born by the imprint of the hand of God, who could dispute a right with kings, embarrass the wicked counsels of their ministers, measure weapons with their armies, and found and maintain an independent empire, to rival equally their wealth and power.

But this high claim affects not at all the matters of fact in our moral and religious history. For us to assert a title to perfection, would be as foolish as untrue. He is wise who knows himself; and so is that nation which understands its own history, and understanding, profits by it. Human society has no where yet attained the best possible condition. Nay, more: where is the community that has not in its bosom portentous elements of mischief? And who will deny that it is the part of wisdom to investigate and expose them, and if possible, to invent and apply a remedy? We have our virtues, doubtless, though it might be more becoming to allow the world to see and acknowledge them, than to laud ourselves. Our fathers had their virtues — enough for us to be proud of; and they and their children have had their faults. Neither is it dishonorable willingly to see and frankly to confess them. It is injudicious; it is a disease of the mind; it may lead to fatal error, to insist on bestowing and claiming praise for that in ourselves which is faulty.

While, therefore, we proceed to unfold yet more distinctly and minutely the religious blemishes of our national character, in their origin and successive modifications, we are prepared to assert our respect, and even our veneration, for the virtues of our ancestors. They who brought religion, and planted and nourished it here, were men of a high order. Nevertheless, it would be allowing more than belongs to man, in any stage of his history, or to any set of men, to write them down as perfect. We do conscientiously believe, that the puritanism of England, and that portion of it which has so

extensively leavened the religion of this country, was gravely faulty, in some very essential and influential particulars. We believe, moreover, that these faults have been, directly and indirectly, the occasion of evil — of disaster to our religious history.

We have said, that puritanism was itself a novelty, in the form it assumed at the period to which we allude. It was the offspring of circumstances peculiar to the time. We have hinted that it was the parent of novelties in a series of changes that have come down to our own day. Certain it is, our eyes and ears have recently been forced to witness some strange, not to say alarming, exhibitions of religion and moral reform, in this land. They have assumed an aspect to challenge universal attention. Whoever feels an interest in Christianity, cannot fail to look upon those extraordinary phenomena of the moral world, with some concern. They demand and must receive the most grave consideration. The press which sustains them must be the organ to discuss them. They must be viewed calmly and considerately, and treated philosophically as well as conscientiously. Beyond a question, they are novel developments, but not without cause; and as certain as there is a cause, we think it may be sufficiently palpable to be traced. For ourselves, we have presumed upon the essay, and will deliver our opinion.

We have intimated that the severity of the puritanical character could not endure in all its vigor, without the continued action of its producing causes. In correspondence with this theory, we observe, that the growth of this portion of American society has given birth to a gradual and uninterrupted modification. Not to speak of others, there are two attributes very essential to give permanency and controlling influence to any specific form of human society: antiquity and a proof commending itself to the good sense of the community. Puritanism, in the form now under consideration, could not claim antiquity. True there had been things like to it; but this particular type was well understood to have been of recent origin. It grew out of resistance to oppression, in part, within the memory of living witnesses. It was the product of an accident, and the resort of a temporary expediency. Circumstances being changed, and so far as it differed from the doom of necessity, that same discretion which adopted the expedient in one case might and would naturally accommodate itself to another. So far as necessity was the cause, it was equally impossible to oppose necessity in a change of circumstances. The force of antiquity was utterly nugatory.

As to the arbitrations of good sense, it hardly need be said, at this time, that there were many things in puritanism which could not long be tolerated under such an appeal. Hence almost the entire code of its more severe customs has long since become obsolete, even in the land of the pilgrim fathers. So far as they have not passed from memory, they are handed down, not as authority, but simply as an amusing, and in regard to some things, an incredible, tale. They who had rebelled against the established usages of society once, might do it again. They who had made a code, might amend it. Peculiar circumstances had formed the puritanical character in the mother country; and there was no good reason why

peculiar circumstances should not modify, or re-model it in this. The authority of precedent in change was established.

Here, if we mistake not, is developed a practical secret of stupendous influence over the religious destinies of our country. That there were good reasons for rebellion against the prelacy of England, and adequate causes for the production of a distaste for Episcopal usages on an extended scale, can hardly be denied.

Here was the beginning of an order of things, that has come down to us, and had more influence in this than in the parent country. Here it has taken the lead, for the reason that this land was made the refuge and asylum of those who felt themselves injured, and who were injured, by the operation of a system of oppression. It is an instructive lesson, and ought to stand up as a beacon, in all coming time, among other historical advices of the same class, to warn those who, clothed with legitimate authority, are tempted to abuse it, by lording it over God's heritage. To provoke and enforce schism in the Church of Christ, involves a most grave responsibility, and may lead to infinite mischief.

We have sufficiently recognised the fact of the ascendancy of puritanism in American society, and that its peculiar temperament was the soul of a system of dissent from an Episcopal organization. Again we say, we mean not to speak disrespectfully. Our aim is an exposé of facts, and, if possible, to present a philosophical view of their historical train. We respect the piety of the puritans, and desire to do justice to all their virtues; and if we have not already shown a satisfactory candor, we hope before we shall have done, abundantly to appease the most sensitive partiality for our puritan ancestry. We are not unwilling to believe, that the original elements of American society, in so far as this particular class predominated, were on the whole most happy, and will yet, in the long run, be overruled for the greatest good. Their virtues were stern and lofty, and their faults are subject to the corrective influence of time and events. It was as impossible that the latter should not have their race, as that the former should not come in with their balance of influence, and finally obtain a conservative shape and commanding position. And this end, as we opine, will the sooner be accomplished, as the public can be made to discriminate, by the instructive career of events between the good and the bad. Whenever society, or any portion of it, runs off in a wrong direction, it must ultimately find itself in a false position; and the discovery being made, there is the same certainty, if virtue enough remains, that it will aim at a recovery.

If we do not err in our discernment of the signs of the times, there is even now a conviction rapidly obtaining in the public mind of this country, that we have nearly if not quite arrived at a *plus ultra* of religious radicalism; and that a conservative and re-deeming influence is being formed and growing into importance. The race of change, which has been a long time, even ages, in the course, has recently been so accelerated, as to set the axles of the machinery on fire, and run off the wheels. The chariot of religious radicalism, we think, is tumbling and falling.

In our opinion, this catastrophe is not the product of an hour, nor of an age. We go farther back for the primal cause. As a matter of history, we find that the leading and most influential religious machinery of this country was composed of the dislocated fragments of long-established European institutions, broken off by convulsions, not wanting virtue so much as order, symmetry, and consistency. The virtue was strong, and while its character of firmness was maintained, it could better dispense with a fixed and well-ordered machinery, sanctioned by time, and having a reasonable claim to apostolic origin. But the rapid growth and the fervid condition of our social organization, have put the new theory to a test too stern for a felicitous development.

DEATH OF ROB ROY.

'WHEN this chieftain was on his death-bed, a gentleman whom he had reason to consider as an enemy, came to see him. On being requested to admit him to his bed-side, he said: 'Raise me up, buckle on my arms, then admit him.' The guest was received with cold civility, and in a short time departed. 'Now,' said Rob Roy, 'call in the piper.' The piper came, and he expired with the voice of war pealing around him.'

With heather pillowing his head,
The dying outlaw lay,
And plaided clansmen round his bed
Stood watching in dismay.
Wild throes of dissolution shook
His worn and wasted frame,
But native lordliness of look
Distemper could not tame.

The walls of his rude dwelling-place
Were hung with weapons bright —
With branching antlers of the chase,
And trophies won in fight.
His tall, gaunt hound, of proven worth,
Acute of eye and ear,
Slept idly on the lighted hearth,
Forgetful of the deer.

Cold dew — that herald which precedes
The winding-sheet, and wail
Of mourning ones — in clammy beads,
Stood on his forehead pale.
Faint grew the swell of his proud breast,
And dim his falcon-eye,
But manfully his lip suppressed
The groan of agony.

While ran his blood with feebler flow,
Strode in a clansman stout,
And told the chief, in accents low,
'A stranger waits without!'
Then syllabled the name — a word
Unwelcome to his ears,
Which darkly in his bosom stirred
The hoarded hate of years.

'No member of a hostile clan,
While heart or pulse can beat,
Shall see me,' said the dying man,
'In posture of defeat.
Array me in the spoils I took
From enemies laid low;
Clad thus, Macgregor cannot brook
The presence of a foe.'

'Bring forth the bonnet that I wore
When blood was on the heather,
Though in the mountain wind no more
Will nod its eagle feather :
Gird on my sword, of temper tried,
Old beam of hope in danger,
To deeds of hardihood allied,
And then admit the stranger !'

Attendants clad the dying man
In garb that well became
The leader of a martial clan,
A warrior of fame ;
Admitted then his guest, who met
Reception stern and cold ;
The Highland Chief could not forget
The bloody feuds of old.

The stranger soon withdrew. 'Now call
The harper in, to cheer
My passing spirit with the strain
Most welcome to my ear !'
The hoary minstrel brought his lyre,
To notes of battle strung,
And fingering its chords of fire,
In stormy concert, sung :

I.

'The plaid round his shoulders our leader hath thrown,
And a gathering blast on his bugle hath blown ;
He calls on the dauntless and ready of hand
To gather around him with bonnet and brand ;
Like hounds scenting out the retreat of the stag,
We quit, for the Lowlands, our home on the crag.

II.

'The dirk of our fathers in gore we must dye !
Will the falcon forbear, when the quarry is nigh ?
The Saxon dreams not, in his flowery vale,
That our pennon is flung to the welcoming gale ;
That we come from the mountains to scourge and destroy,
And the chieftain we follow is dreaded Rob Roy.

III.

'On the head of Macgregor a price hath been set,
With the blood of our clan Lowland sabres are wet ;
Elated by triumph, red wine freely flows,
And loud is the song in the camp of our foes ;
But to shrieking will change their demoniac joy,
When sound our glad pipers the charge of Rob Roy !'

Ere died the battle-song away,
Rose up the voice of wail,
While motionless the chieftain lay,
With face like marble pale.
No kindly word from him repaid
The harper for his strain ;
The hushing hand of Death was laid
On heart, and pulse, and brain !

A TALE OF TIGHT BOOTS.

AN AUTHENTIC FRAGMENT FROM AN UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

'WHAT! How 's this! I told you to make one of my boots *larger* than t' other; 'stead o' that, I 'm blow'd if you have n't made one *smaller* than t' other! What a hass you must be, to be sure!'

THE INCENSED COCKNEY.

THE great Homer did not think it unworthy his muse to sing of boots; why then should not I write of them?—especially as I have a tale to tell, which, if carefully perused, will, ('though I say it, who ought not to say it, still I *do* say it,') tend to the edification of the reader. I have called my story 'A Tale of Tight Boots,' hoping that when he should see that it concerned his understanding, he would understand the necessity of regarding it attentively.

The scene of my story is the goodly city of Boston; the time, May, 1836, 'being bisextile, or leap-year.' Business and pleasure had led me to town—alas! I made it a 'bad business,' and my pleasure ended in pain. I established myself at the Tremont, and began to look around for adventures.

Rap—tap—tap!

'Come in!'

'A note, Sir.'

'Mr. H—— requests the pleasure of Mr. ——'s company at dinner to-day, at two o'clock, precisely.'

Mr. H—— was an old and much-loved friend; of course I accepted. I learned that there was to be a large company, and what was of more consequence to me, that Miss L——, whom I had addressed for the last six months, was to be there. No one will think it strange, then, if I devoted more than usual attention to my toilet. Finding that the style of my boots was a little *passée*, I resolved to treat myself to new ones. The shop of the artizan who kept the 'crack article' was not far off, and thither I betook myself. Having selected a pair which came near the *beau idéal* of a boot, in my mind's eye, I proceeded to try them on.

'A little too tight on the instep,' said I, after I had fairly succeeded in drawing them on.

'Bout right, Sir,' said the man of boots, rubbing his hand over the place indicated; 'they'll give a little; fashionable cut, Sir; make 'em all so, now; fine foot, Sir, yours, to fit a boot to; high in the instep—hollow here. They look well, Sir.'

The last part of the man's argument, or rather *gab*, had the desired effect. He had assailed me in a tender point—almost the only one, I believe, in which it was possible for him or any other person to flatter me. My better judgment and understanding were overcome. I kept the boots.

HAVING made my toilet, and put on my future tormentors, I set out for the residence of my friend. The arrival, salutations,

announcement of dinner, etc., are matters of course — so I let them pass. In due time, I found myself walking into the *salon de manger*, with Miss L — on my arm. A moment more, and I was seated at the table beside her. I did the duties that fell to me; said to my companion every pretty thing I could think of; sent her plate for some turkey; carved a chicken that stood before me, and offered the wing to the lady opposite; drank wine with my hostess, and procured some tongue for a lady on my left, who had no gentleman to take care of her. By the way, I wish she had eaten her own, considering the use she afterward made of it. In fine, my mind was so completely occupied by the pleasures of my situation, the few good things I said to my companion, and the many she said to me, that I was unconscious of the curse that from the first had been developing itself.

Soon, however, I became aware that something prevented my being perfectly happy. I felt as one who, in the midst of a delightful dream, is assailed by a bed-bug — made conscious, merely, that there is some draw-back to his pleasure — something that prevents his giving himself entirely up to that perfect bliss which seems to beckon him to its embrace. A few moments more, and I was fully aroused. I found the instep of my right foot in a state of open rebellion against the strictures that had been laid upon it, and particularly against the act of close confinement. In truth, there was good reason; for the instep was the seat of intense pain. I drew it under my chair; but no rest for it was there. I thrust it back to its first place; still its anguish was unabated. In spite of myself, I became silent, and a shade passed over my face. The quick eye of my companion detected it, and fearing she had said something that had wounded me, began, with a kindness peculiar to herself, to apply a healing balsam. She had been speaking of an article in a late number of the *Knickerbocker*, and, in fact, commenting upon it with much severity. The thought seemed to flash on her mind that I was in some way interested — the author, perhaps, or a friend to the author. She passed to commendation. 'There were, notwithstanding, fine traits in the piece; redeeming qualities in spite of its imperfections. There was evidence of much talent — talent not all put forth,' etc. Dear girl! she mistook my disease. It was not my vanity that was wounded. My vanity was wounding me.* To gratify it, I had put on the tight boots; and now, like an undisciplined urchin, it had become the tormentor of its too indulgent parent.

At this moment, my Newfoundland dog, which, it seems, had followed my steps, and waited patiently at the door, amusing himself by calculating, from the doctrine of chances, the probability of his being admitted, took advantage of an opening made by the egress of one of the servants, and walked into the room. Remembering that he had not been regularly invited, and a little doubtful as to his reception, he came slowly forward, with his tail rather under the

* **APOPLEXY — TIGHT BOOTS.** — A physician of New-York says, that he has recently attended four cases of apoplexy, caused by wearing tight boots. Many a grown-up man is now grieving over the effects of this folly of his dandyism, in earlier years. Corns, toes cramped in a heap, and tenderness of the whole foot, are the penalty which manhood has to pay for this sin of youth.

horizontal, his nose thrust forward to catch the first intimation of my presence, and eyes upturned, glancing from one to another of the company, to see how he was to be received. He made a slight smelling halt at each guest, until he came to my chair. Finding that he had reached the object of his search, he without farther ceremony seated himself on his haunches beside me, wagged his tail back and forward on the carpet, and looked up in my face with an expression of much dignity, mingled with a slight twinkle of self-congratulation, which seemed to say : 'So, then, I have got along in the right time ?'

I was so much occupied with my own sufferings, that I could scarcely be civil to the fair creature at my side ; it is not surprising, therefore, that I gave little heed to the dumb beast at my feet, however expressively he might invite me with his eyes. Poor Rover ! had he known my situation, he would never have 'done the deed' he did. I knew the kindness of his disposition — but the truth must be told. After waiting several minutes, and eliciting no glance from his master, he raised his heavy foot, and placed it impressively on mine. It rested on *the* very spot ! It was not in human nature to bear this unmoved. I withdrew the distressed member, with a convulsive twitch, which brought my knee in contact with the table, with so much violence, that the attention of the whole company was drawn on me, just in time to see the contents of my wine-glass emptied into my plate, and that of my companion into her lap. Kind girl ! She exhibited no emotion, but slightly and unseen by the company, shook off the wine, and continued her conversation, as if nothing unpleasant had taken place.

Overwhelmed with mortification, I found it impossible, with all the efforts I could make, to recover my self-possession. I could only reply in monosyllables to her remarks ; and, save when she addressed me, I was silent in spite of myself. She touched on various subjects which had usually interested me, in the hope of withdrawing me from the remembrance of the accident ; but finding her efforts vain, she adopted another course, and asked me, in a counterfeited tone of censure, when she was to have the lap-dog I had promised to procure for her several days before. The word 'dog' was all that traversed the passage to my mind, so thickly was that passage crowded with keen remembrances. Thinking of my own Newfoundland, I replied, fiercely : 'He dies to-morrow !' Startled at the unusual tone, my fairest companion cast on me a glance of surprise, almost of fear. A tear shone in her eye, and she was silent.

At last the time of leaving the table came — oh, moment to me most welcome ! It seemed to me that we had sat an age at the board ; but at the last, my corporeal had been forgotten in my mental pain.

If the reader has any bowels of compassion, he is now hoping that my troubles are over ; that I shall go quietly home, take off the offending boot, enclose my foot in an easy slipper, and then, in the evening, with an old boot well polished, pay my respects to my

mistress — explain all — receive her forgiveness, and be again happy. Would it were so! But let me not anticipate.

Before we sat down to dinner, it had been arranged, that we — that is, my friend, wife, and sister, myself and Miss L —, should go to the theatre in the evening, to hear, or rather see, a celebrated little French actress, whose star was then in the ascendant. I had no time to make new arrangements; for when we rose from the table, it was even then time to set forth. The fresh air and the lively conversation of my friends nearly restored me to myself; so that when we took possession of our box, I was comfortable both in body and mind. But for my foot there was no permanent peace. There was but a temporary truce with pain. I had not been seated ten minutes, before the enemy returned, reinforced. I soon felt that to endure until the play was over, would be utterly beyond my power. There was but one course to pursue. I silently slipped my foot from the boot, and sitting close to my companion, succeeded — thanks to the ample folds of her cloak! — in securing my white stocking from observation. The acting was superb — my foot was at ease — my companion agreeable — and I quite forgot that I was bootless.

THE last act was closed, and the curtain fell. My friends immediately left the box. Mr. H — offered an arm each to his wife and sister, and — you would not expect a lady to wait for her beau! — Miss L — walked with them, but not without 'a lingering look behind.' The instant they were out of the box, I seized my boot, and attempted to thrust my foot into it; but it had swollen, and the first effort cost me excruciating pain; yet this I did not regard. But all my efforts were vain. I could as easily have thrust an alderman through a key-hole. I seized my pen-knife, and split the offending boot nearly from top to toe. Then planting my foot on the sole, I tied the string of my drawers tightly around the leg, and rushed through the crowd. In my haste, I well-nigh overturned a fat old lady, who was leaning on her son's arm. The old woman cried, 'Oh Lord!' and the youth, in ire, muttered an oath, and raised his cane; but I was too quick for him. I reached the door, amid the screams of the ladies, the deep, though for the most part unspoken, curses of the men, and the cry of 'Seize him!' from the police officers. But my friends and my betrothed, where were they? Lost in the crowd, or shut up in some of the carriages that were pressing around the door? I saw at once that all search was useless. I waited until nearly all had left the house, and then slowly and sadly took my way to my hotel. I went to bed; but the visions of the day were present to my waking thoughts, or haunted my short and troubled slumbers. How often, between sleep and awake, did I long for the boots, and envy the comfortable estate of their free-and-easy wearer, so felicitously described by the author of '*Boots, a Slipshodical Lyric*,' in an early number of this Magazine.

'What sprawling heels!
And holes are cut anigh the spreading toes,
As if the ponderous feet in that wide space
Had still been 'cabined, cribbed,' and wanted room, —

Or else, that doleful crops of pedal maize,
 Called by the vulgar corns, had flourished there.
 I see the wearer plainly. In public haunts
 He of his self deportment takes no heed,
 And spitteth evermore. His lips are scaled
 And juicy, like wind-beparchéd mouth
 Of ichthyophagous Kamschatkadale; and oft,
 With three sheets in the wind, in upper tier
 Midst mirthful Cyprians, he puts his feet
 Over the box's front, and leaning back,
 Guffaws and swears, like privateer at sea,
 Until the pitlings from beneath, exclaim,
 'Boots!' 'Trollope!' and he straightway draws them in.'

When I rang in the morning, the waiter brought a note. The address was 'pleasingly familiar' to me. I broke the seal, and read:

'Miss L — will be excused from her engagement to ride with Mr. D — to-day.
 Mr. D — may spare himself the trouble of calling to inquire the reason.'

And he did!

D.

THE POET.

* * * 'Le poète est homme par les sens
 Homme par la douleur! * * *
 L'argile périssable où tant d'âme palpite,
 Se façonne plus belle, et se brise plus vite;
 Le nectar est divin, mais le vase est mortel;
 C'est un Dieu dont le poids doit écraser l'autel;
 C'est un souffle trop plein du soin ou de l'aurore,
 Qui fait chanter le vent dans un roseau sonore,
 Mais, qui brisé de son, le jette au bord de l'eau,
 Comme un chaume séché battu sous le fléau!'

LAMARTINE.

Thou dark-eyed, pensive, passionate child of song!
 Enthusiast! dreamer! worshipper of things
 By the world's crowd unnoticed, 'mid the throng
 Of beautiful creations, Nature flings
 The sunlight of existence o'er!

The wings
 Of the rude tempest are not half so strong
 As thy proud hopes — thy wild imaginings:
 Stop! ere their bold and sacrilegious flight
 Reach a too-dazzling height!
 Venturing sunward, till the flashing eye
 Of reason, grown deliriously bright,
 Kindle to madness, and to idiocy;
 And, from excessive light
 To hideous blindness fall, and tenfold night!

Stop! melancholy youth!
 Though bright and sparkling be the tide of song,
 And many a sunbeam o'er its waters dance
 Meanderingly along —
 Though it be heaven to quaff of — yet, in truth,
 A deadlier venom taints its gay expanse,
 More deep, more strong,
 Than to the subtlest poison doth belong!
 A very demon haunts its fœtid air,
 Infatuating with its serpent glance
 The wanderer there;
 And, with a sad but most bewitching smile,
 Luring the credulous one to its desire:
 Stirring new feelings, passions, hopes awhile,
 And burning thoughts, whose mad, unholy fire,
 With its own strength illumines its own funereal pyre!

Stop, if thou'dst live! — or hath life left for thee
 No charms, that thou its last terrific scene
 Shouldst with such passion worship? Can it be,
 That the world nothing hath thou'dst care to win?
 No gem, no flower, no loveliness, unseen?
 No wonder unexplored? no mystery,
 Still undeveloped to the eagle eye
 Of Genius, or of Poësy?

Where are the depths of the dark, billowy sea?
 Its peopling millions — its gigantic chain
 Of gorgeous, glittering waters — wild as free?
 Where the big-orb'd sun — the blue-veiled sky?
 And its magnificent, diamond-glittering mine
 Of ever-burning stars? Oh! can it be,
 (Thou fond idolater at every shrine
 Where beauty lingers,) can it be that thou
 Hast treasured up earth's glorious things, till now
 Thou deem'st it uselessness to turn,
 Some unfamiliar object to discern,
 And so
 Her loveliest features unregarded go?

Away, vain thought! such phrenzy ne'er were thine!
 Since, in the humblest, homeliest flower that grows —
 Thy very life-breath, as it comes and goes —
 There are a thousand things, whose origin,
 Whose secret springs, and impulses divine,
 No human art nor wisdom can disclose!

Stop, then, sad youth! for life is not *all* care,
 But, hath its hours of rosy-lipped delight;
 While the cold grave hath little save despair,
 The weary, world-worn spirit to invite.
 Stop! I conjure thee! bid the muse away!
 Her fatal gifts relinquish or resign;
 Her haughty mandates heed not nor obey:
 E'en *now* thy brow hath sorrow's pallid sign —
 Thine eye, though bright, is like the flickering ray
 Of a 'stray sunbeam, o'er some ruin'd shrine,'
 Lighting up vestiges almost divine,
 In sad, yet, dimly-beautiful decay!
 Thy cheek is sunken, and the fickle play
 Of the faint smile that curls thy parted lip
 Hath something fearful in it, though so gay!
 A something treacherously calm, and deep,
 Such as on sunny waters seems to sleep,
 When hid beneath some passing shadows gray,
 The subtle storm-fiend watches for his prey.

Stop! ere thine hour of dalliance be over;
 Ere Health abandon thee, and quench her light
 In the dark stream of death, (the faithless rover!)
 Ere Hope herself take flight
 Down to the depths of that dark-flowing river,
 Whose sombre shores are clothed in endless night;
 Ere thou be wrested from us — and for ever!
 Blotted, like some loved planet, from our sight!
 And, save the ties
 That not e'en Destiny itself can sever,
 A feeble reminiscence or a name
 Be all thou leav'st us of thee 'neath the skies —
 Or some rude stone, perchance, to greet our eyes,
 And, with its speechless eloquence proclaim:
 'Here lies
 Another victim to thy love, O Fame!'

WHO WOULD BE A SCHOLAR?

A STRANGE question! says one: let such a reader turn to the next article. 'And a pretty foolish one,' mutters a second: let him do likewise. *Who would be a scholar?* 'Sure enough!' whispers one, in whom the question finds an echo, (and we know there are such;) him, and all of like sympathy, we invite to meditate a moment with us on the trials of the scholar.

Let it not be feared that we are about to disparage learning; although it should not be forgotten, that we have the highest authority on our side, when we venture to speak of evil and hardship in connection with that which is pronounced 'a weariness to the flesh;' and the classic muse is with us, when we claim it as a universal fact, that 'no one is satisfied with his lot, but each one sighs for change.' 'The tired soldier exclaims, 'happy tradesman!' and the tradesman, 'happy soldier!' The bard who vies with Homer, both in antiquity and honor, places the beggar and the poet in the same category; for it is the object of one of his noble hexameters to say, that

'Beggar envies beggar, and bard envies bard.'

Does not our question appear to some to border on profanity? There are those who are wont to feel that Mind and all its achievements are more sacred than the things of sense. And this is in some measure true. But why is not the toil and plodding of the scholar as earthly as any other? We must insist that it is; and we claim that an unfounded presumption in favor of mental effort, as such, be not suffered to face us on the threshold of our argument.

Go with us then — for our appeal shall be to actual examination — to the chamber of the philologist. A cadaverous being dwells there; his sepulchral voice bids us enter, and his sepulchral look — shall we say welcomes us? No! The heart, the social principle, has perished in this atmosphere of dusty lore. You enter. Before a table piled with books, sits the *genius loci*. On either side of him stands a chair, loaded with huge volumes, and others stand on end upon the floor around. As you place your hat upon a dust-covered volume, which lies in the window, you catch the title, '— on the Digamma.' As you take your seat, you have in view the worn titles of other venerable tomes; 'Scholia in Homerum,' 'De Metris Choricis,' 'De Dialecto Ionica,' 'Tenebræ Lycophrontis,' etc., etc. Shall we record a portion of the conversation? After the usual salutation, and the partial return of the student's mind to present realities, we begin:

'Well, Sir, we find you deeply engaged in study: are you laboring upon your edition of *Æschylus*?'

'I am; but for two or three days past, I have been more particularly occupied with the investigation of some collateral topics of considerable interest. I have been examining the accentuation of an obsolete form used by this poet, in order to determine whether the accent should be the *acute* or the *circumflex*. I have read the ancient grammarians on this point, and the invaluable discussion of Blomfield on the accent of this particular word, which occupies four pages in his elaborate commentary.'

'Are not the dramas of Æschylus quite obscure and difficult?'

'They are so regarded, but they are rich in the treasures of the Greek language, and open a wide and inviting field for investigation. I have often been richly repaid for spending a week upon a single sentence.'

'Do you suppose that the text is generally as Æschylus left it?'

'It had become much corrupted and interpolated; but the labors of our great critics have probably nearly restored it to its original purity. Many of the manuscript copies were evidently erroneous. The great German scholars have made many conjectural emendations, of unspeakable value. Indeed, hardly any department of philological criticism has been cultivated with more zeal, and more astonishing results, than that of *conjectural emendation*.'

'But do you not suppose that Æschylus would object to some of the improved readings, if he could see them?'

'Oh! you now call to mind a dream which I had last night. If I were a believer in dreams, it would make me quite discouraged; and as it is, my mind has been rather gloomy this morning. I dreamed that as I was studying the 'Prometheus,' all at once Æschylus himself made his appearance. How, or whence, I did not seem to inquire; but in some way, (for you know dreams are incoherent and unaccountable,) I knew it to be Æschylus. His appearance was noble and imposing. He was past the middle age; his hair was 'of a sable-silver,' about midway in its progress toward the whiteness of old age, and fell carelessly over his elevated and strongly-marked forehead. His features were strong and almost severe, and his complexion brown and hardy. His whole appearance was not that of the pale scholar, nor of the well-fed nobleman, but of the man of action and exposure — strongly constituted, and sternly disciplined in the world. I told him I was studying his dramas. He seemed astonished. 'I supposed,' said he, 'they had perished long ago, or had been laid aside as specimens of the early and untrained efforts of the mind. I wrote them with labor indeed, but I wrote them for my own age, and did not dream that they would occupy the attention of posterity. You certainly must have those which are much better.' I then told him of our labors in the perusal of his writings, and our delight in them. In order to convince him of the reality of such efforts, and of their success, I opened before him the commentaries of our first scholars. He seemed amazed. 'Can it be,' he replied, 'that so much explanation is necessary?' My hearers never complained of obscurity.' 'But,' replied I, 'we live in a distant age, and speak a different language; in order, therefore, to see and feel the beauties of your writings, much explanation is necessary.'

'As to beauties,' said he, 'I wrote as well as I could, and aimed at securing the attention and gratification of my auditors, and at nothing more. But allow me to see what you regard as '*my beauties*.' I then read to him one of those rich and masterly notes, in which B — has so finely brought out the hidden sense of the poet. He thought a moment, and then, with a smile, replied: 'Well, that is helping me out finely! I am sure I never thought of such a construction as possible, but it is very good.' To my utter astonishment, he treated several of those ingenious elucidations in the same manner.

I then pointed him to one of the important conjectural emendations of the text, as a specimen of modern scholarship. 'What!' said the wondering dramatist, 'you have mistaken: surely, this is not in my writings; whose is it? I hardly see what the passage itself can mean.' I then showed him that it was a part of 'Prometheus Vinc-tus.' 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I now understand; you have copied it wrong.'

'My astonishment interrupted my dream, and awoke me. Dreams are nothing, to be sure; but how could my mind run into such a fiction?'

'You are right in saying that dreams are not to guide our conduct: but may it not be, that some of your nocturnal suppositions come close upon the truth?'

'Oh no! I should as soon expect to catch Wolf tripping in Homer, as to find any such suppositions correct. I can easily account for my discouraging dream. I had been laboring the whole day upon a passage, of which the original was not indeed controverted, but the sense is given by two learned commentators in direct opposition to each other. One of them, after giving his rendering, says: '*Sensus cuique obvi-us est.*' The other says of this interpretation: '*A genio linguae Græcæ prorsus abhorret.*' But this difference between scholars shows only how wide is the field for investigation.'

Let us now leave the philologist to his studies; to pore over difficulties which time has created, and scholar-like blunders magnified; to extort sense from passages which never contained it; to perplex himself with the attempt to form an opinion where the greatest differ, and where evidence is wanting to the human mind; to solve questions which are of no conceivable importance to human knowledge, and to labor life away upon that which can at best only serve as a monument of patient effort, like the achievement of the monk with his scissors or pen-knife, which represents only the expenditure of years. We would clearly recognise the value of the study of ancient languages in youth, when mind is in its forming state; when discipline is secured by close attention, and systematic action of the faculties by the study of system; but we deem it quite another thing to make the means the end; to pursue the lessons of boyhood, when the time of them is past, and all their benefits secured; to narrow the mind down to the perpetual investigation of minutiae which have no bearing on human happiness, except as they may create a fictitious fame; to live among trifles, and for them.

Shall we be pronounced traitors to the cause of learning? Is it the object of learning to be learned? Is it not rather to make man a being of higher resources, and nobler action? We confess we are giving utterance to thoughts which have forced themselves upon us, when called to take a survey of the field of learning, to examine its divisions, to become acquainted with its laborers, and to labor ourselves upon its margin. If these thoughts should be derided as proceeding from an indolent or even an ignorant view of the case, we would reply, by asking two questions: *First*, Is there a limit to study, of the members pursuing it, and the extent of its pursuit? and, *second*, Where is that limit? Let it not be replied: 'We should fix no limit to the cultivation of the mind.' We are speaking of *study*, in its common acceptation, and in this acceptation we offer

these questions. If this be a strange course of inquiry, is it an unreasonable one?

But let us not be too serious. The mistakes of men may sometimes be laughed at; and if any are found to spend their lives in seeking unprofitable knowledge — if any one delves all his days over learned trifles,

‘And prizes Bentley’s, Brunck’s or Porson’s note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote,
This much at least we may presume to say,
The premium can’t exceed the price they pay.’

Such men might certainly be worse employed, and if time is *wasted*, it is not mischievously abused.

A young friend came lately, in great dejection and discouragement, to ask some advice respecting the obstacles which he had encountered in reading the *Iliad*. ‘I am now studying,’ said he, ‘the catalogue of the Grecian fleet; and I am exceedingly puzzled to find out the exact situation of all the places which Homer mentions, and to trace all the nations and tribes to which the Grecian army is referred. I have studied carefully all the notes of Heyne and Clarke, but these are not full enough.’

‘And why do you wish to trace them?’

The young student was mute with surprise: ‘This is a strange question,’ muttered he to himself, ‘to come from a teacher, and an admirer of Homer!’ ‘What, Sir, must I not *study out* all the proper names? I supposed I could not be a good scholar without it.’

‘*Why should you?* If you will think of this question, and give me a satisfactory answer, I will set myself at once to helping you.’

‘But why did the commentators study so much upon these things?’

‘That is another question for you to think of; and instead of answering it myself, I will wait for you to give me your best conjecture on the subject.’

The poor fellow was amazed. Never had he been more entirely confounded: ‘My teacher asks me, why should I learn it! How strange!’ Such were his thoughts, as he returned to his studies. In a few days he called again. He seemed not to know how to begin the conversation.

‘Well, have you made out an answer to the questions which startled you so much?’

‘Why, Sir; I cannot say that I am able to give any satisfactory answer.’

‘Well then, my young friend, I charge you not to spend time and strength in searching for the situation of Homer’s Nisyrus, Crapathus, and Casus, until you give some valid reason for so doing. As to the commentators, what will not men do for fame? How many labors have men performed with this motive, which were not only useless, but pernicious?’

Such a reply was indeed unexpected. The young pupil seemed at once bewildered, and relieved from anxiety, by such a *paradoxical* sentiment. His mind had imbibed the common feeling that, *mental* labor never constitutes an abuse of time. The maxim, ‘No item of knowledge is contemptible,’ had misled his mind, and he had been accustomed to feel that *learning* must be great and good.

There is a sense, in which it may be truly said that nothing in the universe of God is despicable, except moral evil. The most minute portion of matter — the slightest organization — the obscurest fact in nature — is worthy of the notice of Mind. But are there not choices to be made? Is *EVERY* man justified in spending his life in the comparing of the blades of grass, or the pebbles of the sand? No work of human skill is to be despised; and yet who may sit down to cut paper, or tie knots, as the business of his life?

We once called at the study of a fine young man, who had set out to do his best, and to make a scholar. He was pale with long and severe study, and seemed to labor under some special dejection. On inquiring into his course of study, he made the following statement.

‘I have lately begun to read Cicero de Oratore. I have always been accustomed to hear Cicero spoken of as the prince of Latin writers, and I resolved to make myself master of one at least of his treatises, and to *realize* the whole benefit of a thorough and scholar-like acquaintance with this author. I commenced with the commentaries of Ernesti, Pearce, Proust, Harlessius, etc., etc., and resolved to know the whole. I soon came upon a passage which was obscure. I resorted to the Notes. Here I found six different readings proposed, and long comments on each. I read all the remarks of my commentators, which occupied me an hour. The conclusion to be derived from them was, that the original language of the sentence was not to be decided upon, and that the meaning of the author was left to conjecture. I then undertook to investigate the meaning of a legal term used by Cicero. After reading several pages of notes, and consulting half a dozen books of reference, I made myself master of the suppositions of the learned on the subject. I next took up the name of a Roman orator whom Cicero mentions. I read at great length, and discovered that his name had been found in several instances in the Latin writers, and that critics supposed that two persons of the same name had been alluded to in these instances. I had commenced the study with resolution, and had determined not to come short of the advantages of the thorough scholar. But, for an hour before you come in, I had been thinking, ‘What am I doing, and what end am I securing? What if I should know a thousand things of this kind? *Cui Bono*? I do not intend to be indolent or fickle, but these thoughts have, I confess, made me dejected.’

The young man’s honest and heart-felt account of himself was calculated to make one pause. Here was a high-toned and vigorous mind wearing away its energies, and narrowing its scope of vision, under the bondage of that public opinion respecting true learning, which took its rise and its form in the cells of the monastery, where the mind will seize upon any aliment rather than prey upon itself, and expend itself upon trifles, because it is shut away from the *great* realities of life. A mind which was made to display its energies in the highest track of thought, and on the widest field of action, is imprisoned to count its beads, and mutter its task, in the temple of monastic lore. Public opinion must be subjected to frequent revision — let us not be pronounced radical — or errors will cling to the community, with the tendency of a mill-stone about the neck. An error, hallowed by strong and widely-connected associations, is not

easily exterminated. It passes on unharmed by those agitations which overwhelm the errors of a lower grade and humbler origin ; and while the generation living in its shadow have never known the light which it intercepts, they regard it as a part of the system of things, and one of the conditions of their being. Thus has the high regard which mankind accord to mental efforts, as distinguished from physical, had the effect to ballow even the follies of intellect, and to prolong the existence of those errors respecting the cultivation of the mind, which lead us to regard it rather as a receptacle of hoarded knowledge, than as a thing of active powers ; to seek the acquisitions of the scholar as valuable in themselves, rather than as giving scope and expansion to the energies of a noble existence, and in the high estimation which Education has properly imparted to the *means* of education, to make that mistake which comprehends so many others ; to make the means the end.

J U N E .

THE violet peeps from its emerald bed,
And rivals the azure in hue overhead ;
To the breeze, sweeping by on invisible wings,
Its gift of rich odor the young lily flings,
And the silvery brook in the greenwood is heard
Sweetly blending its tones with the song of the bird.

The swallow is dipping his wing in the tide,
And the aspect of earth is to grief unallied ;
Ripe fruit blushes now on the strawberry vine,
And the trees of the woodland their arms intertwine ;
Forming shields which the sun pierceth not with his ray —
Screening delicate plants from the broad eye of day.

Oft forsaking the haunts and the dwellings of men,
I have sought out the depths of the forest and glen ;
And the presence of June, making vocal each bough,
Would drive the dark shadow of care from my brow :
The rustling of leaves, the blithe hum of the bee,
Than the music of viols is sweeter to me.

When the rose bends with dew on her emerald throne,
And the wren to her perch in the forest hath flown ;
When the musical thrush is asleep on its nest,
And the red-bird is in her light hammock at rest ;
When sunlight no longer gilds streamlet and hill,
Is heard thy sad anthem, oh sad whip-poor-will !

The Indian, as twilight was fading away,
Would start when his ear caught thy sorrowful lay,
And deeming thy note the precursor of wo,
Would arm for the sudden approach of the foe ;
But I list to thy wild, fitful hymn with delight,
While the pale stars are winking, lone minstrel of night !

Brightest month of the year ! when thy chaplet grows pale,
I shall mourn, for the bearer of health is thy gale :
The pearl that young Beauty weaves in her dark hair,
In clearness can ne'er with thy waters compare ;
Nor yet can the ruby or amethyst vie
With the tint of thy rose, or the hue of thy sky !

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER THREE.

THE HIGHLANDS—PERTH, STIRLING, ETC.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15. — At 7 o'clock, on a fine morning, I left Edinburgh for the lakes and highlands. My route for the day was the same as that of the Antiquary and Lovel. The coach, however, was much more prompt than in the days of Mrs. Macleuchar, and started off while the clock of St. Giles was striking, from Waterloo-place instead of High-street. Arrived at Queensferry, seven miles, after a beautiful ride, modern improvements were again visible; for, instead of having to wait for the tide, as did Oldbuck and his friend, we drove down a stone pier, at the end of which the water is always deep enough, and transferring our luggage and ourselves to a sail-boat just sufficiently large to contain the coach's company, guard, and coachee included, the canvass was spread, and in a few minutes we were at North Queensferry, on the other side of the Frith of Forth. Here we breakfasted; the landlord, who could produce a dinner 'peremptorie,' has been succeeded by one who has it already on the table at the moment the coach drives up.

The ride from this place to Kinross is not particularly interesting; neither is the scenery about Loch-Leven. I stopped, however, of course, at the village, and walking down to the lake, over some marshy flats, made a bargain with a couple of fellows to row me over to the castle, on the same side from which Queen Mary escaped. There is a boat, it seems, kept by the cicerone of the place, who charges five shillings sterling to each visitor — a great imposition. My men had to keep out of sight, lest they should be fined for trespass! The whole lake is owned by one person — Lord Somebody, who leases the privilege of angling in it, for £500 per annum, and the lessee charges a guinea per day for sub-privileges! It abounds with fine trout. The castle, which is quite a ruin, only one tower remaining entire, looks more like a prison than a place of residence.

'No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth; no more the glance
Of blazing taper through its window beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
Which whistle mournfully through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the tower to dust.'

The entrance to the chamber pointed out as Queen Mary's is not more than four feet high, so that you have to stoop in entering it. The gate through which she escaped, with Douglas, is on the opposite side of the castle from her apartments, and not the usual place for leaving the island. The spot where she landed is yet called Queen Mary's Knoll.

After leaving Kinross, there is some fine scenery, particularly near

Perth, where I arrived about half past two. It is a large and handsome town, on the banks of the Tay. In my first walk through it, I noticed, as rather singular, a number of 'fair maids.' There is one, however, an inn-keeper's daughter, who seems to bear the palm, and is distinguished, I was told, *par excellence*, as 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' I saw several vessels, coaches, etc., thus named; and yet I could not find in the whole town a single copy of Scott's novel! Wandering down to the river, I saw a steam-boat just starting for Dundee,* twenty-two miles' sail on the beautiful river and Frith of Tay, and the fare nine-pence! So, not being very particular in my destination, I jumped on board, and was off in a trice, without my dinner, which I had ordered at the hotel. The trip was very pleasant, for it was a lovely day; and at six o'clock I dined in the best style, on 'three courses and a dessert,' in a handsome parlor, at the Royal Hotel, Dundee, for two shillings — the cheapest dinner and trip I have had in his Majesty's dominions. Dundee is a very large and flourishing place, and carries on more trade and commerce than any other town in Scotland, Glasgow perhaps excepted. It is admirably situated, and has quite a city-like appearance. The docks would be an honor to New-York. After dinner, I walked out to Broughty Ferry, four miles, along the banks of the Frith, to call on Dr. Dick, the author of the *Christian Philosopher*, and several other very able and popular works. He has a little of the pedagogue in his appearance and conversation, but seems to be a very plain, kind-hearted man. He is very much interested in our country and its literature, and had many questions to ask respecting his correspondents here. He thinks we are far before Great Britain on the score of education; and says that such a work as Burritt's *Astronomy* would be quite too deep and scientific to be used in schools there. Of course, he touched upon slavery. He did not understand why the blacks should not be admitted into society, and considered as equals in intellect with the whites! In the little attic room, are a variety of scientific instruments, such as telescopes, orreries, etc. Among the books were his last one, 'The Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind,' English and American editions. After tea, it being ten o'clock, and yet light enough in this northern latitude to read without a candle, the doctor kindly escorted me nearly three miles on my way back to Dundee.

THURSDAY MORNING, at six o'clock, I mounted a coach returning to Perth, with a fine clear sky, and the warmest day I have experienced in Britain. The road is along the banks of the Forth, and is very quiet and pleasant, passing several splendid seats; among them Kinfauns Castle, (Lord Gray,) in the bosom of the hills, fronting the water. Near this, on the banks, are found fine onyxes, cornelians, and agates. There is a handsome stone bridge over the Tay at Perth. This is a lovely river, the current being very swift, and the water deep, clear, and dark. After breakfast, I walked two miles

* The 'Fairport' of the 'Antiquary.' Within the last twelve years, it has doubled in size and importance.

along the banks north to the palace of Scone, where the 'Scottish kings were formerly crowned. I saw the celebrated *stone* on which they were crowned, in Westminster Abbey, whither it has been removed. The present palace, is a modern and very splendid edifice, the finest I have seen of the kind, situated in an extensive park or lawn sloping to the banks of the river. It is occupied by the Earl of Mansfield, grand-son of the famous Lord Mansfield. The apartments on the ground-floor are very magnificent, particularly the drawing-room, which I imagine is the *ne plus ultra* of modern elegance, and a fine specimen of a wealthy nobleman's apartment. The tables and cabinets are inlaid with brass, the ceiling carved with great taste, and the walls covered with superb silk furniture, furnished in the richest manner. It is as large as four or five good sized parlors. The library is of the same size. This, and some other rooms, contain paintings by Lady Mansfield herself, which are vastly creditable to her ladyship, and would be to a professed artist. The gallery is one hundred and fifty feet long, and contains a large organ. In the chambers, are bed-curtains, etc., wrought by Mary, Queen of Scots, when at Loch Leven.

Rode in the afternoon to Dunkeld, fifteen miles. Near this town, we enter the grand pass to the highlands, which here commence in all their beauty and grandeur. On the road, we passed Birnam Wood, (which it seems has not all 'moved to Dunsinane,') a mountain twelve miles distant, and seen from the top of Birnam. Dunkeld is beautifully situated, in a vale on the banks of the Tay, which is here even fairer than at Perth, surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains, which closely overlook the town. The scenery here exceeds any thing I have seen; yet this is but the mere gate to the highlands; and I may as well reserve my enthusiasm.

The principal landed proprietor in this region, is the Duke of Athol, whose pleasure-grounds alone are said to extend fifty miles in a strait line. We walked through the charming garden on the banks of the river, to the half-finished palace which had been commenced by the present duke, but now remains in *statu quo*; for the 'poor rich man' became insane, and is now confined in a mad-house, near London. Crossing the rapid current of the river, in a boat, we climbed up to 'Ossian's Hall,' a pretty bower on the brink of a deep precipice, and in front of a beautiful waterfall, which comes tumbling down a rocky ravine from an immense height, and is enchantingly reflected in the mirrors of the bower. From this height, is a fine view of the Grampians, where

'My father feeds his flocks.'

STIRLING, JUNE 17, P. M. — The Abbey of Dunblane and the battle-field of Sheriff-Muir were the only objects of interest during the ride from Perth: and there is little to excite curiosity in the old and irregular town of Stirling, except its noble castle, scarcely second to that of Edinburgh in fame and importance. Entering the esplanade, I happened to meet the commanding officer, who inquired if I was a stranger, and politely escorted me to every part of the extensive fortification. 'In *that* room,' said he, 'James VI. was born;'

this palace was built by James V., (the 'Knight of Snowdon, James Fitz James,') who often travelled alone in various disguises, etc. The views from the ramparts of the castle are very extensive, and in many respects have been pronounced unrivalled. They reach from Arthur's Seat, on one side, to the highlands of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond on the other, a distance of sixty-five miles. Eleven counties, comprising most of the places celebrated in Scottish history, may be seen from these battlements. On the south, two miles distant, is the memorable field of Bannockburn, where thirty thousand Scotchmen under Bruce routed the English army of one hundred thousand men, thirty thousand of whom were killed. During the battle, when victory was yet doubtful, the boys ('killies') who had charge of the Scotch luggage, curious to know the result of the contest, came with their carts to the top of the hill near by, and the English, supposing them to be a fresh army, took fright and scampered. So the place is called 'Killies' Hill,' to this day.

At five p. m., set off for Callender, fifteen miles, crossing the Forth, and passing 'the Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doune,' (but not Burns'), and the ruins of Doune Castle, a strong fortress, where Waverley was confined. A little farther, we ride along the Teith, pass the seat of Buchanan, where Scott spent much of his boyhood, and had his taste for the sublime and beautiful in nature inflamed into a noble passion, by contemplating the scenery spread before him.

Callender is a retired and quite a rude little village, at the south-west entrance to the highlands, and is the usual stopping place for tourists. The people here generally speak G aelic, and the children wear the highland kilt. The inn is the only decent house in the place. Joined an agreeable party from Edinburgh, and walked out to Bracklinn Bridge, and a beautifully-romantic waterfall. For eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, at this place, at present, (June) it is light enough to read without a candle; and at eleven p. m., it is as light as our twilight.

STEWART'S INN, LOCK ACHRAY, FRIDAY EVE. — This has been a most delightful day. It was a soft and brilliant morning, and we walked eight miles before breakfast to the celebrated Pass of Leven, one of the grandest in the highlands. Ben Ledi, 'the Hill of God,' (where the natives are said to have worshipped the sun,) lifts its lofty summit on one side, and at its base are two lovely little lakes, their glassy surface reflecting clearly the splendid picture around.

After an excellent breakfast, M'Gregor, our host, furnished us with the 'Rob Roy' car, and we were soon ushered into the classic and romantic region of the 'Lady of the Lake,' Ben Ledi being on our right, Ben An and Ben Venue frowning upon us in front. Riding along the banks of Loch Vennachar, on our left, we see Coilantogle Ford, where was the 'Combat', in which Fitz James mastered Roderick Dhu:

'By thicket green and mountain grey,
A wildering path ! they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,

Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky.'

Our course was the same as that of the Knight of Snowdon, reversed; and every turn of the road brought new beauties to view, in the splendid landscape. On the opposite shore of Loch Vennachar, we saw the 'Gathering Place of Clan Alpine,' where, at the shrill whistle of Roderick Dhu, and to the surprise of Fitz James:

'Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior, armed for strife.'

Every visitor here must remark the singular *accuracy* of the pictures of scenery throughout this poem. We can find the original of every passage of local description, and I cannot help quoting some of them.

The 'plaided warriors' are now scarcely to be seen this side of the Braes of Balquiddar. How similar is their case to that of our American Indians! Like them, they were the original possessors of the soil, and roved in lawless freedom:

'Far to the south and east, where lay
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:
These fertile plains, *that* softened vale,
Were once the birth-right of the *Gàel*;
The *stranger* came, with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.'

And as Roderick continues, addressing the king:

'Thinkst thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?'

A short distance beyond Loch Vennachar, we came to Loch Achray, about a half mile long, and so placid and beautiful, that an Englishman took it for a work of art, and remarked that it was 'very well got up!' On the banks of this lovely lake, surrounded by the grand and lofty *Trosachs*, is the rustic little inn of *Ardchinchrocan*, where we stopped for the day. It 'takes' a Scott to do justice to this charming spot, and the wild but majestic scenery around. It seems far removed from the noise and trouble of the 'work-day world.'

After dinner, we took a walk to *Loch Katrine*, through the most sublime and difficult of all the passes through the Grampians — that formed by the *Trosachs*, or 'bristled territory.' All that is wild and stupendous in mountain scenery here unites:

'High on the south, huge Ben Venue,
Down to the lake its masses threw;
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurli'd
The fragments of an earlier world.'

Not a shrub nor a plant can be seen on these heights. Their rough, gloomy sides form a strange contrast to the green vales below. The *echo* from them is remarkably distinct. We passed through the shady ravine, where the green knights' gallant grey fell, exhausted after 'the chase.' A few steps from this, the charming Loch Katrine suddenly appears. The upper part only is visible at first, 'the Island' obstructing the view, so that new and varied beauties are discovered at every step. The scene is calculated to inspire and elevate the nobler feelings of the visitor. Passing along the banks, we came to 'the beach of pebbles white as snow,' opposite 'the Island,' where Fitz James first saw Ellen :

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,
'I well believe that ne'er before
Your foot hath trod Loch Katrine's shore.'

The 'promontory,' 'the bay,' 'the brake,' 'the pebbles,' are all here ; and to enliven the scene, there was an old man who might have been Allan Bane, playing wildly on a flute ; and he gave us some fine old Scotch airs, which were quite a treat. We had a thunder-shower, too, and taking shelter in a cave, we heard 'heaven's artillery' echoed through these mighty mountains, with most impressive grandeur. On our return, with much exertion, I at length achieved the summit of one of the minor heights, and was amply repaid by the prospect therefrom. It was at sunset ; and the whole of the three Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar, with the snow-capped Grampians on the north, and the distant ocean on the west, were distinctly seen. The cattle on the nearest mountains appeared not larger than cats.

INVERARY, HEAD OF LOCH FINE, SATURDAY, 11 P. M. — With the moon-lit lake under my window, I resume my disjointed narrative. Yesterday we had seen the Trosachs in the clearest atmosphere, but to-day they were encircled with the mists which rolled majestically along their sides, while their summits were 'bright with the beams of the morning sun.' Our hostess at Loch Achray provided us with a boat and oarsmen, and we proceeded through the pass from which

'Loch Katrine lay beneath us roll'd —
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light ;
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.'

How accurate and graphic the picture ! This lake is about seven miles long, and perhaps half a mile wide. We sailed over its smooth and brilliantly-dark, transparent surface, and touched the banks of Ellen's Isle :

'The stranger view'd the shore around,
'T was all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track, nor path-way might declare
That human foot frequented there.'

Our boatmen here gave us a specimen of the wonderful echoes.* His shrill call was answered *three times*, with perfect distinctness, and apparently from a great distance. He had a pithy way of talking, this rower. 'Do the sun's rays,' I asked, 'ever reach that glen under Ben An?' who here

'Lifts high his forehead bare.'

'Yes,' he said; 'they just give it a peep, to say 'How-dye-do?' and are off again.'

'Is it five *English* miles across the next pass?'

'English miles, but a *Scotch* road.'

We passed the goblin cave, and enjoyed all at which 'the stranger' was enraptured and amazed; 'that soft vale,' and 'this bold brow,' and 'yonder meadow far away.' On landing, our boat-party found ponies in waiting to take us over the rough and dreary pass to Loch Lomond. Our cavalcade, with the guides, straggling along between these wild hills and precipices, was a subject for the pencil. There were some odd geniuses among us, too, who contributed much to our amusement. Arrived at Loch Lomond, we descended a rocky steep, to the banks where the steam-boat from Glasgow was to call for us. The place is called Inversnaid; but the only habitation in sight was a little hut, at the foot of a pretty cascade, where Wordsworth wrote:

'And I, methinks, 'till I grow old,
As fair a maid shall ne'er behold,
As I do now — the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the water-fall,
And thou the spirit of them all.'

The boat took us to the head of the loch to see *Rob Roy's Cave*, (which also once gave shelter to Robert Bruce,) and then reversed her course toward Glasgow. As we proposed to see Inverary, and some of the Western Islands, we landed at Tarbet, opposite Ben Lomond. The sky looked too black to warrant an ascent; but with glasses we could see several persons on the sugar-loaf summit. A tourist wrote on the window of the inn here, in 1777, a chapter of metrical advice to those

'Whose taste for grandeur and the dread sublime
Prompt them Ben Lomond's dreadful height to climb.'

From Tarbet, we took a car and rode through the grand but dreary pass of Glencroe, Ben Arthur frowning upon us for six miles, and went round the head of Loch Long to Cairndow, on Loch Fine, where we again took boat for Inverary, and had a charming moon-light sail. This is a very neat and pretty little village, belonging almost entirely to the Duke of Argyle. The houses are mostly white, and evidently arranged for effect, being clearly reflected in the quiet lake, like Isola Bella, in Italy. The duke's castle, near the village, is an elegant modern edifice, of blue granite, with a circular tower at each corner. We had a ride through the extensive parks

* 'Father!' she cried: 'the rocks around
Love to prolong the gentle sound!'

and pleasure-grounds, which are filled with every variety of valuable exotic trees. The owner of this fine estate has not been here for fifteen years — no great argument for his grace's good taste, or justice to his tenants. Some of the most eminent British artists have found ample employment for their pencils in this neighborhood. The loch is celebrated for its fine herrings, which is the chief article of trade of Inverary.

MONDAY MORNING. — At three o'clock we were awakened for the steam-boat, and were not more than half dressed, when the steam ceased from growling, and the bell from tolling; nevertheless, we caught up what garments remained, leaving a few as wind-falls to the chamber-maid, and fled to the dock. The steamer was off, sure enough, but came to, and sent a boat for us, on seeing our signals. It is now broad day-light, and was, indeed, at two o'clock! The sail down Loch Fine is rather tedious. It is a salt-water lake, from thirty to forty miles in length, and the shores are low and barren as the sea-coast.

We stopped at several places for passengers, and passing between the isles of Bute and Arran, (celebrated in 'The Lord of the Isles,') we entered the Kyles of Bute, where the shores are verdant and interesting.

At the town of Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute, we saw the ruins of the famous Rothesay Castle; and a few miles farther, we passed the Castle of Dunoon, and several pretty summer-villas on the banks of the water. Entering the Frith of Clyde, we stopped at the flourishing ports of Greenock and Port Glasgow, and the strong fortress of Dumbarton, built on a lofty and picturesque rock, at the mouth of the river Clyde. From here, is a fine view of the Vale of Leven, and the whole outline of Ben Lomond, about fifteen miles distant. The pretty vale in the fore-ground is the scene of Smollet's beautiful ode:

'On Leven's banks when free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love.'

In sailing up the Clyde, the most remarkable sight was the immense number of steam-boats which passed us in rapid succession. We met no less than *twenty-one*, of a large class, on the river, all bound out; and I was told that upward of eighty are owned in Glasgow alone. We landed at Glasgow, after a voyage of twelve hours, during which we had stopped at as many different places. I was surprised at the extent and elegance of Glasgow, as much as at its evident importance as a manufacturing and commercial city. It seems to be scarcely second to Liverpool, and is certainly the third city in Great Britain on the score of population and trade.

It is too far up the river for a seaport, so that Greenock is a sharer in its prosperity. The buildings, like those of the *new* town of Edinburgh, are nearly all of a handsome free-stone, which is found in great abundance near the city, and is the cheapest as well as the best material they can use. Loss by fire is especially rare. Some of the private residences would do honor to the west end of London.

The streets fronting the Clyde, on both sides, are very imposing, and are connected by four handsome stone bridges, while the banks of the river are substantially walled with granite, surmounted with iron railings. There is a public park, pleasure-ground, and gymnasium, near the river. The streets, particularly the Broadway of the town, Trongate-street, were literally thronged, quite as much so as Cheapside and Fleet-street in the Metropolis. In this street I saw the remaining tower of the Tolbooth, where Rob Roy conducted Frank, and met Baillie Nichol Jarvie. From thence I walked up High-street to the venerable University, of which Campbell, the poet, who is a native of Glasgow, was lately principal.* The structure is very antique, and encloses three squares. I passed through college after college, looking as learned as possible, and graduated in the 'green,' where Frank Osbaldistone encountered Rashleigh. Farther up the street, I arrived at the old *cathedral*, one of the largest in Britain. It is now divided into three churches for Presbyterians. The pillars which support the great tower are immense. I measured my umbrella twice on *one side* of a single square pillar. The *crypt* (basement) where Frank Osbaldistone attended church, and was warned by Rob Roy, extends the whole length of the cathedral, and is the most curious part of it. In the grave-yard I noticed monuments to John and McGavin, author of the Protestant.

* * The Merchants' Exchange is a splendid Corinthian edifice, and contains a noble public hall, and an extensive reading-room, where I was glad to find the *Knickerbocker*. I was surprised at the extraordinary cheapness of rents, both here and in Edinburgh, compared with those in our good city of Gotham. The very best finished three-story houses, of stone, of the largest class, and in desirable situations, may be had for four hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Our New-York landlords would demand for a similar residence, at least twelve hundred dollars. In Edinburgh, as it is not a commercial place, rents are still lower. Very superior houses, with large gardens, etc., are let for eighty pounds per year.

After seeing Langside, about two miles from Glasgow, where the cause of the ill-fated Queen of Scots was finally overthrown, I rode to Linlithgow, for the sake of a glance at her birth-place; the palace once so famous and 'fair.'

'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
Above the rest, beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.'

The walls remain nearly entire, but the interior was totally destroyed by fire, during one of the civil feuds. The town, as well as that of Falkirk, a few miles beyond, is dull and gloomy. Some of the old houses in Falkirk were once occupied by the knights of St. John, who had a preceptory near the place. The field where the great battle was fought, in which Wallace was defeated, is a short distance from the town. I reached Edinburgh at ten P. M., in the canal-boat from Glasgow, which goes at the rate of nine miles

* This office, as is well known, is now held by SIR ROBERT PEEL.

an hour, and landed under the batteries of the castle; having passed the most of a week, of delightful weather, among the most interesting parts of Scotland. I have been agreeably surprised at the evident marks of industry and prosperity which are almost every where apparent. The Scotch are notoriously shrewd, industrious, and thriving; but we yankees, like other nations, are apt to think ourselves far before the rest of the world in 'inventions and improvements;' and though a foreigner would sneer at my presumption, I have really felt pleased when I have seen any thing abroad 'pretty nearly' as good as *we* can show at home. It is folly, at the same time, for us to flatter ourselves that we can in no wise take profitable example from our father-land!

SONNETS: BY 'QUINCE.'

ANGELS.

THE infant sleeping on its mother's breast,
 Or seeking in her eye a sunny smile —
 The heart that boasts as calm and pure a rest,
 As spotless, and as free from earthly guile;
 The eye that weeps calamity to see,
 The hand that opens in its might to give;
 The crushed and sinking heart, that yearns to be
 Bathed in His blood who died that it might live;
 The pure out-gushings of the fervent soul,
 The God-like thoughts that raise our hearts to heaven,
 Have each an Angel's spirit; and control
 The sordid clay, to shrine our spirits given.
 This is all felt — but Nature bids us trace
 The Angel in earth's glory — woman's face.

AGES.

AGES! to trace thy path, my curious eye
 Pierces the vista of forgotten time:
 Ye awe me with your vast sublimity,
 Ye mighty mysteries, that will consign
 The breathing form that wonders at your might,
 Like unto myriads o'er whom ye have swept,
 To the dark lethe of imprisoning night;
 Where I must sleep, and where they long have slept.
 Like the majestic ocean's waves ye roll,
 Which o'er the sweetest, fondest memories ride,
 Slow journeying toward your destined goal,
 With all of earth mysteriously allied.
 Sweep on, Time's chroniclers! yourselves shall be
 Engulphed at last in vast eternity!

ADVERSITY.

WE sometimes strike the madman to the earth,
 And mercy deals the pain-inflicting blow,
 That body's suffering may give reason birth,
 And with slight anguish mitigate much woe.
 When 'neath the surgeon's hand the patient lies,
 Whose mortifying limb requires the knife,
 With fortitude he bears his agonies,
 Nor heeds the torture that will save his life.
 Thus heaven doth strike us with adversity,
 Thus should we bow to its omniscient will;
 Then through dark clouds bright sunshine we should see
 And sweetest comfort draw from direst ill.
 All is not sad, that to us seems to be,
 Nor all adverse, we call adversity.

WILSON CONWORTH.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE said, that owing to the aimless, reckless course of life which I pursued, after leaving college, I lost my place in society, and found myself without friends, and a marked man. This began my education. I began to look about me, and to think. What! my acquaintance slight me as unworthy their notice! What could be the cause of this? Could I live under such a ban? I resolved to reform. The effect upon me of this rule in society proves its excellence. I was at first staggered. I knew not that ruin was so near at hand. I was awakened from the trance of years. I determined to make a desperate effort. I collected the amount of my debts, and gave them in to my father, telling him, as coolly as I could, that I had determined to leave the city — to retire upon the smallest sum possible for the most secluded life. He paid my debts, enormous as they were. Without bidding adieu to any one, for I did not think myself of consequence enough to take leave formally, I, in a few days after my determination, was on my way to N —.

I took with me a few books, and they were well chosen. I had Scott and Byron, Mackenzie's works, the British Essayists, Sterne, Shenstone's Essays, Bacon's Essays, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, and Shakspeare. Yes! I took, too, Burns's poems and letters. His letters more than his poems I admired, or loved too read, for we feel more sympathy for Burns, on account of his hard struggles, than because he wrote 'Tam O'Shanter,' or the 'Two Dogs.' These were all the books I took with me. I mention them with a feeling of pride, that my taste was so pure at so early a day, and in spite of my idleness and dissipated habits. If I were to select now from the whole field of literature — throwing in the old English prose writers by Young — I would not give up one of these books, supposing I could have no more in number.

The pleasure I received in reading these works — the tears I always shed over the *Man of Feeling* — prove to me that I was not so abandoned as I thought myself at this time, or at least, that we all have some good about us, however low we may stand in the estimation of the world. I think there is a double lesson to be learned from this: first, that all impressions, however trite and unimportant they may appear at the time they are being made, never should be deemed of small weight, because their effects are not seen immediately: and second, that we should be careful lest we do the greatest injustice to our fellow men, by looking on the surface of character only, which, from some accidental cause, may appear rough and disgusting, while the seeds of good feeling and honorable exertion lie hid from our sight, and only want opportunity to command our applause.

With these few silent, voiceless friends, I took up my residence in the village of N —, a village of New-England. The pleasantness of the situation determined my location, for the advantages of study can be had in any place. There was a quiet air about this village, which

enchanted me. It lay several miles from any other, on the banks of a river, upon a table-land. One long street extended through it, in a straight line. This street was very wide. The houses were not crowded upon the dusty path, but placed several rods back, with a green lawn in front, and painted white. It did not look like a business place — this was another good point — but it seemed like the residence of old and respectable families. There was fine scenery about it, too; high hills, and deep valleys, watered by swift and clear brooks. There was, and is, and ever will be, an air of easy comfort about this place, to strike strangers and foreigners. There is wealth without ostentation; hospitality without the appearance of obligation; and kindness and benevolence, ever to be remembered. Virtue is natural to a refined mind.

I entered my name in the office of a gentleman of rather retired habits. He had an excellent library, both of law books and miscellaneous reading, and read much himself; but he was considered by the people as rather an oddity, and a book-worm. He rarely appeared in court, and clients never came to his office; yet he had made a fortune by his profession. I will venture to swear that he made his money with clean hands and a quiet conscience. He was rarely seen off of his own territory, and never attended a public meeting in his life, except to hear a sermon. His history is somewhat singular. He was a shoe-maker, until thirty years of age, and then studied law, and supported himself, for the first years of his practice, by making shoes in his garret, as it is said. A man of few words, he never spoke first to any one, but always listened more than he talked, even in the company of a fool. With the coarsest features and roughest skin I ever saw, and the ugliest face, he had the most benevolent smile in the world. He never killed a fly, or trod upon a worm, though a lawyer. He was much respected by the older and better sort of people, and by those of his profession, who were glad to find their opinions supported by his.

Himself and wife constituted his family, and they lived as quietly as two mice. Every thing was kept as neat as wax. The house, and office contiguous, stood upon a slight elevation, opposite the village church and tavern, shaded by umbrageous trees. A stray stick or stone never remained long within ten rods of the place. He was the pattern of order, and neatness, and regularity, in every thing he did or possessed. I never saw an unpleasing expression upon the face of this gentleman, except when some one of the choir got out of key in church; and then his countenance would suddenly be drawn up into knots, that, it would seem, could never be unravelled; for with a coarse body, he possessed the most susceptible soul, and refined tastes in the arts. Retirement and self-examination had made him appear diffident; yet it was far from being an ungraceful kind of bashfulness, but rather that drawing back, as if he mistrusted your power fully to enter into his feelings. But to return.

I commenced the task of study, and stuck to it for a short time; but the feeling that follows the discharge of a duty soon became no novelty, and I began to be quite sick of being so very good. Every thing was too smooth. I always loved contrast; and here are some verses that I wrote, the first week I spent in the country:

Tears are like showers, that wet the sun-burnt soil,
And freshen quick its verdure. After toil,
Sweet is the laborer's rest.
Affliction gives a zest
To joy, and tears are blest.
For tears, if not by guilty conscience shed,
Clear the dull channels of the brain and head;
Our smiles are brighter,
Our hearts are lighter;
For memory loves to contrast joy with sorrow;
We weep to-day, that we may laugh to-morrow.

This is the doctrine that has always swayed me; and if life at times becomes too quiet, I set the imagination to work to conjure up some wrong or injustice I suppose myself to have suffered, and work myself into a state of superior wretchedness. The freak passes away, and I am very pleased, and much excited, by what would be but sources of common enjoyment to the equable and reasonable.

Beside, there was another obstacle to studious habits — woman. I was among a new race of beings. Women in the country and in the city are as different as the barn-door fowl is from the bright-plumaged bird of the untrodden wild. In the first place, city girls are not so handsome as those living in the country. The former excel in dress, and the wavy lines of grace; they understand the art of showing off their feet and ankles to better advantage; but they lack the one thing needful — the nature. They walk upon the paved street, not the grassy lawn, where every foot-step is in a line of poetry. They have grown up surrounded by artificial refinements; in the sickly glare of lamps, and a smoky atmosphere; their minds have not been tutored by the goddess of nature. They do not so often see the setting sun, the burnished clouds, the bright artillery of heaven. They feel not the balmy air, the dewy freshness of the morning. They do not hear the songs of birds; neither do they see the sparkling rivulet. How then is it possible they can be equal to those in affections, tastes, health, and beauty, who see, and hear, and feel all these things?

The daughters of people in moderate circumstances in the country are well educated. They usually spend a winter in town, and acquire all that can be learned of dress, although they depend little upon the 'aid of ornament.' They usually understand music and drawing. They read a great deal. The society they meet is pure; not varnished rottenness. Their habits are simple, and their tastes elegant.

They are without doubt the most fascinating women in the world; and are sought in matrimony by city merchants and lawyers, who have amassed fortunes, and begin to look about for some domestic comfort, while the city miss, who is never in public without being absorbed in her appearance, and dress, and walk, and who is always under the restraint of some forced prettiness, as she thinks it, is suffered to dash the years away in idleness and folly, till her nerves are worn out, and her health and beauty gone, beyond the arts of paint; or she marries very young, and soon fades, and is laid on the shelf; or she devotes herself to living her life over again in her daughter, her counterpart.

I soon found myself, in the society of this village, visiting every

day. I could not withstand the temptation. It was all novelty. Such fine healthy countenances, open air, engaging conversation, offered in every house, that from law I turned to love. Blessed exchange! — from baron and femme, and contingent remainders, to ponder over the unwritten poetry of beauty, and the silver-tongued voices of young, imaginative maids, who treat you as if you were their brother, the moment their parents show, by their deportment, that they have confidence that you are a gentleman.

How seldom is this confidence abused by an American? Who ever heard a case of seduction, in one of our country villages, among the better classes of society'—among equals? These accidents, which our city-calendars register in the city, are mostly the handiwork of foreigners. Gallantry, conjugal infidelity, is not a vice of good society here, as in France or England. Men and women can be elegant, and happy, and contented, without the excitement of intrigue, to give a dash of romance to the career of a fine Lady Anybody, or bewitching Sir Nobody.

I defy the nicest art to circumvent one of our American girls, brought up as young ladies are brought up in our opulent country villages. Her very innocence protects her. She will not understand your passion, if it verges to freedom; think you drunk or crazy; any thing, but serious in your wild words and looks, and escape from you as soon as she can, and probably go and tell her mother, who will take care you do not see her very often. And this shall all be done, and brought about, and no fuss be made, either.

I happened to make the acquaintance here of a fine intelligent girl of my own age — twenty. She had found out a good deal about the world in books, and somewhat by observation in society. Her reading had been of a peculiar cast. She had read Byron from top to bottom, Tom Moore, all the novels and poetry she could get hold of; and, without any method or direction, she had studied philosophy, moral and natural, skimmed metaphysics and logic, and knew a little Latin, and some French. When quite young, she was called a 'smart girl;' every body prophesied she would be a wonder of intelligence and beauty; and she was. Her person was as remarkable as her mind. Of the medium stature in woman, with a form finely proportioned and graceful, you forgot every thing else about her, when you encountered her large black eyes, of uncommon depth of expression. This kind of eye is rare, though we sometimes find it among the inhabitants of the South. It seems as if it reached far back into the head, and contained the means of looking into your own heart, while the beholder is at a loss to fix its own expression. There is passion, love, self-possession, indifference, anger, scorn, dwelling in it; either to be called out in an instant, as the mind varies. Her complexion was a dark brunette; her nose and lips were nicely formed, and her teeth even and regular; her forehead very high and broad, set off majestically by a profusion of hair as black as the raven's wing.

The first time I ever saw her, was one evening when I called at her father's. In the movement that followed my entrance into the room, her hair by accident or design fell and enveloped her whole bust. Her dark eyes gleamed through its folds, and all her striking charms were the more enhanced, when half concealed by such rich drapery.

I was taken by surprise. I had never seen such a woman. She reminded me of something I had read of in eastern tales — hours of paradise — something very lovely, and passionate, and devoted.

My imagination was inflamed, and I loved her upon the instant, and did for years after; and now I cannot say but I feel some regrets that fate should have parted us. But we never could have been happy together as man and wife. She had no system of thinking or acting, and I certainly had none, and never shall have. We were then, both, the creatures of impulse, and perhaps it is better as it is. She was much my superior in self-control. Equally acted on by impulse, I yielded to the whim of the moment in conduct; she felt the desire, but sustained herself, and her feelings preyed upon her happiness.

I very soon after this first meeting saw her at a ball. We danced and walked together. She had the reputation of being a coquette, in the village, and I was marked as the next victim to be offered, in the minds of all present.

Indeed I was a fit subject. I knew nothing then of the faults of women. I had sisters, and thought all women pure and saint-like, like my dear cousin. I never could attach an improper sentiment to any of the sex. I cannot now think them mean and deceitful, though I have strong proof of their being so. I am willing to be deceived in this respect. I hope I always may be. I make it a principle to think myself mistaken, when a woman of respectable standing in society appears to be in fault.

I suspected nothing wrong in this case. I was excited and happy, and I did not look to mar my own enjoyment. I was fascinated, although Miss Clair did not appear so well in a ball-room as in a simple dress at home — I mean not so loveable. Dressed in rich ornaments, she looked too unapproachable, too like a queen, an Indian queen, if you will; her high and commanding forehead, her glancing eye, her unshrinking gaze. And then she did not dance well. She often told me she hated the trouble. I think she was too intellectual to care much for dancing, or her ear was in fault. She never sang; though I believe she loved the music of the drum and fife. Do not infer, kind reader, that she was masculine — far from it. I have seen the tears roll out from her open eyes, when she was strongly affected by some pathetic tale, or some choice poetry; and when in our walks and rides we stopped to gaze upon some beautiful or grand scene of nature, she would weep from the very excess of her delight — perhaps from some association she did not confide to me. When at home, in a natural state of mind, surrounded by her family, and engaged in her duties, she was all delicate attention to the wants of others.

I had hardly become acquainted with her, when she suddenly left the village for an absence of three months. I cannot describe the pain I underwent during that time. I could not study or read, even novels. She promised to correspond with me, and all I did was to write letters to her. I wrote every day, and at night threw them into the fire. They did not suit me. Sometimes they were too warm. What I had written in the morning, seemed a different thing in the afternoon. I was now angry, now penitent, and in that conflicting

state of mind which lovers, particularly young ones, know so well ; and which I will venture to say they all agree is the most unenviable state of feeling in the world.

At last she returned. She would not see me for a week, for some cause or other — I never could discover what. When I did see her, at last, she received me with stately coldness. I did not know what to make of it. It made me feel very unhappy, and I recollect I did not think of blaming her, but supposed the fault lay in myself.

This fickleness of hers did not cool my passion, but rather inflamed it. During these formal visits, there was always a look given, or a flower, or some appeal to me in a matter of literature, from which I drew encouragement that she was not indifferent to me — something I always carried away to dwell upon with pleasure ; that kept her in my thoughts, and kept me from giving up the pursuit of such a charming object.

Things went on in this way for weeks. At last, if my calls were not frequent, she would ridicule my apathy to society ; if I walked with another lady, I could see her eyes flash with indignation when she met me. She evidently considered me as her property, and I was doomed to submit patiently to all her caprices.

I now understand her. She did love me, as the sequel will show ; but she dared hardly confess it to herself. She had seen very few young men from cities, or of much rank. Her idea of young men of fortune was drawn chiefly from novels. She feared I was fickle, and only bent upon a little amusement. She acted on the defensive. She only wished to be assured of my true affection for her, to pour out upon me all the repressed tenderness of her nature. Her coldness was assumed to conceal her feelings ; for she was a creature of extremes. Her only safety, she thought, was to shield herself in frowns. Easy politeness would have been torture to her. Before I left her, she usually gave me one kind word, enough, if I loved her, she thought, to anchor my heart to hers. She knew the nature of the passion. Her absence was to try me. She has told me that she loved me at first sight, as I certainly did her.

Her father was an open-hearted man, of profuse hospitality. He liked me, and invited me to his house whenever we met. He was an easy man, who had married, himself, from prudent motives ; he could not imagine how there could be any romance in his family, if he understood the true meaning of the word. I rode, walked, and sat with his daughter a good deal of the time. We were happy ; he saw we were, and supposed it was the happiness of youth and prosperity.

He had been gay himself, when young, and loved the girls. He had no Byron to read — no Moore to ponder over — no stories of Petrarch and Laura to inflame his imagination. He did not see our danger. And this, by-the-by, is a fault of no small magnitude in the education of the young ; that parents do not enough know the reading of their children. Books change with time. The novel of the present day is no more the novel of our father's day, than the fashion of a dandy now-a-days is the fashion of the exquisite of the last century.

Parents do not know the minds of their children, or the effects of

their reading. Not knowing their books, how can they judge? Children are always reserved before their parents; and as a general remark, applicable to children, we may say, that parents know less of their own children than they do of their neighbors'. They, good easy souls! suppose all is right. Like geese, who hide their heads, and think (if geese do think) their bodies are safe, so parents shut their eyes, and hope for the best. 'Well,' they say, 'we can't tell what is to become of him,' looking at the child some one is praising to his face; 'he may make a man: heaven, I hope, will take care of him.' And so this pious, conscientious father attends to his business, and the child is left to the chance of being ruined.

The effect of the books young ladies read is immense, upon their principles. They are so much alone; taking and plausible sentiments sink so deep into their hearts; they have so little to disturb or counteract the impressions of injudicious books. Nay, society oftentimes rivets the chains of a bad impression around their very necks, and custom gives it a place in their hearts. Educate young ladies as you will; that is, send them to what school you please; give them the advantages of accomplishments in the arts and society, and at the same time let them have the range of a circulating library, and they will inevitably very often imbibe matter and notions for severe struggles, and heart-burnings, and shame, if not of crime. The books young people of both sexes read, is not considered a matter of sufficient consequence. It is left to chance — to superficial advice — to fashionable cant.

In those oil-fed hours we steal from sleep to pore over the exciting tale, or tragic story, we do more to fix our characters, to plant the seeds of some kind of principle, either good or bad, in our hearts, than in all our school hours, trebly counted.

The character of this high and impetuous young lady was the effect of books acting upon a very susceptible temperament. My own character was quite as impetuous as her own, though not so high and disinterested. Having been, as I thought, in love before, I had a certain familiarity of acquaintance with emotion. 'T was love I loved.' She loved me. She acted from strong feeling, and so did I; but I am ashamed to record, that my movements were tempered with a vein of calculation, that detracted from my enjoyment.

But how much we did enjoy! Here for the first time did I fold a woman in my arms, and impress upon her lips — giving all that lips can give — burning kisses! I played with the rich black hair upon her forehead. I kissed her white hand, and encircled her waist. I laid my head upon her bosom, and felt the heavings of her heart.

Oh God! what scenes of agonizing bliss! I never can know you again! Age, care, and want, have come upon me, and I am dying in a foreign land, without one tear to water my grave!

When Alice Clair first confessed her love for me, it was with weeping, and an excess of emotion, which alarmed me. Her whole frame was shaken, as if by an ague. I had endeavored, for a long time, to wring the secret from her. I wished her to say the words, '*I do love you!*' I wished her promise. I now can easily see her hesitation. She knew me better than I did myself. She saw I was capable of any thing, and yet insensible to every thing, but pleasure.

She was ambitious. She wished her lover—her serious and true lover—the man she expected to marry—to possess strength. Perhaps she felt her own weakness, and saw her need of some strong staff to lean upon. She saw that I had not much determination in any course that interfered with my pleasure. Hence her unwillingness to acknowledge me as her lover, to the world. She wished to keep me in her chains—to hold me from others—and, although she loved me, I am convinced, still at times there was a taint of coquetry in her manner to me in public, that made me appear ridiculous. I could not, would not, bear this, and I determined to offer myself to her, and in case of refusal to go—I knew not where.

I know of nothing so laughable as feigned passion. It must put people to a world of trouble, to play extatics, to weep tears, to kiss passionately, to embrace, while the heart is ice, and the temper clouded; to be playing lover, while one is thinking how long it is before dinner.

I had worked myself up into quite a passion. I thought my whole soul was absorbed in this affair. I wished to be married forthwith. I could not think of delay; and in these moods used to press my suit with a mad earnestness, and ask her acknowledged love, with all my heart, and with a temporary sincerity.

One night, we were walking late on the banks of a river, in a beautiful meadow. The town was far above us. Every sound of labor was hushed, and we were alone, in the stillness of a moonlight night, with no witnesses except the stars, and the long shadows of our figures, as we alternately walked and sat by the way. The scene was a bewitching one; the river was calm, and reflected the heavens; the night was balmy with new-mown hay. We were alive with health, and youth, and love. I had been singing low, plaintive airs to her, expressive of ill-requested affection, as we walked along. She said but little. Her face looked pale and thoughtful, as ever and anon she turned her large eyes full upon me, as if to search my very inmost soul. She was deliberating upon my proposal. I was unsuspecting, but free and open to tell her all. Suddenly she threw her arms about my neck, and seemed fainting, by the weight that pressed upon me. I seated her upon the bank of the river, and still she wept, and spoke not a word, while her tears flowed, and her frame trembled. I cried out for help, but she stopped me; and as no one came, I waited till she recovered herself. That night we sat long by the bank of the river, and she gave me her heart, and the compact was sealed by the first kiss I had ever given to pure lips. She then confessed to me all her doubts, and in a dignified manner, which confused while it charmed me, told me the risks she incurred in yielding to her feelings. I had nothing to boast of in the conquest, for while it displayed to me the weakness and tenderness of woman, it told me how weak and inferior I was, in all the essentials of a useful man. It certainly was the most singular confession and compact that ever took place between man and woman, since the time Adam took Eve to wife, in the garden of Paradise.

After this, her manner changed toward me entirely. There was no reserve. She pointed out my faults; she endeavored to excite me

to honorable exertion. Often has she ran away from me, to force me to go and study; and if, when I returned, I bore the marks of mental fatigue, how happy it used to make her! She was aware that I might rise to respectability in my profession; but she did not know the cruel negligence of my early life; she did not know the long-riveted habits of idleness I had indulged; she did not know how hopeless and blank my prospects really were.

If I appear indifferent and cold-blooded to the reader, he knows nothing of human nature. There is a point to which a man sometimes arrives, which to all intents amounts to a kind of fatality. Does the drunkard lose his moral agency? Yes! when his faculties are deadened. Is there a man who could resist food, if placed before his eyes just as he was dying of starvation? Is there not a moral deadness of the faculties, produced by habits of idleness and pleasure, equally binding, equally calling for indulgence? Nothing is impossible to God; but man's powers, even in his own favor, are limited; and I am disposed to think, that the vicious man is punished, partly, in this world. He sees, by the examples around him, his certain destiny. He is ever, in his solitary moments, looking over the abyss into which he knows he must fall. He makes effort after effort to escape. It is all fruitless, unless the power of God assist him, as it sometimes does. He is like the sailor standing upon the shattered wreck of his good ship, and looking at the mountain wave approaching, that he knows will engulf him in the deep. Added to this, there are the stings of an upbraiding conscience, and the fear of everlasting punishment.

But there were times when we forgot all unpleasant reflections; when we talked of our prospects of happiness. I was to inherit a fortune — to distinguish myself at the bar. We were to travel over Europe together; perhaps find some delightful retreat in the classic south, and there (I loving only her) we were to spend a life of love and blessedness.

I can hardly believe that she yielded as implicitly to these illusions as I did. I had got myself worked up into a perfect madman; and though at times I knew how false and fleeting were all these plans, yet in her presence, and after talking upon such subjects, my imagination took the reins of my reason, and I made these fanciful excursions with sincerity, and took a pleasure in the anticipation more than equal, I am convinced, to any they could have afforded in reality. I do not think she felt with me here. As I remember her, with her strong sense, her conception of the ridiculous, and exaggeration in others, her keen wit and cutting sarcasm, it seems impossible that she should. Nevertheless, every one is conscious of strange inconsistencies of feeling. A scene strikes us to-day with awe and pathetic effect, which to-morrow we pass coldly by. Every thing depends upon the state of the nervous temperament, the attending circumstances, our previous reading, the chain of events. And by the way, this is the chief use of philosophy, that it enables us to look at every thing with an investigating eye, and never to yield to impulse. The mind is taken up in sound reflection, and it has no time to lose itself in the mazes of the imagination. Age, necessity, torpor of the blood, experience, produce the same effects;

while youth, and romantic ardor, and the poetical parts of life, run wild, solely from a want of habits of reflection.

It seems, no doubt, a strange inconsistency, that I did not exert myself, if I so loved this noble girl. We must distinguish between passion and affection. The very nature of the first admits of no reflection. The last is all reflection, and quiet yielding of its own convenience for the happiness of the loved object. Passion is the lava of the volcano, which covers up and ruins all things under it; affection is the refreshing shower, the gentle dew, making the pastures green, and the earth glad. A good, well-regulated mind would have done otherwise than I did, but it would likewise have loved otherwise than I did.

I yielded to nature and my temperament. I had not two wills, one to oppose the other; there was not in my nature any thing to oppose my nature. I have all along described myself as a foolish creature of impulse; and I was, and am, and never shall be any thing else.

One night, after some irregularity caused by lovers' quarrel, and the consequent restlessness, which sought relief in pleasure, she was representing to me the consequences of such habits of dissipation, as tenderly as she could, and I was moved by her earnestness to tears. She followed up her advantage, and throwing herself upon her knees before me, she wept, herself, in sobs, for some moments. Then raising her tearful eyes, she begged, she implored, she entreated me, to change my course of life; not to bring ruin upon us both; not to blight our prospects, by such cruel neglect of every honorable pursuit. She seemed to feel that every thing depended upon me; she saw me on the brink of a precipice; she exerted eloquence that might have drawn tears from a statue; and I was earnest, that night, in my resolutions, as I laid my head upon my pillow. But I did not ask assistance from God; and herein lay my error.

I have since found, that all resolutions are futile and useless, unless we confirm and strengthen them by prayer. The very exercise of prayer is its own answer. Prostration of ourselves before God produces a calm and dispassionate frame of mind, and a sense of our accountability. As our thoughts, in such seasons, dwell upon the truth of an eternal existence, the world and its vanities recede, and appear in their true insignificance. We then are prepared to take the first steps in goodness. Who that has passed out of a life of vice into a life of virtue, ever turns back? The first step is the important one. Let that be taken, in good faith, and each succeeding one opens wider and wider the peace of the path of virtue.

THE BLUE BIRD.

SWEET bird! how gladly thy cerulean wing
 Opens o'er all the loveliness of spring;
 As thy slow shadow, sailing far on high,
 Tells me the 'time of birds' is drawing nigh.
 Perchance the down of that pure azure breast
 On trees of Italy was lately prest;
 Or mid the ivy of the crumbled fane,
 Thy nest was sheltered from the sparkling rain:
 Till to thy heart a whisper, as from home,
 Told thee of melting snows, and bade thee 'come!'

G. H.

DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

'T were best that I should wed! Thou said'st it, Louis;
Say it once more!

LOUIS.

In honesty I think so.

DUCHESS.

My choice is made, then — I obey the fiat,
And will become a bride!

BULWER.

'T were best that I should wed!' 'T is Louis' voice
Has sped Fate's summons to this breaking heart;
The vassal of his will, I make my choice,
And bid my love for earth and him depart!
No! not my love for him! I will resign
The court's gay mockery, and the courtiers' praise —
The incense offered on a baseless shrine,
Which truth and honor gild not with their rays.

'T were best that I should wed!' how strangely cold
These few yet bitter words fall on my brain!
The sum of life's brief day-dream has been told,
By one who cares not what may be the pain;
But I submit — yea, hail the sacrifice;
And like some sleeper startled from a trance,
I of my saddened spirit take advice —
Asking the meaning of this strange romance.

For Hope's the food of life, and Love its dream,
To cheat our fancy o'er Time's rugged way:
'T is man's false text. 'T is woman's holiest theme,
And in her bosom holds supremest sway.
She lives to love — her soul, sustained thereby,
Makes to itself a 'green spot' on Life's sea —
Where every feeling for repose may fly,
And sorrow, penury, *guilt*, forgotten be.

But man's affection's like the sun-born flower
That gaily flaunts, to woo and to be won,
And quickens, blossoms, ripens in an hour,
Yet fades before the sun his race has run;
So with man's love, a strange and wayward thing,
Its opening, flashing in the rays of Truth;
But oh! how brief the time, ere change will fling,
The locks of age upon its brow of youth!

Oh, Louis! thou art throned in majesty —
Thy sway as boundless as thy realms are wide;
And millions hail thee from the boundless sea,
To where the Rhine pours down its sounding tide.
But mighty as thou art, thou canst not scan
That one frail thing, a woman's trusting heart;
Thou may'st search out the purposes of man,
But woman's truth defies thy potent art!

Thou wert not worthy, Louis, of the love
Which in my breast for thee hath garnered been;
Thou wert the pole-star gleaming from above,
Swathing my feelings in its radiant sheen:
Thou wert my all! a mother's broken heart,
A noble soldier's fortunes, pale by me,
Attest too well that I have read my part
In *Misery's* calends — *written there by thee!*

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

COMFORT MAKEPEACE.

A NEW-ENGLAND SKETCH: BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MASSANIELLO, A TALE OF NAPLES.'

'A man severe he was, and stern to view.' — GOLDSMITH.

THERE is no employment more pleasant or profitable to the reflective mind, than that of scanning the various characters that come within the scope of one's acquaintance. Even though that acquaintance be limited to the precincts of a retired village, there will be found the same variety of character, though perhaps less strongly developed than in the great city of the world. In its business transactions and social relations, the same passions are found to agitate, that in a wider sphere of action convulse entire continents, and fill the world with wonder. Many an obscure person would have been a hero, in time and place of heroic actions.

COMFORT MAKEPEACE was a lineal descendant from one of the original puritans. The name of his ancestor stood recorded with those of Carver, Winslow, Brewster, and Standish; and no lordly stem of a noble stock ever prided himself more on the score of descent. His father, and his grandfather, and every other descendant of the primitive settler, that went before them, were as decided puritans as ever trod the turf. The name, as he himself bore it, had been transmitted from father to son, as far back as could be traced the genealogical tree of the family. The old homestead on which he lived had been cleared and settled by a grandson of the first Comfort that crossed the Atlantic; it had descended regularly from thence through every first son to the worthy owner in the time of my childhood, and there stood, ready to take the noble patrimony, at his father's death, a Comfort, junior, in every way worthy to connect the stout chain with remotest posterity. Of course Comfort made proud show of the strongly-marked characteristics for which his ancestors and their compeers were distinguished. A follower of Old Noll himself never walked more zealously in the rigid puritanical path, nor could any one have kept more faithfully every observance that had been handed down from the passengers in the good bark that first anchored off Plymouth-rock. While in his family, one might readily imagine himself transported back to that of some Roundhead Captain Fight-and-Praise-God, or Colonel Smite-'em-Hip-and-Thigh, in the service of the Great Protector.

COMFORT MAKEPEACE had married early in life, and he displayed no ordinary depth of judgment in the selection of one, scarce if any less than himself attached to the devotional customs of his puritanical ancestry. Faithful was an obedient wife and managed the household concerns with a prudence and care that would have done credit to the noblest. She rivalled the emblematic bee in industry, and helped her husband to make some substantial additions to the ample means that had descended to them. She bore him sons and daughters, in no stinted number; and under her maternal oversight, they grew up strong and comely, the pride of both. Comfort often spoke of her as a crown to her husband, and no one ever repeated with more sincerity the saying of the wise man of old.

Yet Faithful would have been wanting in the common attributes of her sex, not to have displayed some qualities less suited to the rigid temper and habits of her spouse. She had not escaped censure for some indications of worldly-mindedness, such as every good puritan was in duty bound to set his heart and face against. But all the sober teachings of a score of five-hour discourses could not eradicate from the breast of woman the unfailing distinctions of her sex. Faithful was in early youth, despite her rigid education, fond of what her husband was wont to denominate worldly show. The cut of her dress was apt to depart from some of the plain features of that of her grand-mother, and accord itself with some of the later and more gaudy fashions, worn by the less puritanical matrons of the village; and Comfort was often fain to think there were more lively colors in the ribbon with which she decked her bonnet, than comported with the strictness of the principles which they had inherited. So, too, he sometimes imagined his natural discernment had not failed him in detecting a lack of heart in some of the services which were maintained. Faithful had indeed professed her belief, that fatiguing exertions, continued early and late during six days of the week, formed ample excuse for nodding irregular measure to the drowsy god during some of the services on the Sabbath.

But the good puritan was most alarmed at a foreboding that the tinge of worldliness which affected the moral character of his wife, might interfere with the course he should pursue to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Perchance all these might have passed unheeded in the presence of more striking fallings-off within the limits that confined the earthly pilgrimage of the puritan; but he was a restless being, and for want of others more important, the trivial backslidings of his help-meet furnished ample incentive to the wailing of spirit in which he so often indulged.

Eleven children — six sons and five daughters — blessed the union of Comfort and Faithful Makepeace, and the expressive appellations which they received, denoted well the vocabulary from which the names were selected. Comfort, junior, Ezekiel, Hezekiah, Micah, Habakkuk, and Preserved, told the males of the family, and those of the other sex were distinguished by names of equal import; Patience, Hope, Faith, Peace, and Charity. One after another, in regular succession, they grew up, and with the labor of older days sought to repay the care expended in their training. Their parents had entailed upon them no feeble constitutions, and the rigid rules by which they were reared, permitted of no such fashion of dress as should endanger the proper harmony of the system. Though a connoisseur might have applied to the features of the girls some more expressive epithet than that of mere plainness, they boasted of ruddy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and healthful forms, that many a pale-looking belle might have envied. Comfort had little faith in the teachings of later sages, who waged war with the precepts of Solomon, and he felt no inclination to spoil the child by spare use of the correcting rod. Many a puritanical principle, that illy accorded with the free spirit of childhood, was drummed into the characters of his progeny; and the same effective engine was often put in requisition to check them from the commission of some worldly action. One

could not look upon that staid household, from the iron-framed father down to the little tottering urchin who, ex-officio, as youngest, claimed all the privileges of pet, without comprehending at a glance the grave and rigid creed by which its concerns were regulated.

The puritanism of Comfort Makepeace was not confined to the mere matters of household regulations, or religious worship. It extended to all his business transactions, and marked all the social relations into which he was led. In the former, the most scrupulous honesty was at all times professed, though there were those, such as had little respect for the severity of his creed, who were ready to assert that he had a conscience so nice as to distinguish between telling a truth with intent to deceive, and absolute falsehood. A notorious stickler for what he termed the right, he was always found ready to drive a good bargain; and if report spoke truly, to overreach his neighbor, where it might be done without a palpable infringement of the rules of trade. In his neighborly intercourse, he ever preserved the same sober demeanor, using no unnecessary language, rarely indulging in a smile, and never in a decided laugh. Comfort could not be called unneighborly, nor did he ever acquire the credit of liberality. The poor went not away empty-handed, if copious meeds of advice and exhortation counted or availed aught; and sometimes they might rejoice in the gift of more substantial worldly aid. All may have heard of the person who excused dry eyes at an affecting charity discourse, by professing to belong to another parish; and it might not have unfrequently happened, that those who appealed to the benevolence of Comfort Makepeace, found him in a situation not widely dissimilar. Certainly, the rigidity of his principles did not permit him to associate with those who were denominated unsaintly, any farther than was necessary in the transaction of his worldly affairs. Yet Comfort lived too late in the world, to be wholly devoid of generous feeling. Apparent distress seldom failed to moisten his cheek with the tear of sympathy, or to touch him in that generally less sensitive spot — the purse.

There was probably no point in his creed, upon which Comfort insisted with more stubborn zeal, than that which poised the lance against amusements. I have said that he was seldom seen to smile, and never to indulge in a laugh outright. Every thing that was not included in the stern duties laid down in his laws of morality, was deemed frivolous and worldly, and meet to be discountenanced by all straight-walking servants of the Lord. Of course, the ebullitions of wit or humor were too strongly tinctured with the same unsaintly character, to find favor in his eyes. The theatre was a sink of pollution, and its extirpation he deemed an object worthy the prayers of every good man; and as for the drama — if perchance it was alluded to — he was wont to term it the distilled product of the devil's brain. But of all, most resolutely had Comfort set his face against dancing. It is doubtful if he esteemed the worship of the crucifix itself, or any other heathenish form of prelatical reverence, a more decided sin than the practice of promiscuous dancing. Despite his reverence for his puritan ancestry, Comfort was apt to be in many things a little peculiar, and in nothing more so than in his manner of reasoning. All representations of witches and goblins, he said, were agreed in

their frisking and dancing; and it was certainly a mild expression to say, that no good might arise from an exercise in which the imps of devilry were, from their very nature, accustomed to indulge. But I will not attempt to follow the worthy old man through all the reasonings of the prolix discourse which he used so often to rehearse against the utter abomination of promiscuous dancing.

Comfort Makepeace was not insensible to the rapid progress of opinions and principles less rigid than those which he had inherited from his pilgrim fathers. He mourned often and deeply over the degeneracy of modern times, and grew more and more morose, as all the world about him waxed more frivolous and worldly-minded. His neighbors relaxed in the severity of the governing principles which had been handed down to them, and the rising generation were still more widely departing from the faith of their fathers. The land where puritanism had bid fair to hold permanent sway, was fast relapsing into grossest heresy, and the very evils, to escape from which his revered ancestor fled from the land of his birth, were swallowing up the whole people. Old men laughed and chatted, in familiar strains, and the young obeyed the impulse of a buoyant spirit, in revelling unchecked in the delights of social intercourse. Amusements the most frivolous, nay impious, feasting, theatre-going, and dancing, were creeping in apace, and leading frail human nature from her moorings. Even his old and favorite expounder of the faith, who had led his flock for half a century through the green pastures of righteousness, was forced to retire before the alarming spirit of innovation and worldliness. He had been superseded by a young man of airy habits, who had studied the frivolous rules of empty declamation, and who shortened, to a fearful degree, the length of his discourses; while every other exercise of the holy Sabbath became impregnated with the same spirit that was infecting the manners of the whole people. There was no limit to the terrible doctrines that were destroying the land.

Comfort Makepeace groaned often and audibly, as he witnessed the changes that had been for years going on around him. His neighbors, despite the zealous appeals he made, were fast falling off from the path of the faithful, and numbering themselves among the worldly sects. Morning prayer no longer sent them forth to labor, and their incoming from the field at night was no longer accompanied by the same devotional exercise. Exhortations, those heavenly weapons, were become less frequent; and even grace at meals was by very many dispensed with altogether. One had gone so far as to treat slightly, if not with absolute worldly ridicule, his respect for the holy scriptures. 'Mr. Makepeace, why give your son so outlandish a name as Habakkuk?' 'Outlandish! Why, neighbor, it is a name from scripture!' 'Pooh!' replied the worldling, 'and so is Beelzebub!' The old man groaned from his inmost breast, but was silent.

But there were symptoms of falling off within the very household of the faithful, that still more afflicted the worthy puritan. In face of the solemn precepts that had been inculcated in long and frequent lectures, his own children gave indications of imbibing the dangerous sentiments which were abroad in the land. They were remiss in the performance of their duties, and had even advanced to the commis-

sion of deeds absolutely worldly. I have mentioned the conscientious scruples of the old man on the subject of dancing. Comfort had been accustomed to consider it as the quintessence of wickedness. What then was his surprise, when three of his sons, in a single breath, demanded of him his consent to their attendance upon a new-comer in the village, who promised to instruct its youth in the very art which he had so often had occasion to pronounce an utter abomination! Comfort could scarce trust the evidence of his senses, until two daughters appeared, and joined in the earnest petition. He then clasped his hands, and sank back with a groan of intense agony, as if yielding up his spirit. His children were alarmed at the strength of his emotion; and though they could not give over entirely the project which had produced it, the subject was not soon again mentioned in his presence. But exhortations, made with all the sincerity and fervor of a Luther or a Knox, were not sufficient to restrain his progeny within the rigid bounds which he had established. He had not been entirely mistaken in his forebodings of the worldliness with which the temper and habits of his wife would taint the education of his children. The five daughters grew up comely and fair to look upon, and less than maternal feeling would have prompted to pride in their healthful forms and handsome features. Nor was it womanly to hold to faith in the maxim, that beauty unadorned is most adorned. The father had often occasion to sigh over some newly-bought finery, 'with which the Sunday dresses of the daughters would be set off; and there were not unfrequently other decided indications of vanity and fondness for show, meet for earnest exhortation and reproof. It were an endless task to follow through half the mortifications which Comfort experienced, from the turn which affairs were taking throughout the land.

Comfort Makepeace was naturally gloomy, from his birth, and his temperament had by no means grown lighter in his old age. He grew daily more unhappy and austere, until the cloud on his brow became settled and irremovable. The spirit of irreligion that was abroad, and particularly the advances it had made within the circle of his own family, were fast wearing upon his strength, and the iron constitution which had resisted a thousand shocks, gave way to the force of mental affliction.

Comfort Makepeace died lamented, and, as in a thousand other cases, the deceased acquired more honor than the living had gained respect. One, of his strongly-marked character, could hardly expect to pass through life without experiencing the bitterness of enmity. Yet his uncompromising independence and stern integrity won for him a reverence among his fellow men, which few, devoid of those qualities, ever receive. The confirmed austerity of his manners did not permit him to enjoy the delights of friendship, or to appreciate its value. The bigoted illiberality with which his religious sentiments were marked, suited not the character of so late an age; but the unimpeachable honesty of his faith insured it from obvious disrespect. Long and loud were his dying lamentations over the faults of the age, and not less particularly over the best hope that the rites and observances of the puritans would be perpetuated in his own family.

W. A. B.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

'If e'er the blest to earth descend,
O come, my mother and my friend,
And God by thee will comfort send,
To cheer this gloom!

EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

My Mother! o'er thy lowly grave
The stormy winds may blow,
And spreading branches rudely wave,
Nor break thy rest below.
The bird that mounts on joyous wing,
To hail the rising day,
Though sweet the careless warbler sing,
Pours not for thee his lay!

The stranger, as with pensive eye,
He scans thy burial-stone,
May heave, perchance, a transient sigh
For sorrows of his own;
But few of all the friendly band
Who smiled thy face to see,
Untouched by the Destroyer's hand,
Remain to think of thee!

Yet often, mingling with the crowd
Who thronged yon house of prayer,
In humble posture thou hast bowed,
And loved to worship there.
The solemn notes of sacred lays
Which through those arches rung,
Once filled thy heart with grateful praise,
And trembled on thy tongue!

And oft thy sympathizing breast
The passing tribute gave,
As lightly on the turf thou pressed,
Which covers now thy grave!
I stood beside the hallowed ground,
That marks thy resting-place,
When rolling years had soothed the wound
Which Time can ne'er efface.

And scenes a mother's kindness wove,
When life and hope were new,
Bearing the record of her love,
Came rising to my view:
I thought on all thy tender care,
Thy nature sweet and mild,
Which used my little griefs to share,
And blessed me when a child.

Long, long within the silent tomb
Thy cherished form has laid,
And other woes have chased the gloom
That dark bereavement made;
Yet bright to Memory's fond survey
Each lineament appears,
As when it shed its living ray
On eyes undimmed by tears!

No more the buoyant hopes of youth
Their wonted joy impart,
And childhood's dream of changeless truth
Has ceased to warm my heart;
But while its languid pulses move,
Life's crimson tide to bear,
The sweet remembrance of thy love
Shall still be treasured there!

LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTERS OF LUCIUS M. PISO, from Palmyra, to his Friend MARCUS CURTIUS, at Rome. Now first Translated and Published. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 498. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS. Boston: JOSEPH H. FRANCIS.

WE shall offer no apology, nor will our readers deem one necessary, for devoting so large a portion of the review department of the present number of this Magazine to an extended notice of the work before us. The letters contained in the first volume have already appeared in our pages; and the great and deserved popularity which they have acquired, will insure eager readers for the remainder, (the issue of which public opinion has hastened,) which advance in interest to the very close of the work. The conception of the plan is most felicitous—the execution masterly, beyond modern example. The author seems, primarily, to have *saturated* his mind with the very spirit of the past. He has rolled back the tide of time, and placed us in Palmyra, the magnificent capital of the East, and caused all her glories to pass palpably before us, as if we were gazing upon a moving panorama. Commencing with the first faint dawn of the Christian faith, he infuses into the reader ‘a soul of old religion.’ His characters are marked with great force; while a nice verisimilitude of individual nature is combined with elegance of fancy, and a richness of ideal coloring, wholly unsurpassed by any kindred writer. The plot—if a succession of events converging to a final point may be so denominated—is natural and unperplexed; while the minor descriptive scenes, which are often interwoven, and the inferior characters, are equally well sketched. Though fluctuating between history and romance, the work no where fails to disguise the presence of the latter. The reader is *with* the characters and *of* them, from first to last, such is the author’s happy freedom of delineation, and the harmony and ease both of incident and style.

We proceed to justify our encomiums by liberal extracts, commencing with a stirring picture, which our readers would readily recognise, without consulting the *quis sculptis*.

“I am just returned from a singular adventure. My hand trembles as I write. I had laid down my pen, and gone forth upon my Arab, accompanied by Milo, to refresh and invigorate my frame after our late carousal—shall I term it?—at the palace. I took my way, as I often do, to the Long Portico, that I might again look upon its faultless beauty, and watch the changing crowds. Turning from that, I then amused my vacant mind by posting myself where I could overlook, as if I were indeed the builder or superintendent, the laborers upon the column of Aurelian. I became at length particularly interested in the efforts of a huge elephant, who was employed in dragging up to the foundations of the column, so that they might be fastened to machines, to be then hoisted to their place, enormous blocks of marble. He was a noble animal, and, as it seemed to me, of far more than common size and strength. Yet did not his utmost endeavor appear to satisfy the demands of those who drove him, and who plied without mercy the barbed scourges which they bore. His temper at length gave way. He was chained to a mass of rock, which it was evidently beyond his power to move. It required the united strength of two, at least. But this was nothing to his inhuman masters. They ceased not to urge him with cries and blows. One of them, at length, transported by that insane fury which seizes the vulgar when their will is not done by the

brute creation, laid hold upon a long lance, terminated with a sharp iron goad, long as my sword, and rushing upon the beast, drove it into his hinder part. At that very moment, the chariot of the Queen, containing Zenobia herself, Julia, and the other princesses, came suddenly against the column, on its way to the palace. I made every possible sign to the charioteer to turn and fly. But it was too late. The infuriated monster snapped the chains that held him to the stone at a single bound, as the iron entered him, and trampling to death one of his drivers, dashed forward to wreak his vengeance upon the first object that should come in his way. That, to the universal terror and distraction of the gathered, but now scattered and flying crowds, was the chariot of the Queen. Her mounted guards, at the first onset of the maddened animal, put spurs to their horses, and by quick leaps escaped. The horses attached to the chariot, springing forward to do the same, urged by the lash of the charioteer, were met by the elephant with straightened trunk and tail, who, in the twinkling of an eye, wreathed his proboscis around the neck of the first he encountered, and wrenching him from his harness, whirled him aloft, and dashed him to the ground. This I saw was the moment to save the life of the Queen, if it was indeed to be saved. Snatching from a flying soldier his long spear, and knowing well the temper of my horse, I put him to his speed, and running upon the monster as he disengaged his trunk from the crushed and dying Arabian for a new assault, I drove it with unerring aim into his eye, and through that opening on into the brain. He fell as if a bolt from heaven had struck him. The terrified and struggling horses of the chariot were secured by the now returning crowds, and the Queen with the princesses relieved from the peril which was so imminent, and had blanched with terror every cheek but Zenobia's. She had stood the while—I was told—there being no exertion which she could make—watching with eager and intense gaze my movements, upon which she felt that their safety, perhaps their lives, depended.

"It all passed in a moment. Soon as I drew out my spear from the dying animal, the air was rent with the shouts of the surrounding populace. Surely, at that moment I was the greatest, at least the most fortunate, man in Palmyra. These approving shouts, but still more the few words uttered by Zenobia and Julia, were more than recompense enough for the small service I had performed; especially, however, the invitation of the Queen:

"But come, noble Piso, leave not the work half done: we need now a protector for the remainder of the way. Ascend, if you will do us such pleasure, and join us to the palace."

"I needed no repeated urging, but taking the offered seat—whereupon new acclamations went up from the now augmented throngs—I was driven, as I conceived, in a sort of triumph to the palace, where passing an hour, which, it seems to me, held more than all the rest of my life, I have now returned to my apartment, and relate what has happened for your entertainment. You will not wonder that for many reasons my hand trembles, and my letters are not formed with their accustomed exactness."

The reader would scarcely pardon an omission to record the return of Calpurnius, the captive brother of the noble Piso, in whose fate he must have become deeply interested. While at the palace, soon after the adventure above recorded, the writer is interrupted by a confused noise of running to and fro. Presently, some one with a quick, light foot approaches:

"The quick, light foot by which I was disturbed, was Fausta's. I knew it, and sprang to the door. She met me with her bright and glowing countenance bursting with expression: 'Calpurnius!' said she, 'your brother, is here'—and seizing my hand drew me to the apartment, where he sat by the side of Gracchus—Isaac, with his inseparable pack, standing near.

"I need not, as I cannot, describe our meeting. It was the meeting of brothers—yet, of strangers, and a confusion of wonder, curiosity, vague expectation, and doubt, possessed the soul of each. I trust and believe, that notwithstanding the different political bias which sways each, the ancient ties which bound us together as brothers will again unite us. The countenance of Calpurnius, though dark and almost stern in its general expression, yet unbends and relaxes frequently and suddenly, in a manner that impresses you forcibly with an inward humanity as the presiding though often concealed quality of his nature. I can trace faintly the features which have been stamped upon my memory—and the form too—chiefly by the recollected scene of that bright morning, when he with our elder brother and venerable parent, gave us each a last embrace, as they started for the tents of Valerian. A warmer climate has deepened the olive of his complexion, and at the same time added brilliancy to an eye, by nature soft as a woman's. His Persian dress increases greatly the effect of his rare beauty, yet I heartily wish it off, as it contributes more, I believe, than the lapse of so many years, to separate us. He will not seem and feel as a brother, till he returns to the costume of his native land. How great this power of mere dress is upon our affections and our regard, you can yourself bear witness, when those who parted from you to travel in foreign countries have returned metamorphosed into Greeks, Egyptians, or Persians, according to the

fashions that have struck their foolish fancies. The assumed and foreign air: chills the untravelled heart as it greets them. They are no longer the same. However the reason may strive to overcome what seems the mere prejudice of a wayward nature, we strive in vain: nature will be uppermost—and many, many times have I seen the former friendships break away and perish.

"I could not be alive to the general justness of the comparison instituted by Isaac, between Calpurnius and Julia. There are many points of resemblance. The very same likeness in kind that we so often observe between a brother and sister—such as we have often remarked in your nephew and niece, Drusus and Lavinia—whose dress being changed, and they are changed.

"No sooner had I greeted and welcomed my brother, than I turned to Isaac and saluted him, I am persuaded with scarcely less cordiality.

"I sincerely bless the gods," said I, "that you have escaped the perils of two such passages through the desert, and are safe in Palmyra. May every wish of your heart, concerning your beloved Jerusalem, be accomplished. In the keeping of Demetrius will you find not only the single talent agreed upon, in case you returned, but the two which were to be paid had you perished. One such tempest upon the desert, escaped, is more and worse than death itself, met softly upon one's bed.

"Now, Jehovah be praised," ejaculated Isaac, "who himself has moved thy heart to this grace. Israel will feel this bounty through every limb: it will be to her as the oil of life."

"And my debt," said Calpurnius, "is greater yet, and should in reason be more largely paid. Through the hands of Demetrius I will discharge it."

"We are all bound to you," said Fausta, "more than words or money pay."

"You owe more than you are perhaps aware of, to the rhetoric of Isaac," added Calpurnius. "Had it not been for the faithful zeal and cunning of your messenger, in his arguments not less than his contrivances, I had hardly now been sitting within the walls of Palmyra."

Isaac, after narrating the particulars of an affray in which he became involved in the streets of Ecbatana, by disputing the sincerity of a Persian false prophet, who was 'speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after him,' closes with the following beautiful and pathetic defence of the 'ancient covenant people':

"One word, if it please you," said Isaac, "before I depart. The gentile despises the Jew. He charges upon him usury and extortion. He accuses him of avarice. He believes him to subsist upon the very life-blood of whomsoever he can draw into his meshes. I have known those who have firm faith that the Jew feeds but upon the flesh and blood of Pagan and Christian infants, whom, by necromantic power, he beguiles from their homes. He is held as the common enemy of man—a universal robber—whom all are bound to hate and oppress. Reward me now with your belief, better than even the two gold talents I have earned, that all are not such. This is the charity, and all that I would beg; and I beg it of you—for that I love you all, and would have your esteem. Believe that in the Jew there is a heart of flesh as well as in a dog. Believe that some noble ambition visits his mind as well as yours. Credit it not—it is against nature—that any tribe of man is what you make the Jew. Look upon me, and behold the emblem of my tribe. What do you see? A man bent with years and toil—this ragged tunic his richest garb—his face worn with the storms of all climates—a wanderer over the earth; my home—Piso, thou hast seen it—a single room, with my good dromedary's furniture for my bed at night, and my seat by day; this pack—my only apparent wealth. Yet here have I now received two gold talents of Jerusalem!—what most would say were wealth enough, and this is not the tythe of that which I possess. What then? Is it for that I love obscurity, slavery, and a beggar's raiment, that I live and labor thus, when my wealth would raise me to a prince's state? Or is it that I love to sit and count my hoarded gains? Good friends, for such you are, believe it not. You have found me faithful and true to my engagements; believe my word also. You have heard of Jerusalem, once the chief city of the East, where stood the great temple of our faith, and which was the very heart of our nation, and you know how it was beleaguered by the Romans, and its very foundations rooted up, and her inhabitants driven abroad as outcasts, to wander over the face of the earth, with every where a country, but no where a home. And does the Jew, think you, sit down quietly under these wrongs? Trajan's reign may answer that. Is there no patriotism yet alive in the bosom of a Jew? Will every other toil and die for his country, and not the Jew? Believe me again, the prayers which go up morning, noon, and night, for the restoration of Jerusalem, are not fewer than those which go up for Rome or Palmyra. And their deeds are not less—for every prayer there are two acts. It is for Jerusalem, that you behold me thus in rags, and yet rich. It is for her glory, that I am the servant of all, and the scorn of all; that I am now pinched by the winters of Byzantium, now scorched by the heats of Asia, and buried beneath the sands of the desert. All that I have and am is for Jerusalem. And in telling you of

myself, I have told you of my tribe. What we do and are, is not for ourselves, but for our country. Friends, the hour of redemption draweth nigh !”

Soon after Calpurnius's return — who has imbibed a hatred of Rome during his long captivity, and who espouses Zenobia's cause with great zeal — the Roman ambassadors leave Palmyra, bearing with them, from the Queen to Aurelian, a virtual declaration of war. The busy note of preparation for contest resounds through the city, the whole aspect of which is changed. Even Fausta makes ready for battle, and dons her armor. Of the latter, and how it became the noble Palmyrene maiden, the annexed extracts speak :

“As I descended to the apartment where we take together our morning meal, and which we were now for the last time to partake in each other's company, I found Fausta already there, and surveying with sparkling eyes and a flushed cheek, a suit of the most brilliant armor, which, having been made by the Queen's workmen, and by her order, had just now been brought and delivered to her.

“I asked the honor,” said the person with whom she was conversing, ‘to bring it myself, who have made it with the same care as the Queen's, of the same materials, and after the same fashion. So it was her order to do. It will set, lady, believe me, as easy as a riding dress, though it will be all of the most impenetrable steel. The polish too, is such, that neither arrow nor javelin need be feared ; they can but touch and glance. Hercules could not indent this surface. Let me reveal to you diverse secret and perfect springs and clasps, the use of which you should be well acquainted with. Yet it differs not so much from that in which you have performed your exercises, but what you will readily comprehend the manner of its adjustment.’”

“She was now a beautiful vision to behold as ever lighted upon the earth. Her armor revealed with exactness the perfection of her form, and to her uncommon beauty added its own, being of the most brilliant steel, and frequently studded with jewels of dazzling lustre. Her sex was revealed only by her hair, which parting over her forehead, fell toward either eye, and then was drawn up and buried in her helmet. The ease with which she moved, showed how well she had accustomed herself, by frequent exercises, to the cumbrous load she bore. I could hardly believe, as she paced the apartment, issuing her final orders to her slaves and attendants, who pressed around, that I was looking upon a woman reared in all the luxury of the East. Much as I had been accustomed to the sight of Zenobia performing the part of an emperor, I found it difficult to persuade myself, that when I looked upon Fausta, changing so completely her sex, it was any thing more than an illusion.”

We make the following striking extract, for the purpose of contrasting it with a kindred picture, though reversed :

“The city itself was all pouring forth upon the plains in its vicinity. The crowds choked the streets as they passed out, so that our progress was slow. Arriving at length, we turned toward the pavilion of the Queen, pitched over against the centre of the army. There we stood, joined by others, awaiting her arrival — for she had not yet left the palace. We had not stood long, before the braying of trumpets and other warlike instruments announced her approach. We turned, and looking toward the gate of the city, through which we had but now passed, saw Zenobia, having on either side Longinus and Zabdas, and preceded and followed by a select troop of horse, advancing at her usual speed toward the pavilion. She was mounted upon her far-famed white Numidian, for power an elephant, for endurance a dromedary, for fleetness a very Nicæan, and who had been her companion in all the battles by which she had gained her renown and her empire.

“Calpurnius was beside himself: he had not before seen her when assuming all her state. ‘Did eye ever look upon aught so like a celestial apparition? It is a descent from other regions; I can swear ‘tis no mortal — still less a woman. Fausta — this puts to shame your eulogies, swollen as I termed them.’

“I did not wonder at his amazement, for I myself shared it, though I had seen her so often. The object that approached us, truly seemed rather a moving blaze of light than an armed woman, which the eye and the reason declared it to be, with such gorgeous magnificence was she arrayed. The whole art of the armorer had been exhausted in her appointments. The caparison of her steed, sheathed with burnished gold, and thick studded with precious stones of every various hue, reflected an almost intolerable splendor, as the rays of a hot morning sun fell upon it. She too, herself, being clothed in armor of polished steel, whose own fiery brightness was doubled by the diamonds — that was the only jewel she wore — sown with profusion all over its more prominent parts, could be gazed upon scarcely with more ease than the sun himself, whose beams

were given back from it with undiminished glory. In her right hand, she held the long, slender lance of the cavalry; over her shoulders hung a quiver, well loaded with arrows; while at her side depended a heavy Damascus blade. Her head was surmounted by a steel helmet, which left her face wholly uncovered, and showed her forehead like Fausta's, shaded by the dark hair, which, while it was the only circumstance that revealed the woman, added to the effect of a countenance unequalled for marvellous union of feminine beauty, queenly dignity, and masculine power. Sometimes it has been her usage, upon such occasions, to appear with arms bare, and gloved hands; they were now cased, like the rest of the body, in plates of steel.

"'Calpurnius,' said Fausta, 'saw you ever in Persia such horsemanship? 'See now, as she draws nearer, with what grace and power she moves? Blame you the enthusiasm of this people?'

"'I more than share it,' he replied; 'it is reward enough for my long captivity, at last to follow such a leader. Many a time, as Zenobia has in years past visited my dreams, and I almost fancied myself in her train, I little thought that the happiness I now experience, was to become a reality. But, hark! how the shout of welcome goes up from this innumerable host.'

"No sooner was the Queen arrived where we stood, and the whole extended lines became aware of her presence, than the air was filled with the clang of trumpets, and the enthusiastic cries of the soldiery, who waved aloft their arms, and made a thousand expressive signs of most joyful greeting. When this hearty salutation, commencing at the centre, had died away along the wings, stretching one way to the walls of the city, and the other toward the desert, Zenobia rode up nearer the lines, and being there surrounded by the ranks which were in front, and by a crowd of the great officers of the army, spoke to them, in accordance with her custom. Stretching out her hand, as if she would ask the attention of the multitude, a deep silence ensued, and in a voice clear and strong, she thus addressed them: 'Men and soldiers of Palmyra! Is this the last time that you are to gather together in this glittering array, and go forth as lords of the whole East? Conquerors in so many wars, are you now about to make an offering of yourselves and your homes to the Emperor of Rome? Am I, who have twice led you to the gates of Ctesiphon, now to be your leader to the footstool of Aurelian? Are you thinking of any thing but victory? Is there one in all these ranks who doubts whether the same fate that once befel Probus shall now befall Aurelian? If there be, let him stand forth! Let him go and intrench himself within the walls of Palmyra. We want him not. (The soldiers brandished and clashed their arms.) Victory, soldiers, belongs to those who believe. Believe that you can do so, and we will return with a Roman army captive at our chariot wheels. Who should put trust in themselves, if not the men and soldiers of Palmyra? Whose memory is long enough to reach backward to a defeat? What was the reign of Odenatus, but an unbroken triumph? Are you now, for the first time, to fly or fall before an enemy? And who the enemy? Forget it not—Rome! and Aurelian! the greatest empire and the greatest soldier of the world. Never before was so large a prize within your reach. Never before fought you on a stage with the whole world for spectators. Forget not, too, that defeat will be not only defeat, but ruin! The loss of a battle will be not only so many dead and wounded, but the loss of empire! For Rome resolves upon our subjugation. We must conquer, or we must perish; and forever lose our city, our throne, and our name. Are you ready to write yourselves subjects and slaves of Rome!—citizens of a Roman province?—and forfeit the proud name of Palmyrene? (Loud and indignant cries rose from the surrounding ranks.) If not, you have only to remember the plains of Egypt and of Persia, and the spirit that burned within your bosoms then, will save you now, and bring you back to these walls, your brows bound about with the garlands of victory. Soldiers! strike your tents! and away to the desert!'

"Shouts long and loud, mingled with the clash of arms, followed these few words of the Queen. Her own name was heard above all. 'Long live the great Zenobia!' ran along the ranks, from the centre to the extremes, and from the extremes back again to the centre. It seemed as if, when her name had once been uttered, they could not cease—through the operation of some charm—to repeat it again and again, coupled, too, with a thousand phrases of loyalty and affection."

The Queen takes farewell of her sorrowing friends, and departs at the head of her armed ranks, while the Princess Julia and Piso ascend the walls of the city, and from the towers of the gate observe the progress of the army:

"We returned to the city, and from the highest part of the walls, watched the departing glories of the most magnificent military array I had ever beheld. It was long after noon, before the last of the train of loaded elephants sank below the horizon. I have seen larger armies upon the Danube, and in Gaul. But never have I seen one that in all its appointments presented so imposing a spectacle. This was partly owing to the greater proportion of cavalry, and to the admixture of the long lines of elephants, with their burdens, their towers, and litters—but more, perhaps, to the perfectness with which each individual, be he on horse or foot, be he servant, slave, or master, is furnished,

respecting both arms, armor, and apparel. Julia beheld it, if with sorrow, with pride also.

" 'Between an army like this,' she said, 'so appointed, and so led and inflamed, and another like that of Rome, coming up under a leader like Aurelian, how sharp and deadly must be the encounter! What a multitude of this and that living host, now glorious in the blaze of arms, and burning with desires of conquest, will fall and perish, pierced by weapons, or crushed by elephants, nor ever hear the shout of victory! A horrid death, winding up a feverish dream. And of that number, how likely to be Fausta and Zenobia.' "

After some delay, during which time all Palmyra is vibrating between hope and fear, intelligence is brought of a battle before Antioch, between the forces of Zenobia and Aurelian, in which the army of the former is completely routed, and compelled to retreat upon Eimesa. These events are thus narrated:

" Upon the approach of Aurelian, the several provinces of Asia Minor, which by negotiation and conquest had by Zenobia been connected with her kingdom, immediately returned to their former allegiance. The cities opened their gates, and admitted the armies of the conqueror. Tyana alone, of all the Queen's dominions in that quarter, opposed the progress of the Emperor, and this strong-hold was soon by treachery delivered into his power. Thence he pressed on without pause to Antioch, where he found the Queen awaiting him. A battle immediately ensued. At first, the Queen's forces obtained decided advantages, and victory seemed ready to declare for her, as always before, when the gods decreed otherwise, and the day was lost—but lost in the indignant language of the Queen, 'not in fair and honorable fight, but through the baseness of a stratagem rather to have been expected from a Carthaginian than the great Aurelian.' 'Our troops,' she writes, 'had driven the enemy from his ground at every point. Notwithstanding the presence of Aurelian, and the prodigies of valor by which he distinguished himself anew, and animated his soldiers, our cavalry, led by the incomparable Zabdas, bore him and his legions backward till apparently discomfited by the violence of the onset, the Roman horse gave way and fled in all directions. The shout of victory arose from our ranks, which now dissolved, and in the disorder of a flushed and conquering army, scattered in hot pursuit of the flying foe. Now, when too late, we saw the treachery of the enemy. Our horse, heavy-armed, as you know—were led on by the retreating Romans into a broken and marshy ground, where their movements were in every way impeded, and thousands were suddenly fixed immovable in the deep morass. At this moment, the enemy, by preconcerted signals, with inconceivable rapidity—being light-armed—formed; and, returning upon our now scattered and broken forces, made horrible slaughter of all who had pushed farthest from the main body of the army. Dismay seized our soldiers—the panic spread—increased by the belief that a fresh army had come up and was entering the field, and our whole duty centered upon forming and covering our retreat. This, chiefly through the conduct of Calpurnius Piso, was safely effected; the Romans being kept at bay while we drew together, and then under cover of the approaching night, fell back to a new and strong position.

" 'I attempt not, Longinus, to make that better which is bad. I reveal the whole truth, not softening or withholding a single feature of it, that your mind may be possessed of the exact state of our affairs, and know how to form its judgments. Make that which I write public, to the extent and in the manner that shall seem best to you.

" 'After mature deliberation, we have determined to retreat farther yet, and take up our position under the walls of Emesa. Here, I trust in the gods we shall redeem that which we have lost.'

" In a letter to Julia, the Queen says, 'Fausta has escaped the dangers of the battle; selfishly, perhaps, dividing her from Piso, she has shared my tent and my fortunes, and has proved herself worthy of every confidence that has been reposed in her. She is my inseparable companion in the tent, in the field, and on the road, by night and by day. Give not way to despondency, dear Julia. Fortune, which has so long smiled upon me, is not now about to forsake me. There is no day so long and bright, that clouds do not sail by and cast their little shadows. But the sun is behind them. Our army is still great and in good heart. The soldiers receive me, whenever I appear, with their customary acclamations. Fausta shares this enthusiasm. Wait without anxiety or fear for news from Emesa.' "

But Zenobia is again destined to defeat, and soon after writes from Emesa: 'Our cavalry were at first victorious, as before at Antioch. The Roman horse were routed. But the infantry of Aurelian, in number greatly superior to ours, falling upon our ranks when deprived of the support of the cavalry, obtained an easy victory; while their horse, rallying and increased by reinforcements from Antioch,

drove us in turn at all points, penetrating even to our camp, and completed the disaster of the day. I have now no power with which to cope with Aurelian. It remains but to retreat upon Palmyra, there placing our reliance upon the strength of our walls, and upon our Armenian, Saracen, and Persian allies. I do not despair, although the favor of the gods seems withdrawn.'

Great consternation now pervades the city, and the people, clustering together in knots, seem paralyzed or struck dumb, finding little joy save in again beholding their Queen, now anxiously expected, with the remnant of her gallant army. At length, 'far off their coming shone.'

"As I sit writing at my open window, overlooking the street and spacious courts of the Temple of Justice, I am conscious of an unusual disturbance—the people at a distance are running in one direction—the clamor approaches—and now I hear the cries of the multitude, 'The Queen, the Queen!'

"I fly to the walls.

"I resume my pen. The alarm was a true one. Upon gaining the streets, I found the populace all pouring toward the gate of the desert, in which direction, it was affirmed, the Queen was making her approach. Upon reaching it, and ascending one of its lofty towers, I beheld from the verge of the horizon to within a mile of the walls, the whole plain filled with the scattered forces of Zenobia, a cloud of dust resting over the whole, and marking out the extent of ground they covered. As the advanced detachments drew near, how different a spectacle did they present from that bright morning, when, glittering in steel, and full of the fire of expected victory, they proudly took their way toward the places from which they now were returning, a conquered, spoiled, and dispirited remnant, covered with the dust of a long march, and wearily dragging their limbs beneath the rays of a burning sun. Yet was there order and military discipline preserved, even under circumstances so depressing, and which usually are an excuse for their total relaxation. It was the silent, dismal march of a funeral train, rather than the hurried flight of a routed and discomfited army. There was the stiff and formal military array, but the life and spirit of an elevated and proud soldiery were gone. They moved with method to the sound of clanging instruments and the long, shrill blast of the trumpet, but they moved as mourners. They seemed as if they came to bury their Queen.

"Yet the scene changed to a brighter aspect, as the army drew nearer and nearer to the walls, and the city throwing open her gates, the populace burst forth, and with loud and prolonged shouts, welcomed them home. These shouts sent new life into the hearts of the desponding ranks, and with brightened faces and a changed air, they waved their arms and banners, and returned shout for shout. As they passed through the gates to the ample quarters provided within the walls, a thousand phrases of hearty greeting were showered down upon them, from those who lined the walls, the towers, and the way-side, which seemed from the effects produced in those on whom they fell, a more quickening restorative than could have been any medicine or food that had ministered only to the body.

"The impatience of the multitude to behold and receive the Queen, was hardly to be restrained from breaking forth in some violent way. They were ready to rush upon the great avenue, bearing aside the troops, that they might the sooner greet her. When, at length, the centre of the army approached, and the armed chariot appeared in which Zenobia sat, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. They broke through all restraint, and with cries that filled the heavens, pressed toward her—the soldiers catching the frenzy and joining them—and quickly detaching the horses from her carriage, themselves drew her into the city just as if she had returned victor with Aurelian in her train. There was no language of devotion and loyalty that did not meet her ear, nor any sign of affection that could be made from any distance, from the plains, the walls, the gates, the higher buildings of the city, the roofs of which were thronged, that did not meet her eye. It was a testimony of love so spontaneous and universal, a demonstration of confidence and unshaken attachment so hearty and sincere, that Zenobia was more than moved by it, she was subdued—and she, who, by her people had never before been seen to weep, bent her head and buried her face in her hands.

"With what an agony of expectation, while this scene was passing, did I await the appearance of Fausta, and Gracchus, and Calpurnius—if, indeed, I were destined ever to see them again. I waited long, and with pain, but the gods be praised, not in vain, nor to meet with disappointment only. Not far in the rear of Zenobia, at the head of a squadron of cavalry, rode, as my eye distinctly informed me, those whom I sought. No sooner did they in turn approach the gates, than almost the same welcome that had been lavished upon Zenobia, was repeated for Fausta, Gracchus, and Calpurnius. The names of Calpurnius and Fausta—of Calpurnius, as he who had saved the army at Antioch, of Fausta as the intrepid and fast friend of the Queen, were especially heard from a thousand lips, joined with every title of honor. My voice was not wanting in

the loud acclaim. It reached the ears of Fausta, who, starting and looking upward, caught my eye just as she passed beneath the arch of the vast gateway. I then descended from my tower of observation, and joined the crowds who thronged the close ranks, as they filed along the streets of the city. I pressed upon the steps of my friends, never being able to keep my eyes from the forms of those I loved so well, whom I had so feared to lose, and so rejoiced to behold returned alive and unhurt.

"All day the army has continued pouring into the city, and beside the army greater crowds still of the inhabitants of the suburbs, who, knowing that before another day shall end, the Romans may encamp before the walls, are scattering in all directions—multitudes taking refuge in the city, but greater numbers still mounted upon elephants, camels, dromedaries and horses, flying into the country to the north. The whole region as far as the eye can reach, seems in commotion, as if society were dissolved, and breaking up from its foundations. The noble and the rich, whose means are ample, gather together their valuables, and with their children and friends, seek the nearest parts of Mesopotamia, where they will remain in safety till the siege shall be raised. The poor, and such as cannot reach the Euphrates, flock into the city, bringing with them what little of provisions or money they may possess, and are quartered upon the inhabitants, or take up a temporary abode in the open squares, or in the courts and porticos of palaces and temples—the softness and serenity of the climate rendering even so much as the shelter of a tent superfluous. But by this vast influx the population of the city cannot be less than doubled, and I should tremble for the means of subsistence for so large a multitude, did I not know the inexhaustible magazines of corn, laid up by the prudent foresight of the Queen, in anticipation of the possible occurrence of the emergency which has now arrived. A long time—longer than he himself would be able to sustain his army, must Aurelian lie before Palmyra, ere he can hope to reduce it by famine. What impression his engines may be able to make upon the walls, remains to be seen."

The arrival of the Palmyrene army is soon followed by that of Aurelian, which presently surround the city, and under cover of shields, attempt to undermine and scale the walls. But they are foiled:

"It is incredible the variety and ingenuity of the contrivances by which the Queen's forces beat off and rendered ineffectual all the successive movements of the enemy, in their attempts to surmount the walls. Not only from every part of the wall were showers of arrows discharged from the bows of experienced archers, but from engines also, by which they were driven to a much greater distance, and with great increase of force.

"This soon rendered every attack of this nature useless and worse, and their efforts were then concentrated upon the several gates which simultaneously were attempted to be broken in, fired, or undermined. But here again, as often as these attempts were renewed, were they defeated, and great destruction made of those engaged in them. The troops approached, as is usual, covered completely, or buried rather, beneath their shields. They were suffered to form directly under the walls, and actually commence their work of destruction, when suddenly from the towers of the gates, and through channels constructed for the purpose in every part of the masonry, torrents of liquid fire were poured upon the iron roof, beneath which the soldiers worked. This at first they endured. The melted substances ran off from the polished surface of the shields, and the stones which were dashed upon them from engines, after rattling and bounding over their heads, rolled harmless to the ground. But there was in reserve a foe which they could not encounter. When it was found that the fiery streams flowed down the slanting sides of the shell, penetrating scarcely at all through the crevices of the well-joined shields, it was suggested by the ingenious Periander, that there should first be thrown down a quantity of pitch, in a half melted state, by which the whole surface of the roof should be completely covered, and which should then, by a fresh discharge of fire, be set in a blaze, the effect of which must be to heat the shields to such a degree, that they could neither be held, nor the heat beneath endured by the miners. This was immediately resorted to at all the gates, and the success was complete. For no sooner was the cold pitch set on fire and constantly fed by fresh quantities from above, than the heat became insupportable to those below, who suddenly letting go their hold, and breaking away from their compacted form, in hope to escape from the stifling heat, the burning substance then poured in upon them, and vast numbers perished miserably upon the spot, or ran burning, and howling with pain, toward the camp. The slaughter made was very great, and very terrible to behold."

Aurelian next encompasses the city with a double ditch and rampart, in the construction of which he is often interrupted by the frequent sallies of the Palmyrenes from the gates. These preparations and their success are thus described:

"The Roman works are at length completed. Every lofty palm tree, every cedar,

every terebinth, has disappeared from the surrounding plains, to be converted into battering rams, or wrought into immense towers, planted upon wheels, by which the walls are to be approached and surmounted. Houses and palaces have been demolished, that the ready hewed timber might be detached and applied to various warlike purposes. The once beautiful environs already begin to put on the appearance of desolation and ruin.

"The citizens have awaited these preparations with watchful anxiety. The Queen has expressed every where and to all, her conviction that all these vast and various preparations are futile—that the bravery of her soldiers and the completeness of her counter provisions, will be sufficient for the protection and deliverance of the city.

"Another day of fierce and bloody war. At four different points have the vast towers been pushed to the walls, filled with soldiers, and defended against the fires of the besieged by a casing of skins and every incombustible substance, and provided with a store of water to quench whatever part might by chance kindle. It was fearful to behold these huge structures urged along by a concealed force, partly of men and partly of animals, and drawing nigh the walls. If they should once approach so near that they could be fastened to the walls, and so made secure, then could the enemy pour their legions upon the ramparts, and the battle would be transferred to the city itself. But in this case, as in the assaults upon the gates, the fire of the besieged has proved irresistible.

"It was the direction of Periander, to whose unequalled sagacity this part of the defence was intrusted, that so soon as the towers should approach within reach of the most powerful engines, they should be fired, if possible, by means of well-barbed arrows and javelins, to which were attached sacs and balls of inflammable and explosive substances. These fastening themselves upon every part of the tower could not fail to set fire to them while yet at some distance, and in extinguishing which the water and other means provided for that purpose would be nearly or quite exhausted, before they had reached the walls. Then as they came within easier reach, the engines were to belch forth those rivers of oil, fire, and burning pitch, which he was sure no structure, unless of solid iron, could withstand.

"These directions were carefully observed, and their success at every point such as Periander had predicted. At the gate of the desert the most formidable preparations were made, under the directions of the Emperor himself, who, at a distance, could plainly be discerned directing the work and encouraging the soldiers. Two towers of enormous size were here constructed, and driven toward the walls. Upon both, as they came within the play of the engines, were showered the fiery javelins and arrows, which it required all the activity of the occupants to ward off or extinguish, where they had succeeded in fastening themselves. One was soon in flames. The other, owing either to its being of a better construction, or to a less vigorous discharge of fire on the part of the defenders of the walls, not only escaped the more distant storm of blazing missiles, but succeeded in quenching the floods of burning pitch and oil, which, as it drew nearer and nearer, were poured upon it in fiery streams. On it moved, propelled by its invisible and protected power, and had now reached the wall—the bridge was in the very act of being thrown and grappled to the ramparts—Aurelian was seen pressing forward the legions, who, as soon as it should be fastened, were to pour up its flights of steps and out upon the walls—when, to the horror of all, not less of the besiegers than of the besieged, its foundations upon one side—being laid over the moat—suddenly gave way, and the towering and enormous mass, with all its living burden, fell thundering to the plain. A shout, as of a delivered and conquering army, went up from the walls, while upon the legions below—such as had not been crushed by the tumbling ruin—and who endeavored to save themselves by flight, a sudden storm of stones, rocks, burning pitch, and missiles of a thousand kinds was directed, that left few to escape to tell the tale of death to their comrades. Aurelian, in his fury, or his desire to aid the fallen, approaching too near the walls, was himself struck by a well-directed shaft—wounded, and borne from the field.

"At the other gates, where similar assaults had been made, the same success attended the Palmyrenes. The towers were in each instance set on fire and destroyed.

"The city has greatly exulted at the issue of these repeated contests. Every sound and sign of triumph has been made upon the walls. Banners have been waved to and fro, trumpets have been blown, and, in bold defiance of their power, parties of horse have sallied out from the gates, and after careering in sight of the enemy, have returned again within the walls. The enemy are evidently dispirited, and already weary of the work they have undertaken."

While the Palmyrenes are indulging the hope that Aurelian, finding his army diminishing, will propose terms which they can accept with honor, he despatches a herald, enjoining and commanding an immediate surrender of the city. Zenobia refuses the terms. Aurelian renews his attacks:

"In a few days the vast preparations of the Romans being complete, a general as-

assault was made by the whole army upon every part of the walls. Every engine known to our modern methods of attacking walled cities, was brought to bear. Towers constructed in the former manner were wheeled up to the walls. Battering rams of enormous size, those who worked them being protected by sheds of hide, thundered on all sides at the gates and walls. Language fails to convey an idea of the energy, the fury, the madness of the onset. The Roman army seemed as if but one being, with such equal courage and contempt of danger and of death, was the dreadful work performed. But the Queen's defences have again proved superior to all the power of Aurelian. Her engines have dealt death and ruin in awful measure among the assailants. The moat and the surrounding plain are filled and covered with the bodies of the slain. As night came on after a long day of uninterrupted conflict, the troops of Aurelian, baffled and defeated at every point, withdrew to their tents, and left the city to repose.

"The temples of the gods have resounded with songs of thanksgiving for this new deliverance, garlands have been hung around their images, and gifts laid upon their altars. Jews and Christians, Persians and Egyptians, after the manner of their worship, have added their voices to the general chorus.

"Again there has been a pause. The Romans have rested after the late fierce assault to recover strength, and the city has breathed free. Many are filled with new courage and hope, and the discontented spirits are silenced. The praises of Zenobia, next to those of the gods, fill every mouth. The streets ring with songs composed in her honor."

The Persian army is next day seen by Fausta and Piso, from the towers, whence the eye commanded the whole plain, to be approaching to the relief of Zenobia. They encounter the Roman army, and terrible slaughter ensues; while, at a signal from the Queen, who with half the population of Palmyra are on the walls, Zabdas, at the head of all the flower of the Palmyra cavalry, pours forth from the gates, followed closely by the infantry, the battle meanwhile raging fiercely between the walls and the Roman entrenchments, as well as beyond. But the Palmyrenes are repulsed with great slaughter; the routed army press back into the city, and the gates are closed upon the pursuers. In the evening, at the house of Gracchus, where the events of the day are discussed, Calpurnius, who had been in the thickest of the fight, but had escaped unhurt, relates the fate of Zabdas. The scene is one for the pencil:

"Calpurnius had been in the thickest of the fight, but had escaped unhurt. He was near Zabdas when he fell, and revenged his death by hewing down the soldier who had pierced him with his lance.

"'Zabdas,' said Calpurnius, when in the evening we recalled the sad events of the day, 'was not instantly killed by the thrust of the spear, but falling backward from his horse, found strength and life enough remaining to raise himself upon his knees, and cheer me on, as I flew to revenge his death upon the retreating Roman. As I returned to him, having completed my task, he had sunk upon the ground, but was still living, and his eye bright with its wonted fire. I raised him in my arms, and lifting him upon my horse, moved toward the gate, intending to bring him within the walls. But he presently entreated me to desist.

"'I die,' said he, 'it is all in vain, noble Piso. Lay me at the root of this tree, and that shall be my bed, and its shaft my monument.'

"I took him from the horse as he desired.

"'Place me,' said he, 'with my back against the tree, and my face toward the entrenchments, that while I live I may see the battle—Piso, tell the Queen that to the last hour I am true to her. It has been my glory in life to live but for her, and my death is a happiness, dying for her. Her image swims before me now, and over her hovers a winged victory. The Romans fly—I knew it would be so—the dogs cannot stand before the cavalry of Palmyra—they never could—they fled at Antioch. Hark! there are the shouts of triumph—bring me my horse—Zenobia! live and reign for ever!

"'With these words his head fell upon his bosom, and he died. I returned to the conflict; but it had become a rout, and I was borne along with the rushing throng toward the gates.'

Subsequently, an Armenian army, which had come to relieve Zenobia, are seen from the towers to strike their tents, throw down their allegiance to the Queen, and join the army of Aurelian. The following picture of the besieged city affords a striking contrast to the brilliant metropolis which our readers have seen described in the former letters:

"This last has proved a heavier blow to Palmyra than the former. It shows that

their cause is regarded by the neighboring powers as a losing one, or already lost, and that hope, so far as it rested upon their friendly interposition, must be abandoned. The city is silent and sad. Almost all the forms of industry having ceased, the inhabitants are doubly wretched through their necessary idleness; they can do little but sit and brood over their present deprivations, and utter their dark bodings touching the future. All sounds of gaiety have ceased. They who obtained their subsistence by ministering to the pleasures of others, are now the first to suffer—for there are none to employ their services. Streets, which but a little while ago resounded with notes of music and the loud laughter of those who lived to pleasure, are now dull and deserted. The brilliant shops are closed, the fountains forsaken, the Portico solitary—or they are frequented by a few who resort to them chiefly to while away some of the melancholy hours that hang upon their hands. And those who are abroad seem not like the same people. Their step is now measured and slow, the head bent, no salutation greets the passing stranger or acquaintance, or only a few cold words of inquiry, which pass from cold lips into ears as cold. Apathy—lethargy—stupor—seem fast settling over all."

The next movement of the Queen, is to go in person to the court of Persia, to obtain the aid of Sapor and the Prince Hormisdas, who has sought in marriage the Princess Julia, her daughter, who, though devoted to Calpurnius, offers herself as a victim on the altar of her country. The Queen, with attendants, leaves Palmyra, by a subterranean aqueduct, leading beyond the Roman camp, but is betrayed by a female slave, who is bribed to treachery by the Palmyrene traitor, Antiochus, and carried to the camp of Aurelian. The interview between Zenobia and the Roman general, with the account of an attempt by the enraged army, so long foiled by a woman, to destroy her, cannot be curtailed, and is yet too long to extract. It is in fine unity and the strictest keeping with the whole narrative. Antiochus, the traitor, is scourged beyond the camp of the Romans, by Aurelius' order. Terms of capitulation are now offered and accepted, and Palmyra, as a nation, ceases to exist. Aurelian enters the city; the Roman army is converted into a body of laborers and artisans, who are employed in constructing wains, of every form and size, to transport the treasures of the rifled city, by the aid of multitudes of elephants and camels, across the desert to the sea, to adorn the triumph of Aurelian, and add to the splendors of Rome; while the senators and councillors of Palmyra, among whom are Longinus and Gracchus, are led guarded from the city, amid the vehement grief of the people, to the camp of the Roman conqueror, and finally conveyed to the Roman prisons, at Emesa, a Syrian town, to await death at his hands.

The chapter which follows, details the efforts made by Piso to obtain pardon for Gracchus; his visit to Longinus and Gracchus in their prisons; their noble bearing in view of the near approach of death, and their reasoning on the principles of their philosophy, upon that event. Longinus is executed, Gracchus pardoned, and Calpurnius leaves the captive city, by the same subterranean aqueduct through which the Queen had escaped.

Sandarian, a Roman general under Aurelian, is appointed Governor of Palmyra, and the city seems tranquil. Gracchus, Piso, and Fausta, now the wife of Calpurnius, (who has at length returned, under a general pardon from the Emperor,) are induced, by a revolt in the city, headed by the traitor Antiochus, who had also returned under the general amnesty, to withdraw privately to one of the noble Palmyrene's estates on an eminence four Roman miles from the walls, commanding a view of the city. It was a square tower of stone, originally built for war and defence. Aurelian, on his march to Rome, with his army, gains tidings of the revolt of Antiochus, and returns again to punish the traitor, who had caused all the Romans left in Palmyra to be butchered. The result is thus given:

"As we came forth upon the battlements of the tower, not a doubt remained that it was indeed the Romans pouring in again like a flood upon the plains of the now devoted city. Far as the eye could reach to the west, clouds of dust indicated the line of the Roman march, while the van was already within a mile of the very gates. The roads leading to the capital, in every direction, seemed covered with those, who, at the

last moment, ere the gates were shut, had fled and were flying to escape the impending desolation. All bore the appearance of a city taken by surprise and utterly unprepared — as we doubted not was the case from what we had observed of its actual state, and from the suddenness of Aurelian's return and approach."

"After one day of preparation and one of assault the city has fallen, and Aurelian again entered in triumph. This time in the spirit of revenge and retaliation. It is evident, as we look on horror-struck, that no quarter is given, but that a general massacre has been ordered both of soldier and citizen. We can behold whole herds of the defenceless populace escaping from the gates or over the walls, only to be pursued — hunted — and slaughtered by the remorseless soldiers. And thousands upon thousands have we seen driven over the walls, or hurled from the battlements of the lofty towers to perish, dashed upon the rocks below. Fausta cannot endure these sights of horror, but retires and hides herself in her apartments.

"No sooner had the evening of this fatal day set in, than a new scene of terrific sublimity opened before us, as we beheld flames beginning to ascend from every part of the city. They grew and spread till they presently appeared to wrap all objects alike in one vast sheet of fire. Towers, pinnacles, and domes, after glittering awhile in the fierce blaze, one after another fell and disappeared in the general ruin. The Temple of the Sun stood long untouched, shining almost with the brightness of the sun itself, its polished shafts and sides reflecting the surrounding fire with an intense brilliancy. We hoped that it might escape, and were certain that it would, unless fired from within — as from its insulated position the flames from the neighboring buildings could not reach it. But we watched not long ere from its western extremity the fire broke forth, and warned us that that peerless monument of human genius, like all else, would soon crumble to the ground. To our amazement, however, and joy, the flames, after having made great progress, were suddenly arrested, and by some cause extinguished — and the vast pile stood towering in the centre of the desolation, of double size, as it seemed, from the fall and disappearance of so many of the surrounding structures.

"This," said Fausta, "is the act of a rash and passionate man. Aurelian, before to-morrow's sun has set, will himself repent it. What a single night has destroyed, a century could not restore. This blighted and ruined capital, as long as its crumbling remains shall attract the gaze of the traveller, will utter a blasting malediction upon the name and memory of Aurelian. Hereafter he will be known, not as conqueror of the East, and the restorer of the Roman Empire, but as the executioner of Longinus and the ruthless destroyer of Palmyra."

After Aurelian has again departed with his army for Rome, the noble Pise and Fausta re-visit the devoted capital. How horribly graphic the description of its desolation :

"For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewn with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all — and without resistance apparently — fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep, the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met naught but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less — that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But every where — in the streets — upon the porticos of private and public dwellings — upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith — in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads — little children and infants — women, the young, the beautiful, the good — all were there, slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands, a part of what they suffered when the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and resisting or unresisting, they all fell together beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air — what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders' — what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared. The apartments of

the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their door-stones — their own halls have become their tombs."

The next letter is from Piso, at Rome, to Fausta, at Palmyra, descriptive of Aurelian's triumphant entry into Rome. We cannot resist the inclination to place this magnificent picture before our readers :

"The sun of Italy never poured a flood of more golden light upon the great capital and its surrounding plains than on the day of Aurelian's triumph. The airs of Palmyra were never more soft. The whole city was early abroad, and added to our own overgrown population, there were the inhabitants of all the neighboring towns and cities, and strangers from all parts of the empire, so that it was with difficulty and labor only, and no little danger too, that the spectacle could be seen. I obtained a position opposite the capitol, from which I could observe the whole of this proud display of the power and greatness of Rome.

"A long train of elephants opened the show, their huge sides and limbs hung with cloth of gold and scarlet, some having upon their backs military towers or other fanciful structures, which were filled with the natives of Asia or Africa, all arrayed in the richest costumes of their countries. These were followed by wild animals, and those remarkable for their beauty, from every part of the world, either led, as in the case of lions, tigers, leopards, by those who from long management of them, possessed the same power over them as the groom over his horse, or else drawn along upon low platforms, upon which they were made to perform a thousand antic tricks for the amusement of the gaping and wondering crowds. Then came not many fewer than two thousand gladiators in pairs, all arranged in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage their well knit joints, and projecting and swollen muscles. Of these a great number have already perished on the arena of the Flavian, and in the sea fights in Domitian's theatre. Next upon gilded wagons, and arrayed so as to produce the most dazzling effect, came the spoils of the wars of Aurelian — treasures of art, rich cloths and embroideries, utensils of gold and silver, pictures, statues, and works in brass, from the cities of Gaul, from Asia and from Egypt. Conspicuous here over all were the rich and gorgeous contents of the palace of Zenobia. The huge wains groaned under the weight of vessels of gold and silver, of ivory, and the most precious woods of India. The jewelled wine cups, vases, and golden statuary of Demetrius attracted the gaze and excited the admiration of every beholder. Immediately after these came a crowd of youths richly habited in the costumes of a thousand different tribes, bearing in their hands upon cushions of silk, crowns of gold and precious stones, the offerings of the cities and kingdoms of all the world, as it were, to the power and fame of Aurelian. Following these, came the ambassadors of all nations, sumptuously arrayed in the habits of their respective countries. Then an innumerable train of captives, showing plainly in their downcast eyes, in their fixed and melancholy gaze, that hope had taken its departure from their breasts. Among these were many women from the shores of the Danube, taken in arms fighting for their country, of enormous stature, and clothed in the warlike costume of their tribes.

"But why do I detain you with these things, when it is of one only that you wish to hear. I cannot tell you with what impatience I waited for that part of the procession to approach where were Zenobia and Julia. I thought its line would stretch on for ever. And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic Emperor Tetricus — yet slave of his army and of Victoria — accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman and once — a Senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend — her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign Queen, and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial — now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace — toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels, such as both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome — and of chains of gold, which first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her so — yes and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form — but I

well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty—yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection—of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune—there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound, heart-breaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears. But they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes. Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a death-like silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long. For when the Emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the Queen, led and placed her in her own chariot—that chariot in which she had hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph—between Julia and Livia. Upon this the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The Queen's countenance brightened for a moment, as if with the expressive sentiment, 'The gods bless you!' and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when, after the lapse of many minutes, it was again raised and turned toward the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion. Soon as the chariot which held her had disappeared upon the other side of the capitol, I extricated myself from the crowd, and returned home. It was not till the shades of evening had fallen, that the last of the procession had passed the front of the capitol, and the Emperor reposed within the walls of his palace. The evening was devoted to the shows of the theatres."

In the letter which closes the volumes, Piso, who is now married to the noble Fausta, describes a visit to Zenobia, at a magnificent villa on the Tiber, to which Aurelian has humanely caused to be brought and arranged every article of use or luxury found in the palace at Palmyra, which was capable of transportation. The exiled Queen, however, dwells sadly 'upon glories that are departed for ever; and is able to anticipate no other, or greater, in this world:'

"She is silent and solitary. Her thoughts are evidently never with the present, but far back among the scenes of her former life. To converse is an effort. The lines of grief have fixed themselves upon her countenance; her very form and manner are expressive of a soul bowed and subdued by misfortune. Her pride seems no longer, as on the day of the triumph, to bear her up. It is Zenobia before me, but—like her own beautiful capital—it is Zenobia in ruins. That she suffers, too, from the reproaches of a mind now conscious of its errors, I cannot doubt. She blames Aurelian, but I am persuaded, she blames with no less severity herself. It is, I doubt not, the image of her desolated country rising before her, that causes her so often, in the midst of discourse with us, or when she has been sitting long silent, suddenly to start and clasp her hands, and withdraw weeping to her apartments, or the seclusion of the garden."

Let no reader be tempted, from the copiousness of our extracts, to forego the pleasure of perusing these volumes in their entire form. We have given but the outline, merely, of that portion which has not appeared at large in our pages; preserving, indeed, the main events, but leaving untouched the delightful under-current of tributary incidents, and that vein of calm philosophical and moral reasoning, which every where pervade the work.

In conclusion, we cordially and confidently commend these volumes to our readers, with the hope soon again to find the writer gleaning in the great vineyard of the past; for surely, his mind is not of so light a soil as to be exhausted by one crop, how rich soever that product may be.

NATIONAL STANDARD OF COSTUME.—A Lecture on the Changes of Fashion. Delivered before the Portsmouth (N. H.) Lyceum. By CHARLES W. BREWSTER.

OUR thanks are due to the Portsmouth Lyceum for a copy of this very entertaining and instructive pamphlet, in which an important topic is ably discussed. The writer came to his task well prepared, by a great number of facts, pertinent illustrative incidents, and anecdotes, to do it full justice; and he has amply succeeded. Although we have little hope that the crying evil which he exposes will ever cease to be injuriously operative on all classes in America, we cannot refrain from yielding our tribute of praise and admiration to the good sense and sound reasoning of the first pioneer in a cause so commendable.

After showing that in the early days of the Jews, the fashion of garments was fixed, and that the costumes of the Chinese, the Turks, and the Moors, are the same now that they have been for centuries, the writer observes:

"How would a Chinese be surprised, on a visit to the Republic, who had formed his ideas of our costume from a picture drawn from life only half a century since! He contemplates the picture, and in his imagination he sees the American beaux with their tri-cornered hats, flowing wigs, broad-skirted coats, leather small clothes, pointed shoes, and broad bright buckles; and the beautiful belles by their side, with the long waists of their dresses, sleeves closely attached to their arms, the ample skirts distended by a butt hoop, and their heels elevated in such shoes as the fair heroines wore in '76, when they stepped up bravely in the world, by adding four inches to their heel-taps! With this picture full before him, the Chinese arrives on our shore, and in vain seeks for a single article of dress the picture represented. He fancies the treacherous ship has borne him to a wrong country, or becomes distrustful of the painter's veracity. When told, that the *fashions change* among us, the Chinese hears with wonder, and in admiration of the stability of his own celestial empire, exclaims: Is this the effect of your liberal government? If the fickle nature of your customs has been interwoven into your political institutions, while China will live for ever, the *Republic* itself will ere long be laid aside as a thing *out of fashion*."

The following anecdote is given, as illustrative of the supremacy of fashion:

"In 1813, Sir Humphrey Davy was permitted by Napoleon to visit Paris. At that time it will be recollected, that every movement of citizens was carefully watched, and that every assemblage of people in public places was speedily dispersed by military power, to prevent riots and revolutionary proceedings. While the distinguished philosopher was attending the meeting of the Institute, Lady Davy, attended by her maid, walked in the public garden. She wore a very small hat, of a simple cockleshell form, such as was fashionable in London at the time; while the Parisian ladies wore bonnets of most voluminous dimensions. It happened to be a saint's day, on which, the shops being closed, the citizens repaired in crowds to the garden. On seeing the diminutive bonnet of Lady Davy, the Parisians felt little less surprise than did the inhabitants of Brobdignag on beholding the hat of Gulliver; and a crowd of persons soon assembled around the unknown exotic; in consequence of which, one of the Inspectors of the Garden immediately presented himself and informed her ladyship that no cause for assemblage could be suffered, and therefore requested her to retire. Some officers of the Imperial Guard, to whom she appealed, replied, that however much they might regret the circumstance, they were unable to afford her any redress, as the order was peremptory. She then requested to be conducted to her carriage; an officer immediately offered his arm; but the crowd had by this time so greatly increased, that it became necessary to send for a corporal's guard; and the party quitted the garden, surrounded by fixed bayonets!

To the justice of the subjoined, all reflecting minds will yield ready assent. We would make a reservation, however, in the article of *stocks*—a truly excellent and most comfortable invention:

"Paris is the fantastical seat of the fashions. The models there formed are followed in England, where they are sometimes improved upon—and are transferred, as regularly as articles of merchandise, across the Atlantic. From the principal cities, plates of the latest fashions, regulated by those prevailing in the foreign

courts, are transmitted at regular intervals, by mail, to the principal towns throughout the United States, and from these towns all the neighboring villages take their newest fashions.

"The immediate adoption of the French fashions by other nations, is not unfrequently a source of much merriment to the inventors of them, and is a standing topic of amusement and ridicule to the ladies of Paris; for it is not unfrequently the case, that while the prints of costume, as they are prepared by the French milliners and dress-makers, of the most absurd and fantastical models, are seized upon and imitated in the dresses of the English and Americans—these very prints are subjects of sport to the Parisian ladies for their fantastical absurdity. They regard them in the same light that we do the beads and baubles which are sent to savage nations. With such worthless trinkets we obtain from the savages their valuable furs, and with trinkets of no greater real value, do the French extract the hard earnings from the pockets of the American citizens.

"Had we the capacity of vision at one view to look throughout the Union, and trace the course of fashion and its metamorphosing effects upon society, the view would be ludicrous indeed, and the changes no less unmeaning than ridiculous. At one time we should see thousands of tri-cornered hats thrown off, and as many heads covered with round ones—and their places supplied in turn with the cap maker's fabric: at another season, we should see a million half-worn coats laid aside for moths to feed upon, to give place to some fashion which has no higher merit than the sanction of some foreign court: with another breeze across the Atlantic, another alight commotion is seen throughout the land; and millions of cravats are removed from their wonted location, that the willing necks of American freemen, may be bound in the foreign stocks!

"We will, however, give you one fact, which has no imagination about it. It is illustrative of what has been previously stated, that the villages look for their fashions to the principal towns in their neighborhoods, and that, however independent they may feel of foreign political sway, few Americans have ever yet had the bravery to declare independence of foreign fashions, but meekly submit to what is said to be the *latest fashions* in the place to which they look as their emporium—whether such fashions indeed exist, or are imposed upon them by cunning individuals, who 'by such craft do get their wealth.'

"A few years since, a country trader in New-Hampshire, in making purchases of a little of every thing for his store, was offered, at a very low rate, a lot of coat buttons of the fashion of half a century since, about the size of a dollar. The keen-sighted trader, by the tailor's assistance, soon had his own coat decorated with them. At home the lads needed no better evidence of its being the latest fashion, than that the trader had just come from the metropolis. The old buttons went off at a great advance, and the village soon shone in Revolutionary splendor! If the shining beaux *thought* they were dressed in the latest Parisian style, did they not feel as well as though they really were so? And did the supercilious eye with which they regarded the poor fellows who could not afford buttons larger than a cent, beam less with aristocracy than the exalted courtiers?

"One other illustrative anecdote occurs to us, which we cannot forbear giving. A few years since, two young milliners, located in a town in the interior of New-Hampshire, found it necessary for their reputation to follow the example of almost every milliner within fifty miles of the metropolis, and to go once a year to Boston for the latest fashions. Among the thrown-aside articles in a dry goods store, worthless from being out of date, were about one hundred and fifty bonnets. The calculating damsels, who had seen enough of the world to know that any fashion would go with a proper introduction, and knowing no good reason why they should remain useless in Boston, kindly took them off the merchant's hands for *six cents* per bonnet. Arrived at home with their large stock of the '*latest fashions*,' they were careful to finish and decorate a couple in good style, and the next Sunday, (the day on which new fashions are generally displayed,) the 'Boston fashion' was whispered through the village—and not in vain; for it was not long, before the whole stock was disposed of, at from nine shillings to two dollars apiece! The distressing epidemic of a *new fashion* thus speedily swept off nearly every bonnet in the village, of one year old and upwards—although many were in good health, and showed no signs of decay, till the pestilence began to rage."

Mr. Brewster cites numerous instances of ridiculous aping of foreign fashions, by Americans, such as wearing in winter the summer hats of Paris, because they were the '*latest fashion*,' and, while laughing at the folly of a hump-backed court around

Richard the Third, donning the 'bustle,' and appearing as if broken-backed! Our author talks of the large sleeves supping libations from tea-cups, and revelling in sauces at the table. Bless his simple heart! Does he not know that there are no large sleeves now? Would that he could see, of a windy day, in Broadway, a tall and lank but *fashionable* 'olden maiden,'

'With form full lean and sum dele pyned away,
And eke with arms consumed to the bone!'

He would find another evidence, that adaptation of dress to person and figure is of slight moment to the follower of fashion, in comparison with being in the mode.

In reply to the objection that permanency in fashion would tend to throw thousands of *artistes* and *artizans* out of employment, our author observes:

"Is not the same objection raised to the introduction of labor-saving machinery for manufacturing purposes? Yet we find that although one man now, by the assistance of machinery, can do the work which twenty performed a few years since, yet we do not learn that any more are out of employment, or that they have any less profitable business than formerly. If permanent fashions should be established, some would, no doubt, feel their influence at first: but would they be affected any more injuriously than some branches of business are in every few years, by *changes* in the *fashions*? Take the business of wig-maker, for instance. When the full-bottomed wig was worn by a Dauphin of France, to hide an imperfection in his shoulder, wigs became fashionable, and were worn by all ages and classes in society, not only in France but also in England and America—and their manufacture must have given employment to many thousands. But somehow or other, the people of the present age, not being able to discern why the imperfections of a foreign prince should for ever rest upon their heads, have with one consent thrown them off. They did not, however, wait till all the wig-makers were dead before the change was made, and of course many of them must have felt the effects of the change in fashion upon their business. Look too at the broad shoe-buckles of our revolutionary ancestors, and the bright buckles at their knees. Did the buckle-makers starve to death, when, as independent freemen, our sires resolved to wear pantaloons and shoe-strings? No! Nor would the interest of any class of the community be any more seriously affected by establishing permanent models of fashion, than were those of the wig or buckle-maker, who were compelled to seek some other employment for a livelihood.

"If a careful examination is made, it will be found that a much larger number are annually ruined in business by attempting to follow the vagaries of fashion, than possibly could be injured by establishing fashion upon a permanent basis."

We think all will agree with the writer in this position, on another ground, namely: that when the novelty of fashion shall be dispensed with in society, the female circle will at once forego much useless intercourse on the subject, and introduce in its place more rational and profitable topics.

We close, by recommending this Lecture to readers of every class, as containing much that is instructive, and that may be made profitable, to all.

WILD FLOWERS, CULLED FOR EARLY YOUTH. BY A LADY. In one volume. pp. 257. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

We are glad to perceive the public favor bestowed upon such works for the moral and religious improvement of the young, as the one now under notice. Stories, naturally related, and blended with good advice implied, and valuable lessons adroitly disguised, or robbed of didactic dullness, are capable of extensive good. They are well calculated to gain those passes of the heart which are often guarded by prejudice or indifference against the direct force of truth. We can heartily commend both the execution and tendency of each of the eight sketches in the volume before us. They are thus entitled: The Young Mechanics; Anselmo, Gardener of Lyons; Adela De

Coven; My Uncle's Wand; The Friend of Olden Times; Stanmore; Glimpses of New-England Mountaineers, from a Traveller's Memoranda; and After the Party. As a specimen of the agreeable, unaffected style of the book, we make the following extract from the 'New-England-Mountaineers':

"One clear sun-shiny morning, in the month of February, some three or four years since, as I was travelling in New-England, not far from the Green Mountains, I left the stage-sleigh, as it drew up to the door of a village post-office, and ran forward to put my blood into quicker circulation.

"A crust had been formed upon the new-fallen snow, by the freezing of a little rain that had followed the snow-storm, so that a pretty decided step was requisite to break the crust, so far as to walk securely, it being extremely slippery.

"Every tree and shrub was likewise encrusted with ice, the bare boughs and slender twigs all standing out in full relief, under a sky of purest blue, glittered in the sun-beams, as if covered with rubies and diamonds.

"Those who have never experienced a northern winter, can form no idea of the effect of sun-rise over such a scene as this.

"The day was severe enough to require all the aids of lion skin, buffalo robes, and fine furs, to preserve the vital fluid from stagnation. I had gone about a quarter of a mile ahead when I met a little urchin of four or five years, carrying a small pail of milk.

"'Why, my little fellow,' said I, 'where are your stockings this cold morning?'

"'Aunt Nelly's ironing on 'em.'

"'What's your name, my boy?'

"'George Washington La Fayette Keeny.'

"'The deuce it is! Why, my man, your name is very like a jelly-bag, larger at the top than it is at the bottom.'

"'I never seed a jelly-bag,' said the youngster, 'but that is exactly the shape of our Tom's kite; it's proper big at the top, and tapers off at the end in a *little* peak.'

"'Well, you're a smart boy for a simile. Run home and get your stockings, quick step, and here is a shilling toward another pair.'

"On I ran, but was soon compelled to leave the faint traces of a road to avoid a cutter that came hurrying on at the heels of a frightened market-horse. One thing after another came bouncing out, strewn the path, and, last of all, apparently much against his will, out popped the driver himself, heels over head, his capes flying about his ears, his cap tossed into a gully, and his temper not a little discomposed. He sprang upon his feet.

"'Now, that's are skittish colt of our Dick's — what on 'arth can a fellow do to stop the trollup — she goes like a jack-o'-lantern. Hullo there! Stop that 'are mare, will ye? My stars — what 'ill our Nab say?'

"But the strong and lively perception of the ludicrous, that characterizes the New-Englander, even of the roughest mould, seemed to overpower his vexation. Springing up from the hollow, into which his fur-cap had rolled, he swung it round his head, and burst out into a fit of obstreperous laughter.

"How the adventure ended, history does not record; the coach came up, and we were soon beyond the region of buttered roads."

A New-England country-wedding is admirably depicted in the subjoined paragraphs:

"We reined up to an old-fashioned, solitary farm-house, flanked by a range of barns and stables of more modern date, and their capaciousness spoke well for the thrift of the owner.

"The farmer himself answered our summons at the door.

"'Can you give us a lodging to-night, my friend? The roads are perilous in the dark, the storm is increasing every moment, and 't is fifteen miles to the nearest public house. You will really do us a christian office, if you will but afford us a shelter until day-light to-morrow.' The old gentleman hesitated, as he stood with the door half open to shield himself from the rain and hail.

"'Why, gentlemen, ye see, it is not quite convenient to-night. We've got a *wedden* here. I can't tell what our folks would do with so many people. We shall have to keep all the weddeners, like enough — 't is a savage night, out, I guess.' At this crisis the son of 'mine host,' and heir-apparent of house and homestead, came forward.

"'Father, I guess we can accommodate the gentlemen somehow. The young men can sit up — there will be no difficulty. We can give them a shelter and a warm supper at any rate.'

"All was settled, and in we went; and after due stamping, shaking over-coats, and brushing up, with suitable ablutions, we were ushered into the presence of the bride. She was an interesting girl of eighteen, with a countenance bright with health, intelligence, and happiness, dressed with marked simplicity, and in charming taste. On one side she was sustained by her lover — I beg pardon, her husband; the knot had been tied

a few minutes before our untimely intrusion — on the other by two fair girls, who, by their white favors, I took to be bride's-maids.

"The ceremony of congratulating, or saluting, the new-married lady, now commenced; but I perceived the young lady grew pale, and showed symptoms of great reluctance at receiving the salutations of this promiscuous company. The pretty bride's-maids too, were considered fair game, and after resisting, with very becoming shyness, they escaped from the room, till the odious ceremony, as they called it, was over.

"This odd custom duly complied with, a custom now quite obsolete in our cities, cake and metheglin were handed about. An apology was made to the strangers for the absence of wine, on the plea of '*total abstinence*.' A question was made at once, whether metheglin did not come under the ban.

"Well, well, my friends," said the old gentleman, 'if it goes agin your consciences, ye need not partake; but one thing I can tell ye, 't is better than any wine. When I was a young man, I read a book called the Vicar of Wakefield, and I remember how the minister used to praise madam's gooseberry wine; now I don't believe it was a grain better than my wife's metheglin, and I don't think there's any sin in drinking on't either — at a *wedden*.'

"The company seemed very well pleased with the old gentleman's logic, and still better satisfied with his lady's excellent metheglin; and the two hours that intervened between cake and supper were passed in cheerful conversation and music. * * * Supper was now announced, not by bell or gong, or even the whispered '*supper is ready*' of some pampered son of Ethiopia. No, no; by the good patriarch of the household himself, who, with looks of real kindness, and true-hearted primitive hospitality, threw open the door of the large old-fashioned inner kitchen, and, rubbing his hands, cried out, 'Come, my friends, all; supper is smoking; take your seats.' Thus saying, he led the way, while the company followed in his wake, rather unceremoniously, considering the occasion. * * * We had venison brought in a frozen state from the Canadian borders; we had delicious oysters from the coast of Connecticut; we had salmon that had been preserved fresh in ice; we had ducks that surpassed the famous canvas-backs, and the most delicate of wild fowls and chickens, dressed in various ways. I must not omit to mention a famous bird of the barn-yard, fattened and killed, as the old gentleman asserted, 'a purpose for Clary's *wedden*, and if it a'n't nice,' he added, 'it is not my fault.' * * * Next came our dessert: I like to be particular. We had of pasties a variety — custards, sweet-meats, jellies, both foreign and domestic, honey rifled from the white clover of their meadows, and all the different products of their dairy in high perfection.

"After supper a toast was proposed. 'Long life, prosperity, and concord to the newly-married couple,' which was drank with all gravity."

These '*Wild Flowers*' are tastefully secured by the publisher, who has contributed not a little to the cause of typographical reform. Two pretty engravings, also, embellish the volume.

LIVE AND LET LIVE; OR DOMESTIC SERVICE ILLUSTRATED. By the Author of '*Hope Leslie*,' '*The Linwoods*,' '*The Poor Rich Man*, and the Rich Poor Man,' etc. In one volume. pp. 216. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A HALF page is left us, by the '*chances of type*,' wherein to express an opinion of this little volume; and we forego the pleasure of extracts, that we may early call attention to a work which should be in the hands of every mistress of a family and servants in the United States. A thorough knowledge of American domestic life; a spirit of generous kindness toward all, even the humblest, conditions of humanity; a combination of incidents the most life-like, and all fertile in useful lessons both to servants and those under whom they are placed by Providence; a style simple, touching, and level to every capacity; these are some of the characteristics of this charming little book. We cannot doubt that the warmest hopes of the benevolent writer, in relation to her work, may be realized; that it *will* rouse female minds to reflection upon the duties and capabilities of mistresses of families, making them feel their obligations to '*inferiors in position*,' and quickening their sleeping consciences.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WILLIAM TYNDALE'S 'NEWE TESTAMENTE.' — We have often thought how delightfully a few hours might be passed in the London British Museum, in examining the first translation that was ever made of the Scriptures into the English tongue; and lo ! without the expense, trouble, or peril of journeying so far, that celebrated work, more than three hundred years old, is before us, with a full and complete memoir of the ever-memorable author, and eke his engraved portrait, which whoso examines, shall forthwith pronounce, from *prima facie* evidence, to be a faithful likeness. What an expanse of forehead ! — how clear and searching the eyes ! — what an air of decision and martyr-like firmness in the compression of the lips ! — forming, in connection with the surrounding multitudinous beard, such an expression as might be produced by a blending of Lorenzo Dow's and Ex-Sheriff Parkins' most satirical smile. This acescent aspect, however, may well be pardoned; for Tyndale was persecuted through life, and finally suffered a painful martyrdom in the cause of his Master.

Few Bible-readers are aware how much of persecution, of 'pain, anguish, and tribulation,' they endured, who were the original translators of the Scriptures into English, and the early defenders of the doctrines they teach. The popish clergy charged Tyndale with altering the sacred records, and forbade the circulation of his Testament, under the severest penalties. The priest-ridden King of England joined in the crusade, and by a 'constytucion prouyncyall,' prohibited the issue of any book of Scripture, in the English tongue; 'as though,' says Tyndale, 'it weren heresy for a Crysten man to rede Crystes gospell.' In reply to the charge of altering the New Testament, the martyr says, in a letter to a contemporary: 'I call God to recorde agaynst the daye we shal appeare before our Lorde Jesu Crist, to give rekonyng of oure doinges, that I neuer altered one syllable of Goddes worde agaynst my conscyence, nor wolde do thys daye, yf all that is in earthe, whether it be honoure, pleasure, or ryches, myght be giuen me.' And in the preface to his first edition, he also observes: 'I haue here translated (brethren and susters, moost dere and tenderly beloued in Crist,) the Newe Testamente for youre spirituall edyfyng, consolacion, and solas: the causes that moved me to translate, y thought better that other shulde ymagion, than that y shulde rehearse them. Moreover, y supposed yt superfluous, for who ys so blynde to axe why lyght shulde be shewed to them that walke in dercknes, where they cannot but stamble, and where to stomble ys the daunger of eternall damnacion.'

All attempts to stop the circulation of the Scriptures were of no avail. Though they were not distributed 'withouten grete auenture and parell,' yet they ran and were glorified. The Roman Catholic bishop complains, that though often collected and burned, 'stil these pestylent bokes are throwen in the strete, and left at mennys dores by nyghte,' and that where they 'durste not offer theyr poyson to sel, they wolde of theyr cheryte poyson men for noughte.' In vain does the King issue orders, urging his subjects to 'kepe pure and clene of all contagyon of wronge opynion in Cristes relygion,' and warn them not to 'suffer suche euil sede, contaygyous and dampnable, to be sown and take roote, ouergrowinge the corne of the Catholick fayth.' 'He that compyled the booke,' says Tyndale, notwithstanding these warnings and edicts, 'purposyth, with

Goddess help, to mayntayne vnto the deathe, yf neede be. In brunninge the Newe-Testamente, tha did none other thinge than I loked for; no more shal tha doe, if tha brunne *me* also, if it be God his will it shal be so.' In this spirit, did he continue, by the aid of equally zealous cōoperators whom he raised up, to multiply editions of the New-Testament, and to defend its doctrines, until he fell, by shameful strategy, into the hands of his popish enemies, and was put to a cruel death.

The reader may be curious to possess a specimen of this ancient relic; we therefore make a few random extracts, in contrast with the modern and approved version, commencing with St. PAUL's eloquent narration of his sufferings for the faith, in the eleventh chapter of II Corinthians :

TYNDALE.

"Wherin soever eny man dare be bolde (I speake foliishly) I dare be bolde also. They are Ebrues, so am I: They are Israelites, even so am I: They are the sede off Abraham, even so am I. They are the ministers off Crist (I speake as a fole) I am moare: In labours moare abundant: In strypes above measure: In preson more pleteously: In deeth ofte. Of the Jewes five tymes receaved I every tymes xl. strypes, one excepte. Thryse was I beten with rodde. I was once stoned. I suffred thryse shipwracke. Nyght and daye have I bene in the depe off the see. In iorneyinge often: In parrels of waters: In parrels of robbers: In ieeperdies off myne awne nacion: In ieeperdies amonge the hethen. I have bene in parrels in cities, in parrels in wildernes, in parrels in the see, in parrels amonge false brethren, in laboure and travayle, in watchynge often, in honger, in thirte, in fastynges often, in colde and in nakednes.

"Besyde the thynges which outwardly happen vnto me, I am combed dayly, and care for all congregacions. Who is sicke: and I am not sick? Who is hurte in the fayth: and my hert burneth not? Yf I must nedes reioyce, I will reioyce of myne infirmities."

The affecting farewell taken by PAUL of his disciples, as he was about to 'depart for to go into Macedonia,' is thus recorded :

"Then toke we shippyng, and departed vnto Asson, there to receave Paul. For soo had he apoynted, and wolde hym silfe goo be londe. When he was come to vs vnto Asson, we toke hym in, and cam to Mitilene, and sayled thence, and cam the nexte day over agaynst Chios. And the day folowinge we aryved at Samos, and taryed at Trogilion. The nexte daye we cam to Miletion. For Paul had determined to leave Ephesus as they sayled, because he wolde not spende the tyme in Asia. For he hasted to be (yf itt were possible) at Jerusalem in the feaste off pentecoste.

"From Miletion he sent to Ephesus, and called the seniours of the congregacion. When they were come to hym, he sayde vnto them: Ye knowe from the fyrst daye that I cam vn to Asia, after what manner I have bene with you at all seasons, servyng God with all humbleness off mynde, and with many teares, and temtacions,

MODERN VERSION.

"Howbeit, whereinsoever any is bold, (I speak foolishly,) I am bold also. Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I. Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool,) I am more: in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

"Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not? If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities."

"And we went before to the ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so had he appointed, minding himself to go afoot. And when he met with us at Assos, we took him in, and came to Mitylene. And we sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios; and the next day we arrived at Samos, and tarried at Trogyllium; and the next day we came to Miletus. For Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus, because he would not spend the time in Asia; for he hasted, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost.

"And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations which befell

whiche happened vnto me by the layinges awayte off the iewes, and howe I kepte backe nothyng thatt myght be for youre profitet: but that I have shewed you, and taught you openly and at home in youre houses, witnessynge bothe to the iewes, and also to the grekes, the repentance tawarde god, and faith tawarde our lorde Jesu.

"And nowe beholde I goo bounde in the sprete vnto Ierusalem, and knowe nott what shall come off me there, butt that the holy gost witnesseth in every cite, sayinge: that bondes and trouble abyde me: but none of the thynges move me. Nether is my lyfe dere vnto my silfe, that I myght fulfill my course with ioye, and the ministration which I have receaved of the lorde Jesu, to testify the gospell of the grace of god.

"And nowe beholde, I am sure that henceforthe ye all (thorow whom I have gone preacheinge the kyngdom of god) shall se my face noo moore. Wherefore I I take you to recorde this same daye, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have kepte nothyng backe: butt have shewed you all the counsell off god. Take hede therfore vnto youre selves, and to all the flocke, wher of the holy gost hath made you overseers, to rule the congregation of god, which he hath purchased with his blood. For I am sure off this, that after my departynge shall greveous wolves entre in amonge you, which will not spare the flocke. And off youre awne selves shall men aryse speakeinge perverse thynges, to drawe disciples after them. Therfore awake and remember, that by the space of iij. yeaeres I ceased not to warne every one of you, both nyght and daye with teares.

"And nowe, dere brethren, I commend you to god, and to the worde of his grace, which is able to bylde further, and to geve you an inheritance amonge all them which are sanctified. I have desyred no mansilver, golde, or vestur. Ye, ye knowe well that these bondes have ministred vnto my necessities, and to them thatt were with me. I have shewed you all thynges, howe that soo laborynge ye ought to receave the weake, and to remember the wordes off the lorde Jesu, howe that he sayde: It is more blessed to geve, then to receave.

"When he had thus spoken, he kneeled doune, and prayed with them all. And they wept all iaboundantly, and fell on Pauls necke, and kissed hym, sorrowynge, most of all, for the wordes which he spake, thatt they shulde se his face noo moore."

me by the lying in wait of the Jews: And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And now, behold, I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

"And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak; and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him; sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

There is not a little similarity between the character of Tyndale, in some particulars, and that of St. Paul. Like the apostle, he was meek, single-minded, and in all things, he 'persevered unto the end.' Persecutions, stripes, buffetings—'none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy,' in defence of the gospel of the grace of God.

The parable of the ten talents must close our examples of this rare work :

"Lykwyse as a certayne man rdy to take his iorney to a straunge countree, called hys servauntes to hym, and delyvered to them hys goodes. And vnto won he gave v. talentes, to another ij. and to another one: to every man after his abilitie, and streyght waye departed. Then he that hadde received the fyve talentes, went and bestowed them. and wane other fyve. Lykwyse he that received ij. gayned other ij. but he that received one, went and digged a pitt in the erth, and kyd his masters money. After a longe season, the lorde of those servauntes cam, and reckened with them. Then came he that had received fyve talentes and brought other fyve, sayinge: master, thou deliveredes vnto me fyve talentes, lo I have gayned with them fyve moo. His master said vnto him: well good servaunt and faythful, Thou hast bene faythful in lytell, I will make the ruler over moche, entre in into thy masters ioye. Also he that received ij. talentes cam, and sayde: master, thou delyveredes vnto me ij. talentes, lo I have wone ij. other with them. his master saide vnto hym, well good servaunt and faythfull, thou hast bene faythfull in litell, I will make the ruler over moche; go in into thy masters ioye.

"He which had received the one talent cam also, and said: master, I considered that thou wast an harde man, which repest where thou sowdest not, and gadderest where thou strawdest not, and was affrayd, and went and hyd thy talent in the erthe; lo, thou hast thyne awne. his master answered, and sayde vnto hym: evyll servaunt and slewthfull, thou knewest that I repe where I sowed nott, and gadder where I strawed nott: thou oughtest therefore to have had my money to the chaungers, and then at my comyng shulde I have received my money with vauntage. Take therefore the talent from hym, and geve hit vnto him which hath x talentes. for vnto every man that hath shalbe geven, and he shall have aboundance. And from hym that hath not, shalbe taken awaye, even that he hath. And cast that vnprofitable servant into vtter dercknes, there shalbe wepyng, and gnasshinge of theth."

"For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one, went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents came, and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliverdest unto me five talents: behold, I have gained besides them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

"He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliverdest unto me two talents; behold, I have gained two other talents besides them. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown: and gathering where thou hast not strewed: And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth; lo, there thou hast that is thine. His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed; Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

It is indeed surprising, as is remarked by the patient, diligent biographer, how little obsolete the language of this translation is, even at this day; and in point of perspicuity, noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it. The effect of the publication of this volume will be, we think, to cause Tyndale's persecutors to be lashed by all posterity; for he was a man of kind and inoffensive nature, and in all the evils which he was called to bear, seems to have endured them meekly, and to have thought, with a contemporary poet, that

'As threshing separates from straw the corn,
By trials from the world's chaff are we born;'

that the world was only made troublesome to him, that he should not be delighted by

the way, and forget whither he was going. The hundred-necked snake of criticism which assailed the Bible-martyr three centuries ago, has long been dead; and Christians will preserve his memory in holy keeping, so long as the Scriptures are read, and found 'profitable for reproof, instruction, and sound doctrine.'

'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.'—We have received the first number of a new monthly publication, thus entitled, from the press of Mr. CHARLES ALEXANDER, Philadelphia. The form is somewhat after the model of 'The Lady's Book,' although scarcely so neat in the externals of paper and printing. The editorial direction is confided to WILLIAM E. BURTON, Esq., the comedian, whose popularity as an actor is very general, and whose ready humor finds vent as well from a facile pen, as from lips and gesture. Such of our readers as remember 'An Actor's Alloquy'—and all who have read the series, must be of the number—may well believe, that an easy style, and a keen sense of the burlesque or ridiculous, will characterize the Editor's contributions to the Magazine, which, in the issue before us, predominate both in number and attraction. Puns abound in 'The Schuylkill Pic-Nic,' 'Cosmogonical Squintings,' etc., while 'The Convict and His Wife' will win encomiums for fine description and pathetic incident. In these, and other portions, the hand of the editor is discernible. We subjoin two extracts from 'Sailors, an Anecdotal Scribble,' evidently from the same pen:

"Three sailors, anxious to rejoin their ship, and unable to procure seats in the stage-coach, hired a horse and gig. The vehicle was a large, old-fashioned article, mounted on a pair of very high wheels, and having endured many years of hard and painful service, grumbled most audibly at every jerk or jingle. The horse fortunately was steady, for the sailors were totally unacquainted with the management of 'the land craft.' Upon starting, one of the crew picked up the reins, and said to his mates, 'Well, strike me lucky, if this ain't a rum go. Look'ye here; some lubber has tied the tiller ropes together!' A knife was procured, and the reins separated, when the spokesman, who sat in the middle, handed them right and left to his comrades. 'Dick, hold on here to larboard. Jack, you here, to starboard, while I look out ahead.' The pilot's directions ran something in this shape. 'Larboard—put her nearer the wind, Dick. Larboard a pint more, or we shall foul the small craft. She answers the helm well. 'Bout ship. Give her a long leg to starboard, Jack, just to weather that flock of mutton. Keep her a good full—she jibes!—port your helm, or you'll run down the bloody wagon. (A crash and a general spill.) I told you so—and here we are."

"The drama of the Battle of Waterloo was about to be produced at a theatre in an English sea-port town. Numbers of supernumeraries were wanted to fill the ranks of the French and the English forces; and some of the sailors belonging to the numerous ships in the harbor were mustered for the required purpose. At rehearsal, each supernumerary received a numbered ticket, and was expected to answer when that number was called, that he might be instructed in the duties of the station assigned to him. No. 7 was named, but an answer was not forthcoming. 'You are No. 7, I believe,' said the stage-manager to a big-whiskered, long-tailed tar. 'Exactly.' 'Why did you not answer to the call?' 'Bill Sykes, is No. 4. You've shoved him in the enemy's squad; now we've sailed, messed, and *foul* together, for twenty years, and we're not going to be enemies now.' Remonstrance was useless; the holder of No. 8 was induced to change numbers with Bill Sykes, and the messmates were not divided.

"When a portion of the jolly tars were told that they were to represent Frenchmen, they, one and all, indignantly refused. 'It was disgrace enough to *hact* as soldiers, but they'd be blessed if they'd pretend to be Mounseers at any price, or put on the enemy's jackets.' The manager was compelled to procure landmen for Napoleon's army; but the night ended in a row; the sham-fight broke into a real battle; muskets were clubbed, and heads broken, and Nos. 7 and 8 were given into the custody of the police, as ring-leaders of a dangerous riot.

"No. 7, when before the magistrate, thus defended himself:

"'Why, your honor, these here sky-larking players gets half-a-dozen old muskets, two or three fowling-pieces, and a pair-and-a-half of pistols, with half a pound of powder in a paper, and they calls it the Battle of Waterloo—gammoning Bill Sykes and me to put on a lobster's jacket spiece, and fire off two o' these 'ere muskets, what an old one-eyed purser in a corner had been loading with a 'bacca pipe full o' powder. Well, Bill Sykes, and I, and Joe Brown, and six more, were the British army; and opposite us was some six or eight land-lubbers, a hacting the Mounseers. The skipper of the

show people told us, when we'd squibbed off our muskets over the Mounseers' heads, to retire backerds, as if retreating from the French. In course, this here was hard work for jack tars what had sarved their country for twenty years, to be told to run away from half-a-dozen land-lubbers a pretending to be French. Well, it war'nt o' no use kicking up a row then, but at night, Bill Sykes and I argufied the matter over a can o' grog, and we concluded not to disgrace our flag, but to stand up for the honor of Old England. Well, when the scrimmage begun, the land-lubbers called out to us to retreat. 'See you damned first!' says I, and Bill werry quietly said he wished they might get it, which I didn't think they would. Bill Sykes, in slewing round to guard his starn, put his foot on a piece of orange peel, and missing stays, came on his beam ends. One of the imitation *parley woos* made a grab at him, to captivate Bill, when, in course, I covered my friend, and accommodated the sham Mounseer with a hoist as did n't agree with him; he was one o' them mutton-fed chaps as can't stand much; for he landed among the fiddlers, and squealed blue murder. Well, arter a row begins, you never know nothing till its over. Bill Sykes and I cleared out the French army in no time, and then we tipped the player people a broadside, and took their powder magazine prisoner. The cabin passengers interfered, and Bill Sykes and I got surrounded — but if I'd had a bagginet at the end of my musket, if I wouldn't have cleared the decks like 'bacca, damn my sister's cat.' ”

Mr. Burns, at 262 Broadway, is the New-York agent for 'The Gentleman's Magazine.' *Appropos*: Why exclude the better sex? As Power would say: 'The ladies, you dog — you would n't lave out the ladies, would you?'

'STORIES FROM REAL LIFE.' — We have before spoken of this admirable series, designed to teach true independence and domestic economy; and the third of the five numbers, now before us, is worthy its predecessors. It is entitled 'The Harcourts; Illustrating the Benefits of Retrenchment and Reform,' and is from the pen of a lady. It well enforces the lesson conveyed in the motto, from IRLING: 'It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses the mind. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.' We are struck, in perusing this little book, with the nice tact at *contrast* of scene and character which the writer displays, not less than with the plain good sense which marks her reflections and deductions. 'The Harcourts' exemplify the correctness of the position assumed in the well-written introduction, which we copy, in part, below:

"In searching out the causes of the present deranged state of the times, there is one which should not be overlooked. Whatever the merchant or the politician may assign as the immediate agent, we are persuaded that the fearful increase of luxury and ostentation in our houses, our equipages, and our dress, is the remote and secret cause, to a great extent, that has been stealing the blood from our vitals, until it has left us in so enfeebled a state as to fall ready victims to the prevailing epidemic. If the healthful occupation and the simple living, the free air and honest independence of republicanism, have been exchanged for luxurious indolence and French cookery, for the stifling marts of manner and fashion, and the tinkling chains of European bondage; can we wonder that our whole community should be in the condition spoken of by the prophet when describing the Jews? 'The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it.' We have engrafted the gorgeous and costly vanities of Europe upon American fortunes, and these have not been able to bear their heavy expense. We need domestic retrenchment and reform in all the departments of home. If we cultivate intellectual refinement and 'true independence,' our tastes will become simple, and the glitter of fashion will have no power to attract us. In less spacious mansions, by more judicious household arrangements, and when our daughters are taught to be useful, there will be more home comfort, more hearth-side happiness. We need a reformation, and the present time is favorable for commencing one. We should all learn wisdom from the distress now prevailing. If our men become convinced there was more honor and safety in their forefathers' mode of transacting business; if our females become ashamed of their folly in making our parlors 'show-rooms' for the upholsterer, the cabinet maker, and the importer of fancy articles; if we are forced to acknowledge our criminal oversight in making our sons spendthrifts, and our daughters walking advertisements of the fashions; then the pressure of which we complain, though so hard to bear now, will become a source of grateful feeling in the retrospect; for its result will then be, a safe and speedy return to American feelings, republican simplicity, and honest independence."

The following little sketch shows some of the difficulties encountered by a scheming parvenue, in her ridiculous attempts at 'living like other people.'

"There is one way in which I can save ten or fifteen dollars at least. It is now nearly two weeks from the evening we have fixed on, and if we can continue to do without buying any meat or poultry, which are now so very high-priced, and live on light dinners until that time, we can take the money your father allows for marketing, and add it to the sum he has given us. He has a great deal of business to attend to for several weeks, and told me that he would not be able to dine at home; and as there will be no one here but ourselves and the servants, we can live upon any thing.'

* * * * *

"The following week, Mrs. Harcourt, her two daughters, and the servants were busy in the work of preparation. Cakes were to be made, candle papers had to be cut and spermed; the rooms must be decorated, and a thousand other little matters were obliged to be performed. One servant was sent to borrow plate, another cut-glass and china. The regular routine of household employments was broken in upon, every thing turned up side down, and many vexatious trials endured, merely for the sake of making a show for a few hours, and in the vain attempt 'to reconcile parade with economy, and to glitter at a cheap rate.' It is a folly for the wealthy to waste their hundreds and thousands in entertaining guests who either satirise them from envy of their prosperity, or ridicule them for some outward imitation of style; but for those who are obliged to practise self-denial and parsimony in order to make such displays, it is worse than folly — it is madness.

"Mrs. Harcourt, during the course of their preparations, having reproved one of her servants for her carelessness in breaking a glass dish, she insolently replied, 'You may take the pay for it, madam, out of my wages, and then give me the remainder; for my month is up this evening, and I cannot think of staying where I have to do double work on half-feeding. At other 'quality' ladies' houses I was accustomed to get meat three times a day, and I cannot live on slops;' and then slamming the door violently after her, she did not give Mrs. Harcourt an opportunity to make any reply.

"What an insolent creature,' exclaimed Anna; 'I would not permit her to stay in the house another instant.'

"Mrs. Harcourt, who had been more accustomed to the impertinence of hirelings, had more self-command than Anna. She regretted that it had happened just at this time, when they had so much to do. She thought it was shameful for her to take advantage of this opportunity, when she knew that her services were most needed. 'But,' she added, 'her insolent language should not be borne; I will pay her, and discharge her, although it does put me to great inconvenience.'

"You can send for Sally White to assist us,' said Anna; 'she is always very willing to help when we expect company.'

"Yes, I know she is willing enough, but she generally carries away with her treble what her services are worth; but we must have some one in Betsey's place, so we will send Nathan for Sally White, as we can do no better now.'

"Among all the mortifications and irritations which those who are striving to keep up appearances without means are forced to submit to, there are none more galling than the impertinence of servants, and the consciousness that they see the *reality*, and will make the struggle between our pride and our poverty a favorite subject of gossip with the servants of other families, who, of course, will find *opportunities* to make it known to their mistresses."

BRISTOL ACADEMY, TAUNTON, (MASS.) — We take pleasure in calling public attention to this establishment, the preceptorship of which has but recently been assumed by J. N. BELLows, Esq., a ripe scholar, a gentleman of pure taste, possessing the requisite feelings, and all proper endowments, for such an undertaking. The institution is one of the oldest in the state, and is endowed with liberal funds. The town is a charming *rus in urbe*, being but an hour or two from Boston and Providence, by the rail-road. The Academy has a female department, under the charge of an able instructress, in which the accomplishments of music, drawing, and all the 'elegant humanities' of similar establishments, are taught. We can confidently commend this institution to the numerous families under whose eyes this paragraph will fall, as one in which boys and girls will receive, in addition to a good education, those pleasant attentions which can only spring from such as delight to renew that 'childhood of the soul' which prompts a love of the young, and a community of feeling with the joys and sorrows of that tender yet fertile period — fertile in good or ill — of human existence.

LITERARY RECORD.

THE ALBION.—We know of no weekly periodical in America, which combines so many literary attractions as this. The editor, by an arrangement abroad, obtains, at an advance period, the choicest magazines, and periodicals of all descriptions, published in British Europe. From these he selects, with practised judgment, the best articles, and such as are calculated to suit the tastes of all his readers; giving, occasionally, a superb engraving. The whole is presented in the imperial quarto form, upon beautiful types, and paper of the finest texture and color. The best productions of Captain MARRYAT, 'Boz,' and others—indeed of all the most popular periodical writers in Europe—appear in the Albion, before they can be issued elsewhere in America; and the work is forwarded with great promptitude, by the earliest mails, to every part of the United States and of British America. Its success, during a long career, has been most ample; and this has been obtained, not by reverberated puffs of extraordinary attraction, but by MERIT alone. To such a journal we gladly render an unsolicited meed of praise, and commend it to public favor. A new volume has been but recently commenced.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.—We commend to the attention of our readers, a handsome volume, of some three hundred pages, recently issued from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, entitled 'Practical Religion, Recommended and Enforced, in a Series of Letters from EPSILON to his Friend.' There are thirty-three of these letters, and they embrace, among others, the subjoined themes: To the careless, awakened, and back-sliding sinner; formation of devotional habits; the passive virtues of christianity; proper manner of studying the doctrines of the gospel; duty of religious profession; doing good, and the right use of property; personal efforts for sinners; choice of a profession; practical dependence on divine aid; love of popularity, christian politeness, and political duty; the choice of a wife; to a Christian on his marriage, in affliction, and on recovery from sickness; on his removal to new settlements, his duty to his minister, in revivals of religion, and in trusting to God for temporal provision, etc. The letter on the choice of a partner in conjugal life, and those on a cognate topic, are full of excellent advice. The style is fluent, and occasionally rises to eloquence.

'TROLLOPIAD.'—The Trollopiad, or Travelling Gentleman in America, is the title of a satire in verse, from the press of Mr. C. SHEPARD, Broadway. The writer has assumed an appropriate *nom de guerre*, in 'Nil Admirari;' and walking underneath this cloud, he encounters, and does wordy battle with, Trollope, Fiddler, Hall, Hamilton, and others of the journeying, book-making tribe, from the other side of the water. There are certainly many good hits in the poetical text, together with not a few blemishes. The notes, however, are more spicy, and in the way of contrast, arranged with the eye of an artist who understands situation and effect. In short, for 'brief must we be,' the 'Trollopiad' will agreeably beguile a dull hour at home, or on board a steamboat; and, if such a thing be possible, may serve to enhance the contempt which is now generally felt among us for the misrepresentations of foreign tourists.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—Through some inadvertency, the account of the celebration of the first semi-centennial anniversary of Columbia College, with the Oration and Poem delivered on that occasion, did not reach us until nearly a month after its publication. It is not too late to say, however, after a perusal of both the literary efforts referred to, that they were worthy the occasion, and highly honorable to their authors. In the oration, Mr. EASTBURN recalls to the memory of his auditory some of the distinguished sons of Columbia, as CLINTON, MASON, SANDS, GRIFFIN, and EASTBURN, and indulges in a brief but eloquent tribute to each. In the poem, also, Mr. BETTS has felicitously interwoven harmonious measures in praise of the venerable *alma mater*, and the choice spirits who have drank at her fountains of knowledge.

NEW-YORK IN 1837. — The present is the fourth year of publication of this very useful work, which has received important improvements with every successive issue. In addition to a general description of the city, a list of its officers, public institutions, etc., as well as those of Brooklyn, there is a General Classified Directory, embracing all the principal firms and individuals transacting mercantile, professional, or manufacturing pursuits in New-York and Brooklyn, alphabetically arranged, under their respective kinds of business. The whole is a convenient manual for citizens and strangers, prepared with great care, and complete in all essential respects. It is accompanied by a correct map, and embellished with a clever engraving of the New-York University, drawn and engraved by HINSHELWOOD. J. DISTURNELL, Courtland-street.

'CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED,' is the title of an eloquent and well-reasoned discourse, from the pen of Rev. C. W. DENNISON, of Wilmington, Delaware, sent us by an attentive friend and correspondent. It was preached to the Second Baptist Church of Delaware, in September last, from PAUL's words: 'For I determined not to know any thing among you, save JESUS CHRIST, and Him crucified.' Published by request. J. P. CALLENDER, 141 Nassau-street.

'LECTURES TO CHRISTIANS.' — This volume contains twenty-five Lectures, delivered by Rev. CHARLES G. FINNEY, in 1836 and 1837, reported by the Editor of the New-York Evangelist, and revised by the author, who has chosen to present them in the condensed and laconic style in which they were delivered. 'As my friends wish to have them in a volume,' says Mr. FINNEY, 'they must take them as they are.' Such as they are, therefore, they are before the public. JOHN S. TAYLOR, publisher.

'THE ISSUE,' PRESENTED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS ON SLAVERY. — This is a small volume, of an hundred and ten pages, from the pen of Rev. RUFUS WM. BAILEY, of South Carolina. It contains fifteen letters, originally published in a religious newspaper, and widely copied and circulated through the religious journals of the United States. Their object was and is, to induce slavery-agitators to 'let the South alone.' JOHN S. TAYLOR, Brick Church Chapel, Park.

'THE FAMILY PREACHER, or Domestic Duties Illustrated and Enforced,' is the title of a work by the same author, and from the same press, as 'The Issue.' It consists of eight discourses upon the duties of husbands, wives, females, parents, children, masters, and servants. We have given the volume but a cursory perusal, yet we have read enough to enable us conscientiously to recommend it to the reader, as well calculated to do good — to make all conditions of social life better and happier.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN. — The former edition of Mrs. JAMESON's 'Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical,' was noticed at length in this Magazine. In the present issue, numerous errors and omissions have been corrected and supplied; we are sorry, however, to perceive that not a few typographical inaccuracies are still permitted to mar the volume. The work contains several pretty etchings by the gifted authoress.

WILLIS'S POEMS. — MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY have issued 'Melanie, and Other Poems, by N. P. WILLIS.' The volume, which is tastefully executed, and embellished with a fine portrait of the author, contains little, if we do not mistake, upon which the judgment of the public has not already been passed. The same house has published 'The Star of Seville,' a new Drama, by Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

'CHRIST HEALING THE SICK. — A copy of this celebrated painting, by our countryman WEST, has attracted much attention at the American Museum. But for a little hardness and dryness in the coloring, the effect of the original would be well preserved; and as it is, it is well worthy of examination.

RISE AND FALL OF ATHENS. — The Brothers HARPER have published, in two volumes 12mo., 'Athens: Its Rise and Fall. By E. L. BULWER, author of 'Pelham,' 'The Disowned,' etc. The object of the author is, to combine an elaborate view of the literature of Greece, with a complete and impartial account of her political transactions. The present volumes are to be followed by others, containing a critical analysis of the tragedies of Sophocles.

ADDRESS. — We have received an Address, delivered in the Cathedral of St. Finbar, before the Hibernian Society, the St. Patrick Benevolent Society, and the Irish Volunteers, at Charleston, (S. C.,) on the 17th March, 1837. By A. G. MAGRATH, Esq. Saving a style somewhat too involved and redundant, this Address has impressed us with a favorable idea of the author's talents. We had marked one or two passages for insertion, which lack of space compels us to omit.

'NATURE.' — A thin, handsome volume, thus entitled, is before us. It is the work of a calm, contemplative mind, capable of analyzing thought, and tracing the influence of outward upon inward nature; of one who feels deeply, and in whom the 'poetry of the spirit' is ever active. Some affectation there may be of the German style, 'but that's not much.' The work has pure thoughts and beautiful; and it will commend itself to the heart.

PHRENOLOGY. — 'An Examination of Phrenology; in two Lectures, delivered to the Students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, in February last. By THOMAS SEWALL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.' We propose, should leisure serve, hereafter to refer to this production, which seems mainly dictated by a spirit of wholesome examination and research, although, in our judgment, it is occasionally marred by disingenuous inferences.

'KNICKERBOCKERIANA.'

We cannot permit the first number of a new volume to go before our readers, without acknowledging our gratification at the continued favor bestowed upon this Magazine by the public. It is a source of pleasure and pride to us, in this season of general depression, when retrenchment is the order of the day, with all classes of our countrymen, that the erasures from our subscription-list have been few indeed, and far between; while the accessions have been more numerous than at any previous period. We cannot fail to perceive in this, an evidence of a strong hold upon the regards of our readers, and a proof that our exertions are widely appreciated. This bond of union, and this good opinion, it will be our untiring endeavor to strengthen and enhance. That this endeavor will be even more successful than heretofore, we are too well fortified with the best matériel, and a large, yet still increasing, corps of the ablest coöperators, to doubt.

The numbers for August and September are both passing through the press. The first will soon be published, and the next and subsequent issues will be prompt. 'Ollapodiana,' 'Odds and Ends of a Penny-a-Liner,' 'Notes of a Surgeon,' 'Nobility of Human Nature,' 'American Anti-quités,' (Number Two,) 'Wilson Conworth,' 'Religious Charlatanry,' (Number Two,) 'The Backwoodsman,' 'Notes of Travel,' with articles of poetry, by W. G. SIMMS, Esq., W. G. CLARK, and others, are filed for insertion. A number of papers from several other writers, (favorably regarded, from a slight examination,) are also under advisement.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1837.

No. 2.

THE NOBILITY OF NATURE.

It has been asserted that all men are created equal. The learned have been called upon to support the declaration, and to furnish reasons accounting for the disparity which is manifest in the different individuals of the human race, as found in the social state. The learned have responded to this call, and said, that it is apparent, that different nations, as well as individuals of the same race, are surrounded by different circumstances, and enjoy unequal means of improvement; and as their external condition is unequal, it is but reasonable to infer, in the absence of any other known cause, that their intellectual disparity is mainly attributable to external circumstances. Now if it can be made to appear, as I think it can, that the difference in the external condition of men and nations is mainly attributable to their mental organization, it will be obvious that the learned, who have undertaken to solve this question, have been so unphilosophical as to substitute the effect for the cause.

But the many have contented themselves with the response of the learned; and are now looking forward with eager hope to the time when the vexatious differences in the external circumstances of men shall cease, and an intellectual level shall be fixed for the whole human family, upon which the Esquimaux and the European, to their mutual astonishment, shall find occasion to regard each other as equals. They delight in the expectation of beholding the Chinese standing upon the same eminence as the countrymen of Newton; worshippers of Juggernaut elevated to the altars of the true Deity, and of seeing the unhappy and debased African endowed with the same intellectual strength as his gifted and proud oppressor. Thus they pleasantly anticipate, that upon men's external condition becoming equal, their intellects and sentiments will immediately exhibit *their* native equality, and that the odious distinctions which now exist among men, will be known no more for ever.

But may we not as reasonably expect, that the benefit of this new arrangement will not be confined to man alone, but that the whole vegetable and animal world will participate in the advantages of this novel law of natural equality? We must hear no more of 'the king of beasts,' nor of 'the monarch of the wood.' The lion and the lamb must become a match for each other in ferocity and strength. The ivy will of course cease to entwine itself around the oak; and then what substitute will the poets have for their much-used and lovely emblem of weakness and dependence, when it shall lift aloft its branches among the huge trees of the forest, and, boastful of its

newly-acquired strength, shall bid defiance to the whirlwind and the storm! The odious monarchy of the bee-hive must be done away; the queen of bees must doff her robes of royalty, and become a commoner; while the drones, the privileged order of this tribe of insects, will be compelled to assume habits of industry, and will no longer be tolerated in the enjoyment of idleness and luxury, at the expense of their industrious fellow-citizens. The aristocracy of the ant-hill must also be disturbed, and the levelling principle must be carried into a new organization of this interesting little mound of earth. Men will cease to speak of the elephant as a 'half-reasoning animal,' while the ass shall be distinguished for dulness and obstinacy, and the latter must brush up, so that this disparity shall be remedied; while, at the same time, the sagacious dog will be brought, by some nice process, to the level of the 'silly sheep,' and the acute and cruel fox to that of the dull and confiding goose; and among other things, to excite our special wonder, the much-wronged, much-eaten oyster will be regarded as a pure intelligence, consisting of nothing but brain, and its necessary covering! Men will cease to eat oysters.

It would seem to require a wonderful change in 'external circumstances,' to produce results like these; and yet it seems to me, these may as reasonably be anticipated, as that the condition of mankind will ever be equal. Those who attribute men's intellectual nature to their external condition, have never been so fortunate as to demonstrate in what manner the objectionable circumstances of an external nature produced the results which they humanely deplore. The negro is every where inferior to the Anglo-Saxon. Does the former owe his inferior intellect to his swarthy complexion and flattened nose? How can these affect the thinking part? To climate? Behold him in all climes the same! To slavery? View him in his native land a savage. To the contempt of other nations? He is the same as when first known to the European.

But grant that the difference in air, climate, or other external causes, operating for many centuries, could cause an inequality in the intellects of different nations, or tribes of men; why, in the same nation or tribe, is one inferior to another? Suppose sectional causes to account for this disparity; then why are children of the same parents, born and nurtured under precisely the same circumstances, radically different from their birth? Is the fact denied? I appeal to mothers in support of its truth.

Men are *not* created equal by nature. In saying this, I beg not to be understood as denying 'the Declaration of Independence.' I understand the illustrious writer of that instrument to mean no more than this; that for good reasons, operating in the social state, all men are to be regarded as equal, so far as to have equal respect paid to their rights; to be entitled to equal protection, and to be judged by one standard of legal rectitude. Or, in other words, in the eye of the law, all men are equal.

But while I do not depart from this clause of the sacred declaration referred to, I perceive that I differ widely from the vociferous patriot and over-zealous philanthropist of the present day, who have contrived to engross much more of the public attention than either their integrity or doctrines seem to warrant.

The former overwhelms the voice of reason with his varied clamor in favor of the equality of meanness with magnanimity — of vice with virtue — of ignorance with intelligence — of vulgar rudeness and barbarity, with taste and elegance; and he demands that in social intercourse, and in the administration of government, the vicious and ignorant shall be entitled to the same consideration and influence as the virtuous and enlightened citizen; because 'all men are created equal!'

The new order of philanthropists increase the clamor of the greedy patriot. They have discovered that the negroes are at least equal to, if not a little better, than the best of the Europeans; and they lead forth their colored favorites, of various hues, and demand their admittance into a well-organized society; a benevolent concession in favor of their equality; an admission that their heads are well formed, their sentiments exalted, their persons delicate, and their odor savory! They invite them to the table of the American citizen, and beckon them to his bed; and this 'because all men are created equal!'

There are distinctions among men, which neither the fierce patriot nor ignorant philanthropist can eradicate; distinctions appointed by the author of nature, and which have not failed to be acknowledged by the most enlightened observers; a brief view of which it may not be unprofitable to take, even in an imperfect effort to distinguish the false from the true nobility of nature.

I am far from asserting, that all the distinctions which exist in the social state, are so by the appointment of nature. There is an artificial aristocracy, created by the improper constitutions of some governments, and the arbitrary and unequal laws of all, of the cause of whose greatness nature is entirely innocent. For instance, a man may inherit and enjoy all his life the title and honors of nobility, who, had he depended upon his natural resources for rank and station, might never have ascended in the scale of human excellence, beyond the condition of an agile circus-rider. And it is no less palpable, that a wealthy parent, through the influence of the laws of primogeniture, may transmit to his eldest son an inheritance which may place him high among the aristocracy of wealth, who, but for the fruits of a parent's acquisitiveness, might laudably have earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and instead of being regarded as an exquisite dandy, might have been celebrated for his mechanical ingenuity, or the excellence of his 'goods, wares, and merchandise.' The same causes may sometimes operate to deprive nature's noblemen of their just station among men. Artificial worth may assume the place of natural; wealth and fashion may displace virtue and intellect; and genius and talent may be compelled to give precedence to a titled nobility, or to the possessors of vast estates.

Again. There are good objections to some natural pretenders to rank; even dame nature has her counterfeits and false forms; her mushrooms, her empty heads and shells. The fair-pretending tree may never blossom, or if it do, may neglect to bear fruit. The highest heads of wheat in the broad field are false and empty. But a correct observer of nature may readily distinguish between her false and her genuine productions; and a close observer of men will never be at

a loss to detect, nor hesitate to deny, the bold pretensions of *mere self-esteem*.

Instinctive self-esteem enables its possessor, without seeking to form a just estimate of his own character, to regard himself as equal to all men, and superior to most of them; to arrive at conclusions without the dull and tedious process of reasoning, to which plodding creatures subject themselves; to have and maintain opinions, without the trouble of forming, or the labor of defending them; and to look down upon his superiors, without suspecting that they despise him, or a doubt of his own insulated and extraordinary excellence. He proverbially carries his head high; and it has been remarked by phrenologists, in the direction of the single organ to whose over-manifestation they allege he is indebted for all his conscious greatness. He forms one of nature's wild experiments, by which she has wantonly demonstrated, how enormous a structure of self-complacency can be based upon — nothing at all! He is one of nature's contradictions, by which she has proved how great an *effect* may exist without any *cause* whatever! In him you behold the origin of village greatness, which is dependent upon the size of two things, to wit: the *large* size of self-esteem, and the *small* size of the place it inhabits.

There is another pretender to high rank among men, whose claims are nearly as unfounded as those last under consideration. I mean the man who claims your high regard, not for what he *is*, but for what he *has got* — who exacts your admiration, not for what he *does*, but for what he has the *power* to do; and who, while he performs no good service to mankind, does not fail to impress them with the belief, that he might, at any time, if so disposed, astonish them with a display of generosity, and a noble exercise of the means of active benevolence, and permanent usefulness. He is the creature of the acquisitive instinct, whose sole merit is based upon successful efforts at accumulation. This instinct he possesses in common with various quadrupeds. The ground-squirrel possesses the same attribute, to a limited extent. Who has not observed this interesting animal crowding his cheek with autumnal fruits, and gaily carrying them to his winter quarters? But this little creature gathers only a competence; his instinct is a moderate one, and apparently under the guidance of reason; while the accumulating biped seems not to be a judge of a competency, and grows more eager in the pursuit of wealth, as it becomes less valuable to him. No propensity of the human mind gains more in activity and strength by exercise, than that of acquisitiveness. It may begin as a good instinct of man's nature, and excite him to lay up the means of satisfying his natural, and even his artificial wants. So far, its obvious utility demands our respect. But all men do not stop here. Even so much exercise as to attain this laudable end, may so heighten the natural disposition to accumulate, that it becomes the tyrant of the soul, and takes the lead of all the other propensities. It comes in conflict with the demands of the stomach, the suggestions of taste, and paternal affection; and the victim of avarice becomes also the victim of unsatisfied hunger, ungratified taste, and unindulged kindness. To use the terms of a science just beginning to be understood, his veneration is satisfied with

adoring the matériel of Aaron's idol, to the exclusion of all other gods; his conscientiousness, quickened by cautiousness, is content with forbearing to take usury, when there is reason to fear a legal forfeiture; and his adhesiveness is never more strongly manifested, than when he sticks to a debtor 'closer than a brother,' until he pays the uttermost farthing. His secretiveness is active, when the tax-gatherer is at his door; and his cautiousness is extreme when listening to the tale of distress, or to the assurances of the suppliant borrower. His locality selects places for future cities; his size divides them into lots twenty-five by one hundred feet; and he disposes of them to those endowed with large marvellousness. He getteth rich — and is revered, because he has never been accused of theft, nor convicted of swindling.

It is not without emotions of pleasure, that I take leave of false pretension to rank and station, although it be to take up the humblest claim upon our attention made by the sons of genius. And here allow me to observe, that within the last forty years, certain individuals have claimed, that they have traced each particular demonstration of the various faculties and sentiments of the human mind to its source — which they allege to be an organ of the brain — and they have also adopted a nomenclature for the mental faculties, highly convenient, which I beg the privilege of employing, while I ask one farther favor of the reader, that, for the sake of convenience, if for no other reason, he will allow me to suppose each faculty of the mind to have its separate material organ. Even with this liberal concession on the part of the reader, it will be difficult to assign to each child of genius his appropriate rank in the scale of being. It is generally true, that the organs of the faculties and sentiments, which are not called into activity in the constitution of the man of genius, are in point of size at mediocrity or below it. The main strength of his character is derived from the striking fullness of the single organ which gives the bent to his mental inclination; but there is also a full development of certain other organs collegued with that, which, following its lead, help out its inclinations, and conduct its work. These colleagues are few in number, and with their exception, the remaining mental organs of the man of genius are moderate, small, or inactive. His head is therefore uneven and irregular; that is, the reader is asked to suppose it to be so, for the sake of illustration. How often it is observed, that the man of genius wants that strong common sense, of which a very plain man may justly boast the possession? Does the genius lack the organ of common sense? Unhappily for many of the human family, there is no such organ! This excellent condition of the human mind seldom accompanies an irregular head. It is claimed to be the result of the equable and full development of all the organs of the human intellect and sentiments, and of the moderate and controllable size of all the organs of the passions. But it is otherwise in the man of genius. The size and activity of the main organs, by whose manifestations he is distinguished, render them the master spirits of his mind. In the admiration which genius excites, the useful attributes of the man are not generally looked for — and the most flagrant moral defects are palliated, if not forgiven; nay, oftentimes they are

copied by those who, not having the power to dazzle, present the forlorn spectacle of natural dullness bedecked with the borrowed vices of genius.

Humbly among the sons of genius, is placed the individual who amuses a vacant hour by demonstrations of his imitative propensity. In some respects there exists a parallel, and in others a contrast, between him and the possessor of the acquisitive instinct. They both rely for admiration upon what they have *taken from others*. Both *bleed* their victims — one in their pocket, the other in their vanity, or love of approbation. Both accumulate — the one, the goods of this world, the other its manners. The one is a loser by people's taking themselves off — the other a gainer by 'taking off' people. One is rich in matter, the other in manner; and both are appropriated from the stores of others. The miser is chiefly the creature of two instincts — acquisitiveness and cautiousness; the actor, also, of two — imitation and secretiveness. These are all instincts of our animal nature, and do not tend to ennoble their possessor. But the first combination is contracted, and delights only in selfish gratification; while the latter cannot be fully gratified, without contributing to the amusement or instruction of mankind. Men have therefore always betrayed extensive interest in its manifestations; and the actor wiles away a tedious hour, or affords a lively gratification, which calls forth the applause of the many, though he may fail to excite the admiration of the few. One may appreciate a perfect imitation, whether grave or gay, heroic or comic; and yet assert, with truth, that fewer faculties of the mind are brought into action, even in the constitution of the most perfect actor, than in that of any other child of genius, the singer only excepted.

Above these, but in the same grade of excellence as respects each other, does nature place her more gifted children, the musical composer, the orator, painter, sculptor, and poet; creatures of variously combined faculties, sentiments, and passions, but all so constituted as to be capable of enchanting the eye, delighting the ear, or gratifying the taste. Their works exalt the feelings, interest the heart, or instruct the mind, of man. They blend the happiest influences of the passions, intellect and sentiments. They portray inanimate nature in all her creations of sight and sound, and exhibit living nature in all her varieties of action, emotion, thought, or passion. Nature is their universal theme, and the fruits of their labors compose those intellectual luxuries, to banquet upon which, forms the most characteristic feature which distinguishes polished from civilized life — the accomplished from the merely useful man. But a man may be either of these sons of genius, and come far short of being either a great or a good man. Nay, he may have followed the promptings of his genius all his life, and failed after all to benefit mankind. Whose mental vision has not Byron dazzled? Who did not admire the man? Who has not forgiven his faults, on account of the magnitude of his genius, and the power of his works? And yet who does not know that Byron lived in vain, and died without benefitting himself or his fellow men? On the other hand, it is pleasant to find, that genius, so dangerous in some, may be harmless in

others, and that a poet may range through all nature's works, but so judiciously select the theme of his song, and so beautifully adorn it, as that, while he excites the admiration, he improves the heart of his fellow men. The immortal 'poet of the year' concealed all evil, and portrayed all good. His female reaper adorns the lowest field with mingled beauty, chastity, and innocence — and sweet Musidora, in her plight, is seen only by the eye of modest love, abashed and retiring from the view.

Ascending the scale of genius, for the sake of brevity, I pass the architect and mathematician, to say a word of the great mechanical inventor, whom I would place highest of all nature's eccentric and gifted sons. To that beauty or poetry of thought, sound, action, or expression, which constitutes the chief merit of the sons of genius, last under consideration, he adds utility and dignity, and furnishes the means for man's civilization. Could poetry or music be cultivated without mechanical means? Of what avail is eloquence among houseless savages, save to excite to deeds of horror? What leisure would be afforded to attend to and enjoy the efforts of genius, without the use of machinery, which has emancipated the human race from slavery to their necessities, and elevated them to the enjoyment of ease and luxury? The mechanical inventor approaches one attribute of the Divinity; he may almost be said to create; and thus to approximate to the highest exercise of power. And yet the singer, humblest of all the children of genius, oftentimes commands more of the world's admiration than the most extraordinary mechanical inventor. There are those who would listen to the song of the nightingale, although the proud monument of Fulton's genius for the first time burst upon their view, 'walking the waters like a thing of life.' Nay, there are doubtless those in whom a sonnet would excite more interest than the spectacle of a noble ship gliding swiftly into port, propelled by the lightnings of heaven. But that is the only true estimate of mental worth, which ranks highest in the scale of importance those faculties and dispositions of the human mind which best subserve the happiness of men.

Above all the sons of genius, I would rank a class of men distinguished for their talent and virtue; who together with a favorable temperament, have heads quite above the middle, but not of the very largest size; the organs of whose brain are equally and well proportioned; and whose sentiments and passions are well balanced and regulated. They are divested of the faults of the sons of genius; they have no weaknesses, except such as are incident to the best mental organization; and their passions incite to deeds of goodness, since they are under the control and guidance of noble intellectual faculties, and the higher sentiments. They avoid whatever subverts man's happiness. They are too wise to entertain schemes of dangerous ambition; too good to adopt the means of its gratification. Mankind have therefore nothing to fear from them. In the most arbitrary governments, their opinions are not disregarded even by tyrants; and under the freest constitution, their sentiments and opinions constitute the unwritten but sacred law of virtuous public sentiment, to violate which the most reckless seldom dare, and never do, with impunity. These are *nature's aristocracy* — and they

constitute a formidable check upon the vices, and a barrier to the violences, of the mob, and overawe the daring ambition of the aspiring and desperate. The more sedulously all but these are excluded from directing the affairs of a republic, the longer will it endure.

Highest in the scale of human excellence, is the individual of the same description of character as the one last described, but with a head of the largest size. Here we have presented the highest and most perfect combination of moral and intellectual power. Here is the source of those great eras in human affairs, where the mighty intellect of one man has changed the moral and political condition of nations, perhaps of the world. Above nature's aristocracy, but with their confidence and approbation, this gifted order of men pursue the greatest good with the greatest energy — accomplish the noblest ends, by the noblest means. They belong to *nature's high nobility*. Human and mortal though they be, yet are they the peers of angels, and second only to the gods!

There was a man among my countrymen, who, whenever he appeared upon the theatre of human affairs, was always excellently great. He exhibited anger only in the form of virtuous indignation, and severity only in the cause of truth and virtue. The warrant of execution passed from his hand bedewed with his tears; and in the foeman whom he slew, would be found only the enemy of human happiness. He laid the foundation of a vast empire of freemen; he guided the reins of government with noble disinterestedness and virtue; he yielded them gladly to his successor, and with the blessings of millions, went into honorable retirement. Whether in emotion, thought or action, who has known one so pure, so great, and good? A distinguished British peer said of him, that 'he was the only human being, for whom he felt an *awful reverence*.'

WASHINGTON was, indeed, the highest of the *nobility of nature*.

'Greatest, noblest, purest of mankind.'

EMBLEMS.

I.

I ASK not of the golden sun, why, when at eventide,
His last red glance is cast abroad on the green upland side;
I ask not why his radiant glow stays not to bless my sight,
Or why his yellow beams should sink behind the pall of night:
Day, night, and morn must come and go, along the changing sky,
With shadow and with grateful light, to cheer the wakening eye;
It is the change which makes them blest; all hold a tranquil power,
Whether 'tis morning's orient gleam, or evening's solemn hour.

II.

Thus should the soul in silence gaze, lit by pale Memory's star,
Over the heaving tide of life, whose wrecks but bubbles are;
And though the light of Joy be dim — though Hope's warm dream hath fled,
Though the deep wind hath mournful tones along the slumbering dead,
Still let thy spirit look abroad, and onward to the rest,
Which comes as twilight shadows steal across earth's verdant breast;
And chastened in the night of ill, amid its shadowed gloom,
Look to the holy morn which breaks the darkness of the tomb!

S T A N Z A S .

'THERE is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the ascent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' Jos.

I.

BORN in anguish, nursed in sorrow,
Journeying through a shadowy span;
Fresh with health to-day — to-morrow
Cold and lifeless! — such is man.
Scarcely produced to light, ere dying —
Like the fancied vision flying;
Scarcely budding forth, when blighted
'Dust to dust' again united!

II.

RICHLY shines the rainbow, glowing,
Lightly laughs the morning beam;
Sweetly breathes the flowret, blowing,
Deeply rolls the mountain stream:
But the heavenly bow hath faded,
And the morning beam is shaded;
And to earth the flower hath hasted,
And the mountain stream is wasted.

III.

YET though passed awhile, these lie not
Ever in Destruction's chain;
Though the flowers may fade, they die not —
Spring shall wake their buds again:
Morning's smile again shall brighten,
And the storm the rainbow lighten;
And the torrent (summer finished,)
Roll its waters undiminished.

IV.

MAN alone, when death hath bound him,
Moulders in the silent grave:
Of the friends who were around him,
None to succor, none to save!
Then when night and gloom assail thee,
And thy strength and glory fail thee,
And thy boasted beauty waneth,
Cold — in darkness — what remaineth?

V.

CHEERING splendor yet attends us,
Mid these scenes of deepest gloom;
'TIS our 'hope in Christ' defends us
From the terrors of the tomb.
When we leave this vale of sadness,
'TIS to share unmingled gladness:
O the happy, happy greeting —
Jesus and our friends then meeting!

J. F. H.

NOTES OF A SURGEON.*

NUMBER ONE.

THE DISLOCATION.

THE reduction of a dislocated limb, in a person of muscular frame, is one of the most fearful and difficult operations in surgery; and in a lad or a female, there is much in the attending circumstances to excite the liveliest interest of the spectator. To hear the bone *click*, as it returns to its place; to behold the relief which is instantly experienced; the happiness so vividly depicted in the countenance; the inclination to immediate repose — every feather seeming to be a pillow to some over-strained and exhausted muscle — one cannot help cordially uniting in the feelings of the restored sufferer; nor can he restrain the smile which mantles his features, and is reflected in the lineaments of the surrounding surgeons.

In a strong man, where the muscles are rigid, and every fibre seems to be converted into a wire to resist the force exerted on them, the ceremony is one of distressing cruelty. The inquisition can scarcely furnish any thing more appalling, and certainly not the practice of surgery. The pain of an amputation may be more acute; but its very acuteness assures you that it will soon be over. The edge of the knife itself is an index, keen as the scythe of Time, and faithful as his march, of the progressive succession of the moments of trial; a fiery monitor, which every instant sinks deeper, and will soon, very soon in the reality, but late, as it always must be, in the reckoning of the sufferer, reach its unswerving limits, the bone. And here the pain of the operation in a great measure ceases; for it is hardly necessary to state, that the sawing of this structure is not actually attended by any of the horrors with which vulgar apprehension has invested it. The ligature of the arteries, the dressing of the truncated member, etc., may each occasion a momentary anguish. But as to the mere pain of the operation, it is trivial, in comparison with that which an athletic man experiences in the reduction of a dislocated limb, which has been any length of time displaced.

It was a luxation of the thigh. The patient was a remarkably stout man, and bade fair to put in requisition the whole retinue of the hospital.

'Remember, Mr. F — , ' said the attending surgeon, on leaving in the morning, 'be careful and have every thing ready — every

*The writer passed a few of the first years of his practice in the hospital of — . While in this institution, he had, as house-surgeon, opportunities of becoming acquainted with the history of cases, and of attending and assisting in a great number of highly interesting operations, many of them perfectly unique in their character, and performed by individuals among the most distinguished in this branch of the profession. To the general reader, the mere technical narration of incidents of this nature would present but a mass of dry and unintelligible jargon. One, however, who has for some time voluntarily withdrawn himself from the active duties of the profession, to follow another pursuit, may be regarded, perhaps, as capable of portraying, with truth and clearness, the vivid scenes of his earlier years.

thing. There must be no delay in seeking instruments while we are engaged with the patient.'

'I had better bleed him, probably?' replied I, inquiringly.

'Yes; an hour or so before twelve; and have him kept in the bath until then.'

I selected a double set of apparatus, consisting of very little else than a good strong block-and-tackle, and some padded buck-skin girths, and soon had them in their proper place in the 'theatre' of operations. This is an apartment of the hospital having very much the appearance of an ordinary theatre, but differing from it in being more especially appropriated to the enactment of tragedies; the play generally consisting in the lively representation of suffering on the part of the patient, and the exhibition of the coolest *nonchalance* by the officiating surgeons. If sometimes enlivened by an interlude between the chief actors and the subs, their sallies are wholly spontaneous, and usually fail to receive that applause which is the customary reward of such improvisations on other boards. The room is small, and ranges of boxes extend on the three sides of an ovoid, to the ceiling, forming an incommodious but commanding observatory for spectators. The pit is separated from the boxes by a thin partition. In this little space, lies the chief difference between the theatre of the hospital and more strictly dramatic edifices. The floor is the stage, on which those weekly representations take place, that seldom fail to draw crowds of students from the neighboring college, during its session; though it is not often that the spectacle of misery, (too purely unpoetical,) draws a tear from the lachrymal sac of the ardent and enthusiastic disciple of Hippocrates.

The audience are, in truth, mostly exceedingly phlegmatic in their manifestations of sympathy. They behold the struggles of a luckless wretch, in the clutches of the veritable Procrustes, who endeavors to make him conform to the measure of his bed, by a few inches of stretching, in the reduction of a luxated thigh, without *apparently* any fellow-feeling for his pitiable situation. They behold one of the lower limbs severed quite up to the hip-joint, and rivulets of blood streaming from the divided vessels of the stump, without a tremor, or a groan, or an exclamation, to evince the simultaneous racking of their own nerves; although it is true, that some youthful spectator will occasionally betray a tendency to *deliquium*, when he is immediately transported to a more kindred atmosphere.

The person to be operated on, was a man of vigorous constitution, and evinced great anxiety to have his body restored to its symmetry, and his limb to its usefulness. Though, as is usual in such cases, the probable severity of the operation, its duration, and the uncertainty of success, were laid before him in their true light, he was firm in his determination to have it done. Poor man! he could not bring himself to believe that there was a possibility of failure; nor did he suspect that, as strong a man as he was in resolution and bodily powers, he would be compelled, before the ceremonials of reduction were gone through with, to cry out, 'Give me some drink, Titinius, as a sick child.' Yet that such should be the case, shows that necessity is stronger than mortal resolution; and the same individual who asks you to reduce his limb, and then bids you cease your

harrowing attempts, will in turn rebuke you if you obey his orders, given in the wildness of despair, and the limb thereby remain indissolubly locked in its distorted posture, an enduring monument of his own weakness, and of your culpable pliancy.

The patient was placed in a warm bath, and bled until faint. The object was to make him a sick man, as a preparatory step to rendering him whole. While superintending this necessary process, I hailed the nurse of ward No. 13, whose duty it was to attend to the regulation of the theatre.

'Nurse, have you seen that every thing is in order in the theatre?'

'I just came from there, doctor. I believe nothing is wanting.'

'We still need a bowl or two, and some warm water. You have the key?'

'Oh yes; I always carry the key of the side-doors. I shall not let any of the students in, doctor, until you say the word?'

'It will be as well to keep them out till the surgeons come. You must stand by, as we may want you to lend a hand.'

'There will be some occasion, I think, doctor, if I know any thing about a dislocation. I have been in this house fifteen years, and have seen Dr. — try —'

'Well, be careful and have every thing ready.'

'Oh, I'll look out, doctor.'

His voice was soon heard at the farther end of the hall, summoning the nurse of one of the neighboring wards — a fellow whom Dr. D — would have *pronounced* an O'Rang O'Tang, though he was neither an Irishman nor a monkey in appearance.

'I say, No. 14, have you carried that water in yet?'

'No, but I will directly,' replied the subaltern.

'Well, while I'm gone down to the old lady's after some fresh blankets, *take care* and have it done.'

How far this chain of rank extended downward, I can only conjecture. But it is probable that No. 14 did not consider himself the last link, and gave orders in an authoritative tone to one of his *inferiors*, and be d — d to him, to be careful and bring him a pail of water from the pump, while he stood on the steps to arrange his thoughts and shoe-strings.

I stepped down into the apothecary's shop, and procured a couple of drachms of tartar emetic. This I mixed up in a bowl of water, and gave a part of it to the patient, setting the remainder in a convenient place in the theatre. On a side-table, here, was spread out a pocket-case of instruments, containing scissors, scalpels, and every thing else that might be needed on an emergency.

The proper hour having now arrived, the disabled man was taken out of the bath, wrapped in a blanket, and supported into the theatre. On a table, in the centre of the pit, was placed the apparatus for reduction. The patient was extended on it, on his left side, and the young aspirants were called upon to exercise their ingenuity in attaching several silk handkerchiefs above the knee of the dislocated limb, (the right) with a clove-hitch. Surgeons are no sailors; and a knot which a cartman puts a hundred times a day over the front post of his cart, puzzles the juvenile professor exceedingly; and

great is the honor bestowed on the fortunate achiever of the exploit. Phrenologists might find, in the retentive faculties of this knot, a desirable subject for investigation. The tighter you draw upon the two ends looped together, the more securely is the limb grasped; and a timber-head-hitch, as it is sometimes called, may be fixed to the tapering extremity of a slippery hacmetack log, and it will hold fast with the gripe of a drowning man, and allow you to drag it, for aught that can be averred to the contrary, half way round the globe. The mystery of this knot, unlike that of Gordian, is in the tying, not in the untying.

A broad belt was next passed along the *os ischium*, and up over the head, where it was fixed by a strong cord to the wall. Another was placed around the middle of the thigh. To the nooses in the end of the handkerchiefs, a small but strong pulley was attached, which was made fast at the other end to a staple on the side of the partition toward the patient's feet. In this situation, he seemed much as though stretched upon a rack, and waiting the application of the torture from his stern inquisitors; a resemblance which was more than justified in the progress of the operation.

The theatre was pretty well filled with students, and the arena of exhibition itself occupied by a sufficient number of persons either to assist, or to remain inactive spectators. The three chief surgeons stood about the feet of the patient, consulting as to the best mode of proceeding, and occasionally addressing a few words to the expecting patient. The walkers, house-surgeon, and one or two professional men, were arranged in convenient situations to afford aid. The nurse, *par excellence*, was also there, where his sailor-like promptness of hand in managing the rope was all important.

But as the reader does not, perhaps, know what a nurse is, *hospitally et male loquendo*, (that is, as applied to males, in hospital dialect,) it is proper that he should be made acquainted with him. I shall therefore peninsulate him briefly in this paragraph.

Nurse! — thy burly form would throw into inextricable confusion all ordinary notions of that soft and womanly occupation. To think of an advertisement like this: 'Wanted a wet-nurse, with a fresh breast of milk,' and of thy applying for it! Thy brachial extremities were far better adapted to embracing a cannon, than clasping an infant. Thou wert six feet three, leaving out the curve in thy shoulders, and wert called Featherbody, as if to show off thy unparalleled muscular development to better advantage. In fine, thy long chin, decisive mouth, nose of good magnitude, well-set eyes, rather supercilious eye-brows, low forehead, and matted hair, were sufficiently characteristic to have made thee remembered, had not thy extraordinary adaptation to thy office (so different from that which most conceive it to be) rendered thee an object of admiration to all who witnessed thy skill and prowess.

The patient thus extended upon the table, the bandages were taken from his arms; the bowl was held, and the flow of blood watched, to catch the first signs of failing strength. The vessel was already beginning to brim, when he sickened and vomited. It was now that the extension was put on. The sturdy, iron-armed nurse seized the stick around which the end of the pulley-rope was wound

to give a firmer grasp to the hands, and began slowly and leisurely to bring the convolutions of the cord to a state of tension. His force, not trifling of itself, and now tripled, was not an eighth of it expended when its effects became apparent. The cord began to strain — the belt at the head tightened — the patient was lifted from the table, and became suspended between the two fastenings.

The surgeon, with his left hand upon the patient's ankle, and his right upon the upper end of the thigh-bone, while his knee, elevated by a stool, was placed under that of the *culprit*, as it hung over the end of the table, awaited the escape of the bone from its preternatural position. At the same time, a young Colossus stood upon the table, astride the unfortunate man, ready to lift up his thigh, and apparently tear it from his body, if it would not otherwise yield.

The man's groans now came thick and deep. He begged for a moment's intermission — *rest*, as he emphatically called it; and he never felt the full force of that word before, racked though his limbs had been, repeatedly, by the severest toil. The only consolation which they vouchsafed him, was in terms such as these:

'Do you feel sick — *very* sick?'

'Very.' His face was the picture of an *emesis* in embryo.

'T is just what we want.'

The distressed man seemed to feel, gutturally, as if he could reject the comfort-drawing conclusion, *ab imo pectore*.

'Would you like to vomit?'

In the fulness of his stomach, he would have answered 'yes,' but restrained himself and his diaphragm after a moment's rumination.

'We do n't want you to do that.'

'But I am exceedingly tired — wearied to death.'

'You will be better after it is over, my friend.'

'Give me a drink of water, doctor, for heaven's sake!'

'Take a little of this solution.'

'Do open the doors, and let in some air. I can hardly draw my breath.'

'Oh, never fear but you will breathe long enough.'

'I shall faint.'

'Faint away, and we shall soon have the bone in.'

'Doctor, *I can't stand it!*'

'Then *lay* it, friend,' a favorite expression with one of the distinguished surgeons who officiated on this occasion.

'Wont you loosen these straps, only for a moment, so that I can rest my leg?'

'One minute, my good man,' continued the speaker, while with double vigor he reiterated his efforts to pry the bone into its cavity; 'bear it a little longer — one minute — there — bear it only a little while longer —'

'O, doctor, you will break my thigh! Doctor — doctor!'

'Do n't be alarmed, my man; if I do I will set it again.'

'Let me have that rope!' he exclaimed, as he made violent efforts to spring up and catch the cord that was straining his sinews; efforts ten times more hopeless and unavailing than those of Milton's giant,

'Under the weight of mountains buried deep.'

'There, lie still; you must not exert yourself. Do not try to draw your thigh up; we will take care of that.' Let it go as if you had nothing to do with it. Mr. R —, lift up a little more, as you are a true surgeon.'

'Oh, I shall die!' gasped the cruciated wretch.

'My good friend, you came here to have your thigh put back in its place, and you must be patient. You cannot expect it to be returned without pain.'

'I know; but wait till to-morrow; or let me rest myself for an hour or two, and then I shall feel refreshed, and be better able to bear it.'

'You may go to sleep, if you wish, my good fellow. I should be glad to have you.'

'But he could not well go in stays,' observed one of the walkers, in a low tone, to his neighbor.

'The cord-drawer there should unlace,' replied the other. 'But he resembles an ox triced up to be shod, more than a lady in corsets.'

'That saying is rather too *ox-umorous* for the occasion,' returned the élève.

'Do you chew tobacco, my friend?' said the chief operator to the almost exhausted patient.

'I have n't chewed any lately,' he groaned.

'So much the better then. Mr. Aster, let me have a little out of your box. There — ah!'

'Here, my good man, take that,' he continued, presenting the grateful boon to the patient. 'Eat it: if you have not been accustomed to chewing, I am in hopes it will make you sick.'

This weed, it is known, produces the most deadly nausea and exhaustion in those not addicted to its use. It is customary to employ it in cases of this nature, where habit does not intervene, to incapacitate the patient for making any voluntary exertion in opposition to the extension, which purpose it answers even better than bleeding.

The occupation temporarily relieved him by changing the current of his thoughts, and he reclined in a state of utter listlessness and *évanouissement*, only interrupted by occasional retchings. The surgeons perceived the favorable opportunity; but the moment a movement was made to seize it, his muscles were on the alert, and it became a struggle between the unaided energies of a desperate man, and the mechanically-exerted force of an equally hardy but less excited opponent.

'Come, be calm, and do not strain so.'

'I can't help it!' The surgeons knew it.

'Whisper to him, *Parcels*,' said Aster, one of the junior assistants, who made his brightness particularly apparent in perpetrating puns upon the Roman vernacular, 'whisper him, by way of consolation and encouragement,

'Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit.'

'That is, I suppose, 'If you are ill now, it is no sign you will be sick by-and-by.'

'Yes; and nothing could be more inspiring.'

'Poor dog, it is true he is likely to be as much benefitted by that as any thing else; but I will not trifle with his sufferings, even in seeming.'

'*Cur nodus* — why not? What will you do?'

'I will help, and then ——'

'Soothe him by mild language. No, let Nature speak out her agony in his cries, and let the surgeon utter his sympathy as best becomes him, and as the welfare of his patient demands.'

'In jests?'

'In imperturbable coolness and decision: or, as you say, in jests; for what is comfort, under these circumstances, but a jest?'

'I think his system will not endure much more,' said Parcels.

'It is possible,' replied the walker.

He was a brave man, and even in this painful situation, he took what was offered him to increase his prostration; he chewed up a cigar, and gulped it down; he drank swallow after swallow of tartar-emetic solution, a most nauseating and relaxing preparation. But still, though deadly sick, the sweat pouring out of his forehead in clear drops, and though seemingly stretched, on this Procrustean bed, at least three inches beyond his natural stature, his muscles showed no disposition to relinquish their grasp upon the bone. The surgeons again and again exerted all their strength upon the passive and suspended limb, but it was without effect. They spoke a few words to each other, and at length concluded to remit the extension for a few minutes, in order to rest themselves.

It was, indeed, not only necessary for them, but for the man also, whose frame, it was justly feared, would not bear such unremitted torture. He seemed relieved, in truth, by even the trifling respite that they granted him, and looked at the Herculean tar, (*that was*, before he became a nurse, thinking that his tender forces might be better exerted in the sick-room than on board a ship,) as, in obedience to orders, he walked up toward the slender and elegantly-wrought brass block, with steps that might have been impressed by an infant, which yielded only inch by inch the play that he had been so long and diligently accumulating upon the rope; he regarded him, I say, with a grim satisfaction, not unmingled with a tiger-like expression about the eyes and corners of the mouth, which bespoke any thing but pure and cordial affection.

But far from gaining the so much-coveted disenfranchisement, to the full of his desires, the cords were only partially slackened, and he was barely allowed to catch a glimpse of that freedom which would have been to him

——— 'Welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land.'

He might have lain about as much at his ease as Satan on the fiery plains of ——, when bethinking him of his late discomfiture, and planning new schemes of vengeance.

I had seen many operations and exhibitions; but in none that I assisted at, was I ever so struck with the utter inefficiency of the measures resorted to, which yet seemed all of the most appropriate

and potential kind. I knew that there was no fault in the operation, and that every expedient was strictly in accordance with the rules.

'He bears that stretching well,' said Parcels, one of the young *élèves*. 'The dislocation must be into the ischiatic notch.'

'It is,' replied Berry. 'The thigh should be pulled up more. Rhodes, instead of sending you up there again, to straddle over this poor fellow, we'd better put you at the halyards, and let Featherbody mount the rostrum.'

'It will take nothing less than the devil or a handspike to lift it out. My handkerchief around the upper end of the thigh was a *point d'appui* to the bodies of four mortal surgeons, and served as a pivot to balance two of them on his extremities, and two at his head.'

'Faith, you did resemble Jupiter, weighing the ponderous merits of the adverse parties; and 'long time in even scale the *doctors* hung;' but — seemed inclined to kick the beam.'

'Do you observe,' said Berry, 'the doctor himself looks a little puzzled? J — and D — are no better off. I thought — would break the femur more than once.'

'That bone is just at this time encased in an impenetrable mail of rigid muscles. If you broke that, you would break an iron bar of equal size,' replied Parcels.

'In truth,' said Berry, 'the relaxing medicines and bleeding seem to have had little effect in weakening them. How much blood did you take, Parcels, before he was brought in?'

'Two pounds.'

'He has lost two here, and I should think he might spare a couple more.'

'Yes, and two more added to them, before the bone would be in its place,' remarked Parcels.

'You have no faith in nauseating mixtures, and debilitating remedies?'

'No. While they apparently reduce the strength, they seem not to take a whit from the power of the muscles to *resist* extension.'

'You will certainly be expelled the church.'

'There is,' continued Parcels, 'a kind of galvanism residing in the muscles, which emanates from the brain; and all bodily remedies, while they leave this organ in a state of intense action and excitement, can have no beneficial effect in subduing them.'

'Ego cynus!' said Aster, in a kind of Latin, which must be taken literally to be understood, 'I swan! this is the most untractable member that ever came under my notice. We shall have to subscribe for a high-heeled boot for the other leg, if we carry this out much farther.'

'Another trial of doctoring, I think, will shortly break off the matter in debate,' observed Berry.

They now for a second time drew him into mid-air. The nurse, who had stood looking on with his hawk's eye, and wiping the sweat from his brow with one hand, while with the other he grappled the end of the pulley-rope, again applied his strength; the blocks drew nearer together; the surgeon, using the disjointed member for a lever, and his knee as a rest, exerted his whole force upon the limb,

in one strong effort to pry it out ; but it gave not, although it was anticipated that the bone might snap. The assistant upon the table, drawing upward with all his might, endeavored to entice (somewhat as the Irishman *remonstrated*) the upper end from its hiding-place. But it would have been easier, to all appearance, to have raised the world without Archimedes' fulcrum, than to have displaced this little globe from its new socket.

The surgeons regarded each other with evident indecision and inquietude, and began to remit or grow more abrupt in their exertions. The students looked incredulous, and exhibited a disposition to depart. But, resolved not to incur the mortification or disgrace of a failure, if it could be averted by any human means, the operators determined to carry their exertions, in a final attempt, as far as was consistent with the patient's safety. They loosed the bandages from the arms, and gave him an additional dose of the nauseating solution.

In this state of things, a young man leaped cautiously over the partition into the arena, stole his way unnoticed among the surgeons, and approaching the table stealthily, took from it a scalpel, or operating-knife, of large size. With this, passing in front of the man, he suddenly started up with it before his eyes, and seemed ready to plunge it into his body. As he made this gesture, the man roused up, in horror. Although pale from the loss of blood, he blanched still whiter, at this palpable demonstration of a design to slay him.

'It is necessary, my friend,' said the young man, steadily and clearly, 'to cut down to your back-bone, in order to get out the head of the thigh-bone, which is lodged there !'

Who can tell the terror that filled the sufferer's excited imagination, during the utterance of this awful ultimatum ! 'The sense of death is most in apprehension ;' and in the horror of that moment, he felt with King John :

'The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod !'

The ready élève now made as if he was about to lay open the bowels of the patient, at a single rash stroke, from the stomach to the hip. Every arm was raised to arrest him ; but taken as they were by surprise, he had ample time to execute his purpose. Leaning over and pressing his hand upon the side of the abdomen, he drew the knife rapidly and violently along its naked surface, from one extremity to the other. Then hastily rising, and throwing the knife on the bloody floor, he darted from the midst of the attendants ; contriving, in the course of the action, to cover up with a corner of the blanket the work he had committed.

The patient, who had at first struggled, sank back ; the spectators ran to his side ; the students started from their seats ; and *the bone slipped into its place, with an audible 'click !'* They hurriedly drew off the blanket from the patient's body, when lo ! there was no

wound! They went up to his side, and endeavored to arouse him from his stupor, and make him sensible that he was not hurt. In this they soon succeeded. The straps, pullies, and bandagés were undone, and he was laid at length upon the table.

The young operator had well observed the powerfully depressing effect of fear on the human system, and had been incited to the ingenious expedient just described, by witnessing the obstinacy with which the bone had resisted all the measures for its reduction. In a few days the patient recovered entirely from his fright, and was seen walking about the halls of the hospital.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, ENGLAND.

L.

A YEAR hath lingered through its round,
Since thou wert with the dead;
And yet my bosom's careless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm;
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed:
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes — and how can I forget?

II.

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And thoughts in solitude have birth,
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amid the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest,
To 'flee away and be at rest.'

III.

Rest! how, alas! shall mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream?
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far bequeem
The child of grief, the heir of woe;
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
On life's wide waste? — 't is quickly gone,
And he must wander on — alone!

IV.

It was no charm of face or mien,
That linked my heart to thee;
For many fairer have I seen,
And fairer yet may see:
It was a strong though nameless spell,
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
And will remain: thy form is fled,
But this can e'en recall the dead.

V.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow,
Are graven on my heart;
And when on living forms I gaze,
Mem'ry the one loved form portrays;
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me,
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

VI.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hushed around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear.
Oh! could I dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply,
The waking how severe!
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!

VII.

A year hath pass'd! — another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine,
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still should sigh for one;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside!

VIII.

Yes, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not yet recall:
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may still befall;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!

LOVE AND REASON.

GENTLE Lady! thy smile as the starlight is fair,
 And thine eyes are as charming as ever they were;
 And thy voice is the same as that love-breathing tone
 Which once whispered *my* name in this bower alone;
 But since then, that sweet voice, in this bower of thine,
 Hath whispered *another's* as fondly as mine!

You remember the vow which you made me at eve,
 When together we swore in one faith to believe;
 You remember the stars that looked on from above,
 And how sweetly you called them 'the sentries of love!'
 Those stars, thou false maiden! were shining that hour,
 When I heard that strange name in this very same bower!

Perhaps you then thought it a very good game,
 To sigh to one lover, till the other one came:
 And now I remember, I once heard you own
 That you never *could* sit in this bower alone;
 'And so I could not,' quoth the maid, with a sneer,
 'So I talked to my parrot, as *you* were not here!'

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER TWO.

—— 'Amidst ruins; there to track
 Fall'n states and buried greatness o'er a land
 Which ~~was~~ the mightiest in its old command,
 And ~~is~~ the loveliest.'

BYRON.

IN our first number, we introduced the reader to the magnificent ruins of a once great and populous city, in the Province of Chiapa, Central America. It was thought, it will be remembered, that a description of the present state of the Palencian metropolis, the character of the people who inhabited it, and the extraordinary arts by which both were distinguished, should precede other facts and conclusions, in relation to the early history of the American continent. Reasons for this will have been apparent, we trust, in the opinions expressed of the peculiarities and great antiquity of the Tultecan people. The advanced state of knowledge to which that people had arrived, at a very remote period of time, and the subsequent connection which will appear to have existed between them and that distinct class of mankind — which, at a much later, yet still very distant date, occupied the great western valleys of the United States — also require of us an early and more particular reference, in again calling attention to the subject under consideration.

A brief notice of one or two of the ancient Palencian edifices, among the few that have come down to us in the form and feature of their primitive greatness, cannot fail to interest the lovers of the antique and the curious:

—— 'There is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.'

The principal structure referred to, and with which it has been supposed all the others were connected, in purpose at least, if not by subterranean or other passages, presents a style of architecture resembling the gothic. It is rude, massive, and durable. As a whole, it has an appearance not unlike that of the ancient Egyptian edifices; still it is peculiar, and differs from all others hitherto known. The world nowhere exhibits the same striking characteristics, among the remains of ancient art and early genius; nor can we trace in any other structures the same peculiarities of arrangement and apparent adaptation. The great permanency of the fourteen stone buildings, standing, even to this late day, sufficiently attest their superior style and workmanship. They are called by the people *Casas de Piedras*, or stone houses. Buildings of the same kind, now found in other parts of Guatemala and in Yucatan, some of which are of immense size, and of the same architectural style, are similarly named. There seems to be but one general tradition in relation to the character of the people who constructed these great and strong buildings; and we are led to infer from their internal structure and arrangement, as well as from all that can be learned from the traditions of the natives, that the principal ones were erected for like purposes, viz: for temples of worship, and for the residences of kings. The great building at Palenque was undoubtedly built for the former purpose, and occupied, from time immemorial, by numerous priests devoted to religious ceremonies.

' But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee f

The entrance to the Palencian temple is on the east side, by a portico more than one hundred feet in length, and nine feet broad. This portico is supported by plain rectangular pillars, without pedestals, fifteen inches in diameter. On these are laid smooth square stones, one foot in thickness, which form an achitrave. These blocks are nearly covered with stucco-work of shields, etc. On each pillar, and running from one to another, rest also plain rectangular blocks of stones, five feet long, and six feet broad. Vestiges of heads, and various other designs in stucco, are discovered on these blocks; and on the internal side, are seen numerous busts, representing, without doubt, a series of kings. Between these, there is a range of windows, along the entire length of the building, some of which are square, and others in the form of the Greek cross. Beyond the corridor, is a square court, which is approached by a series of seventeen steps. The north side of the building, though in ruins, shows very distinctly that it had a corridor and a chamber, like the other three sides. There are four chambers, with two windows on the south side: the east and west sides are alike, except in the devices. On the west side is seen a mask, with a crown, and a long beard, and under these are two Greek crosses. These specimens of workmanship resemble Roman sculpture, particularly that of Jupiter. The mask may be supposed to represent some of the deities worshipped in the temple; and very probably that of *Quetzalcoatl*, the god of the air, and a favorite deity, as will hereafter appear.

Proceeding forward, we are ushered into another large court,

similar in size and appearance to the last mentioned, having a passage around it. In this are two chambers, and an interior gallery, which looks into a great court-yard on one side, and over the adjacent country, on the other. Pillars adorn the gallery, on either side, exhibiting numerous and ingenious specimens of sculptured art. The purposes to which it was devoted, are satisfactorily explained by the character of the designs here represented; and, like all the other apartments, it may be presumed to have had a distinct and peculiar use. None, however, would seem to have had a more melancholy appropriation. Though the character of this people was mild and peaceful, yet it can hardly be supposed that, in the earliest conditions of human society, some rude and barbarous customs should not have prevailed. As with individual character, all improvements in the manners and customs of a people must be the result of experience. Hence the disgust which we feel in view of the practices of many ancient nations is not always a just estimate of the real character of that people; for they may not be more abhorrent to us, than our own may appear to those of succeeding ages. It will be understood that we allude to human sacrifices. There are, in fact, in this gallery, numerous relievos, which are supposed to represent sacrifices of the people, or of their enemies, to the manes of their favorite deities. Some of these, with others of the finest specimens of sculpture found in the building, have been mutilated or removed, and afterward conveyed to Spain, where, in all probability, they will prove of little advantage to antiquarian literature.

In the large open court before mentioned, within the centre of the temple, there is a high tower, now having four stories, to which there was, in ages past, a fifth, surmounted by a cupola; all making in height from sixty to seventy feet. The design and execution of this tower indicate great skill and ingenuity. Within it was another, having windows facing those in the exterior tower, which were intended to afford light to a series of steps leading to the top. The interior tower was plain, while the outer one was in a true and tasteful style of architecture. The principal entrance to these sacred and lofty structures, is on the north side, but the passages to both towers are now entirely filled up by fallen rubbish of stones, gravel, etc. On the south side of the building, and behind four small chambers, are two very large apartments, supposed to have been used as oratorios. These are richly ornamented, with figures in stucco, some of which are beautifully enamelled. In these rooms are numerous statues, placed along their sides, and also several Grecian heads, which were, undoubtedly, of a sacred character. They were variously ornamented with strings of jewels, which had been offered them, it may be supposed, by the people in their devotional exercises. Behind these oratorios, are still two other apartments, each of which is eighty feet in length, and nine in width, extending from north to south. Here was discovered one of the most singular and perfect specimens of sculpture yet found among the ruins of this vast city. It was one of the people's gods astride an animal. From the drawing taken of this, it is unquestionably an admirably-executed relic. The proportions are most perfect throughout, and

indicative of a knowledge of the art, vastly superior to that of any ancient barbarous nation. The origin of this knowledge we are at a loss to conjecture. The animal is descriptive of the American lion, which was less powerful than either the African or Asiatic, and without a mane. The same animal is represented in some of the other apartments. From the position of the idol, it is inferred that it was worshipped as a river-god, as with the Hindoos. Indeed, in referring hereafter to the probable origin of these arts, it will be seen that similar deities were worshipped by the latter people. Analogous arts and customs will also be traced to various other nations. One of these apartments contains an elliptical stone, inserted in the wall, below which there is a plain rectangular block of stone, six feet in length, three in breadth, and seven inches thick, standing upon four feet, in the form of a table, with bas-relief figures supporting it. Numerous characters, or symbols, adorn the edges of this table, all of which had, without doubt, a significant meaning; but all knowledge of that meaning, which might now be turned to a good account, in deciphering the character and customs of the ancient occupants of this singular temple, is entirely lost; and, unless some fortunate discovery should be made, will ever remain uninterpreted. The various other hieroglyphics and symbolical designs will also, we fear, continue to be a sealed book to the antiquarian.

At the end of one of these apartments, is an opening through the stone pavement, six feet long and three broad, conducting, by a flight of stone steps, to extensive subterranean apartments. These steps have, at regular intervals, large flat landings, in each of which are openings or doorways, to other and continuous ranges of stone steps. All of these landings were curiously ornamented with sculpture work. There were several other avenues to this principal underground passage, most of which were blocked up by crumbling fragments. It is however possible, that these avenues may lead to other apartments, or, not improbably, to the other and neighboring buildings; a fact strongly suspected, both from the use to which the subterranean apartments were appropriated, and the character of their occupants. At the second landing and doorway, torch-light is required, after which the regular stairways conduct, by a gradual descent, to the great subterranean rooms. From each landing, the explorer turns to the succeeding flight of steps, until he arrives within the gloomy chambers below, to which he is admitted by a large stone door. The first room is one hundred and ninety-two feet in length! Beyond this is another chamber, of the same dimensions, which looks toward the south, by means of windows, commanding a corridor running to the extreme of the building. In these rooms are found plain horizontal stones, seven and a half feet long, by three feet three inches wide, standing upon four wrought pedestals, about two feet from the ground. These are portioned off in the form of alcoves; and hence are supposed to have been used by the priests of the temple as places for sleeping.

The accompanying outline illustration of this temple is a hasty sketch of the side partly in ruins, and is intended to show, to the best advantage, the form and general appearance of the exterior. We

have by us a ground-plan, or diagram of the internal structure, which may be given on another occasion. This view will be seen to present the upper portion of the most curious and important structure yet discovered, viz., the tower, where it is supposed were preserved, with great care and veneration, the ashes of the Tultecan kings. Attempts to reach parts of these singular structures (for there were two, one within the other,) were unavailing. The avenue leading within the internal one, to the summit, is now blocked up by broken fragments and earth. Trees are to be seen growing firmly upon the towers. The entrance was on the north side, but this is now filled with heaps of rubbish. This tower exhibits far more ingenuity and good taste, than any thing yet remaining of the Tultecan buildings. Another drawing, which represents the entire external tower, with trees standing upon various projecting parts, is in course of execution.



Leaving this edifice, with the present slight description, and proceeding southerly to another, standing on an eminence one hundred and twenty feet high, the same massive and peculiar style of architecture is observed. This building is in the form of a parallelogram. It has square pillars, an exterior gallery, and a saloon sixty feet long, by ten and a half broad. This room has a large frontispiece, on which are executed, in stucco relief, female figures, with children in their arms, all of the natural size, but without heads! On each side of the doors leading to the gallery, and on each wall, there are three stones, nine feet in height, and three feet broad, all of which are covered with bas-relief and hieroglyphic figures. None of these ingeniously-executed specimens of art afford a solitary ray of light by which to arrive at their meaning, and a better knowledge of the people by whom they were executed. The gallery is paved throughout with smooth and well-fitted stones. Parts of the building are in ruins; and, in proceeding from it, masses of other ruins are seen; which lead to the conclusion that they are the remains of edifices once connected with it.

Passing on a short distance, in a southerly direction, through a small valley, another building is entered by a flight of steps lead-

ing to a gallery and a saloon, similar to those we have noticed in the other edifices. At the door of this saloon, are to be seen numerous allegorical ornaments, in stucco work, which, like the others, surprise us by their curious and grotesque character, but which yield us no additional information in regard to their origin or design. At the east of this building, three others are discovered, situated on high triangular mounds. These are small, and nearly square, being fifty-four feet long, by thirty-three feet broad. They present the same antique style of architecture, but have roofings, or turrets, covered with various ornaments and devices, in stucco. One of these has a gallery, much decayed, at the end of which is a saloon, with a chamber at each extremity. In the centre of the saloon is an oratory, nine feet square, with a stone at each entrance, having upon it a bas-relief figure of a man in full length. Other curious figures are to be seen on various stones in this room. The stone pavement is smooth, and admirably matched. This being perforated, and a hole made about eighteen inches in diameter, a round earthen vessel was discovered, one foot in size, cemented to another of the same dimension and quality. Pursuing the excavation, a circular stone was met with, which, on removal, presented a circular cavity containing a lance, made of flint, two small pyramids, and the figure of a heart, made of crystallized stone, called by the natives *challa*. Two other small jars, with covers, were found, containing a ball of vermilion, etc. Near the entrance to this oratory, in another cavity, was also discovered small jars, with similar contents. It is presumed that this place was devoted to the remains and memorials of heroes, and those who had distinguished themselves in the public service, and that the bas-reliefs and inscriptions were intended to commemorate their names and exploits. These relics, so securely deposited beneath the stone pavement, whether private relics of individuals, or supposed to have been possessed of some remarkable properties, sufficiently prove, by the situation in which they were found, that they were held sacred by the people, or the priests of the temples.

Two other buildings, examined, have the same architectural character, and are divided in a similar manner, the bas-reliefs only being different. In one of these, and under the stone pavement of an oratory, were found the same flint, lance, conical pyramids, heart, and jars; and in another was also found articles of the same character, which, with various bas-reliefs, etc., were removed. It has been thought, from some similarity in the workmanship of these fragments of art to those of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, that they were derived from the people of those nations. The same analogous character has been remarked in the various specimens of art found elsewhere in this once renowned city, as we shall have occasion to show, in speaking of the stupendous aqueducts, fortifications, etc., to be seen in various other parts of this once populous place.

In digging near these buildings, a great variety of other articles were found, which, with specimens of bricks, mortar, etc., have been removed. The remainder of the fourteen edifices do not differ materially from those described; while some of them, as may be imagined, have suffered much from the effects of time, and are now crumbling amid the sea of ruins. Why, indeed, these have baffled

the effects of untold ages, and come down to us as trophies of human art, while far and near is only to be seen a general wreck of matter, it is impossible to say. The probability that they were erected and used for sacred purposes, may afford us reasonable grounds for the inference, that they were either more securely built, or that, if the causes which depopulated this vast city, arose from the ravages of a victorious enemy, their hallowed character preserved them from the hand of the spoiler. Time, and the researches of the anxious antiquarian, may disclose the causes which stripped the city of its splendor, and of its innumerable inhabitants; a circumstance much to be desired by the curious and the learned. This inquiry, in fact, is the first that suggests itself to the reader, or the observer. What could have swept so many human beings from this immensely populous city? Was it some fatal pestilence, that suddenly blotted from existence two millions of people? Did some awful convulsion of nature crush, by one overwhelming shock, all the magnificent fabrics that, for sixty miles around, adorned the plain? Or did some rude and exasperated foe, of countless numbers, fall upon the devoted city, exterminate its population, and lay its beauty and greatness in undistinguishable ruins? These are questions which naturally and irresistibly present themselves at this view of our subject; but they are those to which no satisfactory solution can yet be given. From some data within our reach, there are afforded reasons for concluding, that a fearful and destructive pestilence once devastated this fair land, and swept off its previously happy inhabitants by one common death; while there are others, said to be derived from an authentic source — the records of the people themselves, preserved from the general wreck of arts, and inscribed upon tablets — which go to prove that a great proportion of the people were destroyed by the most painful and wretched of deaths, *famine*. The latter, we are of the opinion, has the better claim to truth. There are also reasons for believing, that a neighboring enemy, powerful and barbarous, rushed down upon this quiet people from the north, and drove them from their magnificent city. Of the inhabitants of this wild and savage nation, who, like the Goths and Vandals in overrunning the south of Europe, came rushing upon southern cultivated plains — as in all ages of the world they are found to have done — we shall also have occasion to speak more at length. Like the people of other remote nations, it will be seen, likewise, that the most desperate and bloody struggles were here carried on, the particulars of which are preserved; and, not being generally known, will be found to possess deep interest, and to be in no respect behind those recorded of the most extraordinary of ancient eastern nations. The interest of these particulars will be much enhanced, by the connections which may be traced between the original inhabitants of the United States and those of Central America. Whether the Palencians themselves were ever engaged in deadly strife with northern barbarous people, save, perhaps, on the occasion of their being suddenly driven from their great city, remains a matter of doubt. This is considered improbable, however, from the fact that no warlike implement has yet been discovered among the ruins of the Tultecan city. And a very extraordinary fact it is, that this people had no knowledge of

the use of iron; nor had they for mechanical, domestic, or warlike purposes, a solitary iron implement! The question, we are aware, will immediately suggest itself: 'How, then, did these people rear those mighty superstructures — ay, even a whole city, surpassing all others in extent, and that, too, of hewn stone, admirably fitted throughout—if they had no knowledge of iron tools?' Such was, nevertheless, the fact. The people to whom we refer, as having been engaged with surrounding nations, in long and destructive warfare, were the descendants of the primitive Tultecans, or those of their successors, the Aztiques, while the most ancient occupants of this continent, the ingenious builders of, and quiet residents within, the Palencian city, were insulated, for ages, from all other people of the earth.

The first narrative of observations made among the ruins at Palenque, to which we have referred, were mysteriously withheld from the public for nearly forty years. After having been written out by the explorer, in conformity with public orders, it can only be supposed that the extraordinary facts communicated by him exceeded belief, or that, if thought true, and they should be made public, they would induce visits from strangers which might be annoying to the Spanish authorities. Visitants from foreign countries would thus become acquainted with the internal policy, the tyrannical misrule of the government over the virtuous natives, and with the natural resources of their rich and extensive country. For these, or other reasons past conjecture, the description of the ruined city was suppressed; and it remained secreted in a convent at Guatemala, from 1786 to 1822, when, after the revolution in that ill-fated country, it was discovered thus hidden, by a foreign traveller, taken to London and published in the above last-mentioned year. Copies of this work have for many years been extremely scarce in London. To the particulars there made known were added an ingenious and learned treatise by a distinguished Catholic priest upon the origin of the Tultecan people, with many other highly interesting facts and speculations connected therewith.

This subject has since received enthusiastic attention from several individuals, whose names have been mentioned. It was from having been employed to engrave the illustrations of the above work, that Waldrick, the most indefatigable of them all, was induced to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting the ruins himself. Particulars respecting the adventures and researches of this devoted man, during twelve years' seclusion among the ruins; the base and outrageous robbery committed upon him, 'by order of the Mexican government,' in wresting from his possession all the valuable drawings that he had been for years employed in making; together with other facts and illustrations collected by other adventurous inquirers; the records of the arts, the singular dresses, hieroglyphics, symbols, and particularly the great Teöculi, and other immense structures, will follow, in order of time and place.

'Ages and realms are crowded on this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramids of ages pinnacled'

From the hasty sketch here given of these remarkable people and their structures, it will be seen, that comparatively little attention was given to them by the Spanish government, or their agents. This is justly attributable to the well-known suspicion and habitual indolence of both the authorities and their subjects, either of which, on a topic like this, stamps them with disgrace, in the opinion of all enlightened men. The government itself seems not to have been satisfied with the account given of these extensive ruins by Del Rio; for, in 1805, Charles V. despatched a Captain Dupaix on the same duties; since which, two other voyages have been undertaken, by the same enterprising explorer, for the like purpose; and now, the accounts of this individual constitute the best we have of the ancient Palencian city. They were published in France about a year since, and form, with the accompanying splendid illustrations, an expensive and voluminous work. It was from this work that Lord Kingsbury gleaned the materials for his still more costly, but, it need not be said, less valuable, work. The sole effort of the noble lord, in this ponderous treatise, is to prove that the people of whom we have been speaking, were none other than the *nine-and-a-half lost tribes of the house of Israel*; an effort contributing as little to truth as it does to the establishment of his absurd theory. It will appear a matter of surprise, to every impartial inquirer, and to those at all acquainted with the facts in the case, that such an opinion has been endorsed by others: but it might be stated, that the character, not less than the expense, of the book in question, will effectually preclude it from general perusal. We shall elsewhere state the curious facts on which this theory is based; one of which, we may remark, *en passant*, is, that the temple, of which we have given a partial description, closely resembles the far-famed temple of Solomon, a fact which, though not denied, proves nothing, abstractly. Reasons exist why this isolated truth cannot be made available in a hypothesis so plainly opposed to the first principles of physiology, not to say probability. Whatever theory men may devise, to account for the origin of the Tultecans — and there have been others not less crude and chimerical than this — it is philosophically true, that they differed from all others in those distinguishing characteristics which have ever been assumed as the criteria of distinct species of men. The accompanying representation, which is an exact copy, shows in a striking manner the peculiar form of the Tultecan head, and the curious symbolical designs with which they are generally ornamented. The peculiar physiognomy of this people is not less forcibly delineated in the drawing. Both the characteristic conformation of the head and facial outline is preserved in all the specimens of sculpture hitherto found. In connection with the Tultecan peculiarities alluded to, those of their dress were not less remarkable. These, if we except perhaps the sandals worn on their feet, exhibit a strange combination of splendor, ingenuity, and oddness. So unlike were they to those of any other nation, that we can perceive no reason for supposing them derived from any præexistent people. They were so designed and executed, as to represent the most notable data in individual and national history. This may be seen in the form and embellishments of their dress, as sculptured, and evidently described by phonetic characters, upon the various tablets found

among the ruins of Tulteca. Curiously interwoven, and yet highly ornamental, are the personal achievements, civil records, and religious faith, supposed to appear in the paraphernalia of their habiliments; and these are observable in the head-dress represented below. Some, however, were much more complicated, and when exhibited on solemn religious occasions, as at the great annual ceremony on the plains of Cholula, in all the varieties of form and gorgeousness of coloring, and, as it is supposed, by millions of people at once, presented, altogether, the most grand and imposing spectacle the world has ever witnessed.



It may in truth be affirmed, that in no people have distinctive characteristics been more apparent, and more clearly defined. For the present, therefore, they must stand by themselves as a part of the human family; and they should be treated as a distinct and peculiar race of men. This fact gives to our subject, as before remarked, a romantic and unique character. Finding this people, as we do, so far advanced in a knowledge of the useful and ornamental arts as to preclude any rational inferences in respect to their derivation from previously extant people, and so completely and so widely detached, in a geographical point of view, from all other nations, bearing resemblance in their arts, their social institutions, and in many striking physical peculiarities, as to afford no plausible theory by which to trace their oriental connections, we are left entirely disenthralled from speculative opinions; and, hereafter, we may be allowed to dwell upon novel and animating truths, without being warped by prejudice, or swayed by conjecture.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

I LIKE not your care and sorrow,
 Care to-day and care to-morrow;
 I like not your brows of sadness —
 Give me rather tones of gladness;
 A heart where laughter loves to dwell,
 Exclaiming, 'Vive la Bagatelle!'

What is fame? — an empty bubble,
 Nothing worth, though earned with trouble;
 What are riches? — can mines of wealth
 Buy happiness — contentment — health?
 Nor fame nor riches own a spell,
 To wean me from 'La Bagatelle!'

There is a time for every doing,
 A time for working and for wooing;
 A time when we can all be gay,
 Cheat Sadness of her hoped-for prey,
 Lock monkish Sorrow in his cell,
 And hey! for 'Vive la Bagatelle!'

Then live the dance, and live the song,
 And live Joy's gay and happy throng;
 Then live the laugh, the joke, the pun —
 Live frolic, fancy, sport and fun;
 And let their song in chorus swell,
 Its burthen, 'Vive la Bagatelle!'

LE CHANSONNIER.

THE BACKWOODS.

NUMBER ONE.

JUBA.

READER, were you ever in Carolina? — in that part, I mean, where the long, swelling range of the Blue Ridge begins to decline gradually to the fair and fertile plain, '*et molli se subducere clivo*'? I shall take it for granted you have not, and do most earnestly recommend you (if you be not prejudiced with tales of fevers dire, which attack only the stranger,) to wend your way thither, if practicable, the ensuing season. Have you been cramped over the counting-house desk till your frame pines for purer air? Seek the mountains; inhale the balmy and bracing breeze from our thousand wood-capped hills; and thank heaven that the air is free. Have you moved in the monotonous and mill-horse round of city life, either in its high or its low dissipation and frivolity, till your heart is sick within you at its hollowness and vanity? There shall you see men of Nature's own make, not starched into a precise formality, nor with souls and limbs alike fettered with artificial restraint, but with nerves and elastic frames, that do credit to their 'raising,' with quick feeling and buoyant hopes sparkling in their eyes; in a word, Backwoodsmen. Perhaps you may see an individual of the half-horse, half-alligator tribe; but the species is nearly extinct, and physiologists will soon reckon

them among the Megatheria of past ages — the Hipposaurus of America.

If pure air, glorious scenery, deep woods, the sports and pleasures of forest, field, and fell, and the assurance of full welcome, allure you not, I consign you, *sans replevin*, to Dyspepsia, the city demon, and leave you heartless, hopeless, stomachless, to all the horrors of indigestion.

'T was summer ; not this summer, nor last summer, but the first of June, 177 —.

The sun, robed in a mantle of crimson cloud, had risen some hour or more over the high hills which branch off from Table Rock. Their round and undulating tops were fast changing from azure to purple, as the light fell gradually upon them, while here and there some massy pine, standing single from his fellows, his dark form in bold relief against the glowing and gorgeous sky, seemed champion of his race, tossing defiance from his waving and mighty limbs. The glorious tint of a southern heaven, liquid and pure, spread in its intensity of hue over the wild and magnificent scenery of the distant landscape. The far summits of lofty mountains, whose rough peaks were dimmed by distance, running in long succession from the north-east, and suddenly breaking in the square and precipitous outline of Table Rock, formed the back-ground of the picture. From the back and sides of these swelling ridges, the land fell gradually in a series of hillocks, some crowned with the primeval forest, as yet untouched by the axe of the settler, some clothed with the verdure of the rising crop, and declining into deep and peaceful valleys, through which the wild mountain streams, girt with a fringe of green, rushed to the lowlands.

On one of the most beautiful of these green knolls stood, at the time of our story, the family residence of Charles Edwards. Embowered, as is the custom of the country, in the verdant embrace of wide-spreading trees, saved from the destruction of their companions of the forest, its white walls and wide piazzas gleamed through their screen, and the bright rays of the sun, reflected from the upper windows, sparkled like fire through the shade. In front of the mansion, a long and broad avenue, composed of the magnolia, pride of our woods, and the white-limbed sycamore, extended to the main road, which passed at some distance from the house.

The free mountain breeze stirred the dark green and varnished leaves, and bore away the powerful perfume of the magnolia, sighing the while among the foliage, as loath to leave so sweet a resting-place. The wild carol of the happy birds came in rich melody upon the listening ear ; all was full of a deep and quiet joy ; and nothing marred the tranquillity of the scene.

Suddenly, far down in the vale, through which the road wound upward to the hills, rose the notes of a bugle, faint in the distance ; borne slowly by, upon the light wind, they faded away in indistinct melody. Again it rang more clear, and soon the full power of the blast passed by, awakening the mountain echoes, which repeated its brilliant tones far in their deep recesses ; then the heavy and rolling sound which precedes the approach of cavalry, broke upon the ear, like the muttered growl of the gathering thunder before a storm ;

while at times the sharp clash of steel scabbard and stirrup, and the ring of bridle bit and chain, as the impatient steeds tossed their proud heads, came nearer and more near. The troop was still concealed by the deep copse that bordered the road ; but as they wheeled into the avenue, the sunlight flashed on polished helmets and glittering equipments, and the whole air was stirred by their martial music.

At a rapid pace they advanced upon the house, and filing through the gate, divided into two parties, one of which surrounded the house and the other the 'quarter' where the negroes had their dwellings, to provide against escape. After the usual orders had been given, as to the disposition of sentinels, and the hasty refreshment of men and horses, the officers advanced to the house, and with repeated knocking, demanded admission.

Here we will leave them for awhile, and betake ourselves to better company.

CHARLES EDWARDS was the descendant of a family which early settled in the province, and had long possessed the lands on which he himself lived. His father, who died long ere the seeds of disturbance in these colonies had begun their rapid and stormy growth, was devotedly loyal to his king, had held high office under the crown, and thoroughly imbued his son in his own principles. The more effectually to insure his attachment to the mother land, he was early sent there to be educated, and in the time-honored halls of loyal Oxford, Charles received those impressions which are so apt to be our guides in future life. But he also there learned the birth-right of an English subject, and the correlative duties of a government. He had returned to America, and held high rank in the judiciary, until a few years before the revolution. He had married, and was the father of a son and daughter.

The times which tried men's souls came on, and severe as the struggle was, to rend from his heart-strings all that he had most venerated, he failed not to do it. He gave himself to his suffering country ; he cast his all into the scale ; and though infirmities prevented him from personally engaging in her cause, his advice and counsel were not wanting. He had sent his son, a noble youth of twenty, to join Sumpter, with such hardy spirits as would follow him, and himself retired to his family mansion, to rouse the western mountaineers.

His daughter — Maria Edwards — how can I describe her ? I have seen faces more delicately fair, but never one so calculated to express the varying emotions of the soul. The eye that now slumbered under that dark and beautifully-pencilled brow, and now instinct with life and spirit, flashed with sudden light, how beautiful it was ! at one time awing by its deep and pure tranquillity, at another, startling by its brilliancy. Why should I try so vain a task, as to note down the items of that spiritual loveliness which one may feel but not portray ? Do you, most imaginative reader, spare me the pains of so futile an attempt ; recall to your memory the vision of her who once shone in your eyes the polar star of your affections ; the rich

and perfect form that glided before you in your moments of purest and holiest feeling, while your rapt sight rested entranced upon her every motion, and your head was dizzy with excess of loveliness, and your full soul throbbed in your bounding pulses, as you followed the object of your idolatry. The eye, which beamed upon you with insufferable light, the brightness of whose glance was your life, and which, when it fell upon you, thrilled through blood and bone. The hand, whose light and fairy touch could bind you more strongly than that of a giant, and whose gentle pressure was more to you than all the world beside; the fair, calm brow, on whose polished surface heaven had set the impress of its own purity and innocence. Does memory recall such a being? Such, but more spiritually beautiful, was Maria Edwards. Such she was, worthy to be daughter, sister, bride, of the men of olden times. She was indeed qualified to rouse the sleeping spirit of chivalry into action — into deep, firm, and unchanging devotedness to the cause of truth and principle. Startled from a prophetic reverie of the future independence of her country, by the rude clamor and clash of steel without, she at once comprehended the horror of her situation. Her father, her idolized father, had long been the object of suspicion to the invaders, and nothing but the danger of sending a detachment into the neighborhood of the mountain fastnesses, had prevented him from being long since a prisoner; but now, after the defeat of Sumpter, at Hanging Rock, they deemed the spirit of the country broken. Now the hour of peril was come, and that fair girl braced herself to do and dare. The rich color passed from her face, but resolution enthroned itself on that high, pale brow. She descended calmly to the room where her parents were, and found her mother, with more of woman in her composition, clinging in wild terror to the arms of her husband. Fear knew no place in Mr. Edwards's mind, but the sight of his weeping and fainting wife, as she hung upon him in despair, well nigh unmanned him.

Maria gently unclasped her mother's hand, and twining her own fond arms around her, whispered, 'Mother, if you love my father, let him prepare himself for this emergency.' She felt the appeal, and with a violent effort, subduing her emotion, permitted him to leave the room, though her tearful and straining eyes followed his retreating form with an ardent gaze. Mr. Edwards turned, as he reached the door, for one more look, and for a moment stood irresolute; but the violent knocking without, roused him into action. As he turned away, the clear, calm voice of his daughter thrilled on his ear: 'Remember, my father, you have a name, a country, and a God!' 'I do, I will!' was his energetic reply, as he ordered the servant to open the door, which now rang with redoubled blows.

It opened, and the venerable form and silver hair of the old man stood in strong contrast with the inflamed features and violent gestures of the officer who commanded the party. Violent and ruthless as he was, he retreated with involuntary respect; but soon recovering his roughness of manner, he demanded why an officer of the king was forced to stand so long before the door of his subject.

'I thank heaven, Sir,' said Mr. Edwards, 'that *your* King has few subjects here, and among those few, you are much mistaken if you

number me. You are the first, Sir, who has ever had occasion to impeach the hospitality of my house; the first whom I could not heartily bid welcome.'

'T is very well, Sir,' replied Captain G — , 'but, by Heaven! I carry with me the means of making myself at home, and scorn to accept as a favor the forced hospitality of a hoary and ungrateful traitor, when I can command it as my due. As long as rebellion finds a place in this land, I am at free quarters. You, Sir, and your treasonable practices, are well known; and you will prepare yourself to accompany me, within this hour, to meet the doom of a traitor.'

'Show me your warrant, even from your illegal authorities, if indeed you cover your violence under the pretence of law.'

'Here is one warrant,' said the officer, touching his sword, 'and there are fifty more without, if you wish to see them.'

'A most convincing authority, Sir, and one which, as I cannot resist, I must yield to. A few minutes to prepare, and then —'

'Well, Sir, yourself and family must be ready within an hour. Collins, let the men dismount, and take care of their horses; and hark ye, put careful fellows round the house, and see if you can get any of the dark skins to join you. Promise freedom, you know, and all that; and when we get to head quarters, we will see about a shipment to Jamaica. Do you hear me, Sir?'

'Yes, please your honor,' said the orderly; 'but we have tried the niggers every way, and they won't join; they say they'd rather stay in their servitude.'

And such was the fact. To the slaves of the southern states, the British, as a master-stroke of policy, offered their freedom. Many accepted it, joined the army, and were regularly 'divisioned' off to the West Indies, there, in the sugar plantations, to find their boasted liberty. But by far the greater number preferred their old and kind masters, and stood by them to the last. Such were the negroes on Mr. Edwards's estate, many of whom would have given their lives freely for their master, and their adored 'young missis.'

When Mr. Edwards communicated to his wife and daughter the order for their immediate departure, the one received it with tearful resignation and joy, that in weal or wo they were not to be divided, the other, with a high determination to let nothing pass which gave hope of relief. Suddenly it burst upon her mind that Sumpter could not be far off, though of late he had been concealed, she knew not where. She determined to communicate with him, well knowing that his acquaintance with the country would enable him to intercept the troop, ere they could return to camp.

In order to effect her purpose, she called Juba, her father's known and trusty servant, who had watched over her brother's boyish footsteps, and was heart and soul devoted to the family. To him she unfolded the necessity of immediate communication with her brother, and leaving it to his ingenuity to devise a way of escape, hastened him on his journey. The poor fellow had come into the room with deep sorrow depicted on his swarthy lineaments; but as his mistress sketched her plan, and showed him how much she depended on his shrewdness and faithful attachment, his dark face rapidly changed to a joyous and happy expression, and the tears rolled down,

as he vowed never to cease his exertions till his master's family were once more safe.

His first attempt to glide off unperceived, was frustrated by the sentinels, who, with presented arms, bade him stand back. He then returned to the house, and taking on his head a large water-bucket, proceeded, carelessly whistling, to a spring on the edge of the cleared land. It was situated near the crest of a small hill, which, though open and cleared upon one side, was upon the other covered with forest, interlaced with the thousand wild vines and thick bushes which form the undergrowth of our woods. Here, too, a sentinel had been placed, and our friend Juba advanced dancing up the ascent, swaying his body to preserve his equilibrium. The sharp challenge of the sentry, enforced by the rattle of his musket, as it was thrown up to his shoulder, warned him to stand.

Ki ! massa ; dont shoot poor nigger, Sà ;' and he recoiled in well-acted fear. The soldier, laughing at the effect of his order, called to him : ' Well, my dark beauty, what are you at now ? You can't pass here.'

' No, Sà ; on'y want lilly water, Sà, for the buckra won't drink none, Sà, but from dis 'ere spring ?'

' Oh, well, if that's all, come, and fill your tub, there ; and be quick, d' ye hear ?'

Juba soon filled his tub, and apparently struggled to lift it, but failing to do so, applied very respectfully to the good-natured soldier to help him. This he readily consented to do ; and holding his fire-lock in one hand, and grasping the handle of the tub with the other, raised it to the height of his shoulder. This was what the wily Juba wanted ; and rapidly turning the whole contents over the dragon, he saluted him with the bottom of the tub upon his head, with such force as to drive out the boards, and leave the hoops and staves dangling round his neck, a new order of merit ; and then gaining the woods, by a succession of rapid bounds, he sped away with the quick and light steps of the mountain deer. The soldier, who was somewhat staggered by the blow, rapidly recovering his carbine and presence of mind, pulled trigger on him 'before he reached the covert. But the powder, thoroughly wotted, refused to ignite ; and before he could re-prime, Juba was far out of reach and sight. ' Well,' said the Englishman, ' here 's a pretty go ! I may as well fire, though, and when the guard comes out, make the best of my story. The cursed cucumber-shinned rascal ! How his bandy legs twinkled, as he ran !'

Upon the discharge of his piece, he was immediately relieved, and conducted to the captain, who, after many an oath, ordered to sound to horse instantly, and make the best of their way back. The prisoners were placed in the centre, the files formed, and at a rapid trot they entered on the long, rough, and mazy road by which they came. To one alive to the beauty of forest and mountain scenery, every part was in the highest degree interesting. Here, they passed along the side of the mountain, bearded and rough with pine and cedar ; there, in the deep declivity, welled calmly out the clear and peaceful stream, which, after its tossing and troubled course down its rocky bed, seemed glad to be at rest. The sighing of the wind

among the tree tops, and the indescribable murmur which proceeds from a deep forest, even when the winds are at peace, grew more full and loud, as the wild breeze increased, waving aside the lofty and matted branches, and startling the sombre retreats of the dark woods with rare glimpses of sunshine. Now and then the antlered deer bounded from the thicket, and clearing the road with high and curving leap, noiselessly glanced away on the mountain side; or the black snake, the racer of his tribe, roused from his basking in the sun, rapidly wound his way among the dry and rustling leaves, his brilliant eye flashing and beaming in his swift and tortuous course. Here the creeper of the southern woods, having mastered, in its parasitic grasp, some tall and stately tree, flung out its crimson, trumpet-shaped flowers, and fantastic drapery, across the rough path. All was hushed in noon-day silence, save the occasional note of the mocking-bird in the wild jessamine, or the harsh cream of the lordly and lonely eagle, as he circled, on broad vans, high in the quiet air.

The party had just descended into one of the verdant dells which issued from the mountain side, and the leading files gradually mounted the ascent. The officer in advance turned in his saddle, raised his arm, and was about to speak, when the sharp crack of a rifle rang upon the silence. He struggled a moment to retain his seat, but vainly, and fell to the earth, with a deep groan. His followers fell back, and watched in anxiety the spot from which the report had come. Captain G — , who by no means wanted courage, instantly ordered them to unsling their carbines, and fire upon the first suspicious movement. Some seconds passed by in perfect stillness, when a slight rustling in the brushwood drew the attention of the troopers; but ere they could come to a 'present,' again, from the top of the bank, streamed the deadly shot of the backwoods rifle; and as the slight smoke cleared away, the vacant saddles and bloody forms below, told of their dreadful accuracy of aim.

'First and second files! to the front! charge!' shouted the captain. 'On them, my boys! Give them your carbines, and then cold steel!'

The brave fellows dashed forward, under cover of their own fire, and spurred for a close encounter, knowing well that their only hope was to dislodge their half-armed antagonists. But of the bold and brave men who rushed up that trifling ascent, how few reached the top! The deadly aim, and rapid and continuous discharge of the countrymen, presented an insurmountable obstacle.

They recoiled once more, in confusion and dismay. Again and again their undaunted captain brought them to the charge, and with a last desperate effort, he and some of his bravest attained the top, though with terrible loss. Then the wild faces and rough hunting-shirts of the backwoodsmen appeared, as with heavy rifles, clenched in their sun-burnt and sinewy hands, they rushed with a loud shout to the close. The broad-swords of the troopers flashed over their heads, and descended with full sway, only to shiver on the solid breech of the rifle. One by one they fell, struck down by blows which no skill could parry, and the captain himself, with blade shivered to the hilt, only escaped to his rear-guard, close followed by the exulting mountaineers.

'Stand firm, my lads!' said he; 'I know how to keep off their cursed bullets.' So saying, he seized Miss Edwards, and placing her on the saddle before him, called to his men to retreat as fast as possible, and keep him between them and the enemy; and thus reining back his managed steed upon the narrow path, and with pistol pointed at the fair girl's head, he shouted, with loud and scornful tone: 'Now, dogs, one step nearer, one bullet more, and this ball passes through her brain.' 'Fire, for heaven and your country's sake!' shrieked the noble girl; 'rid the world of this miscreant, though I perish with him!'

Many an arm which might have matched that of Hercules, trembled and quivered like an infant's; many an eye, which could mark down the squirrel from the loftiest pine, was dimmed and dazzled by unwonted emotion. Often was the unfailing rifle raised, but with slow and tremulous hand, which precluded any certainty of aim; for the most daring marksman felt a dread lest his ball might, by some slight deviation, lodge in the bosom of that fair maiden.

Deep was the gloom and anguish on the brows of the countrymen, as the stern Englishman, laughing in scorn, slowly retreated toward the mouth of the defile. He well knew, that if once clear of the woods, he would have little to fear, as a few hours' hard riding would put him out of reach. To this was added a feeling of revenge, in bearing away that fair prize; for her elevated beauty had raised a deep passion in his licentious bosom; and he resolved that nothing but death should make him resign her. Full of these wild and varying emotions, triumph, revenge, and love, alternately raging in his bosom, he proudly looked defiance on his baffled enemies, as his well-managed steed stepped slowly back to the entrance of the dell. He had now nearly attained the open and clear glade, and was already enjoying in anticipation the security won by his daring attempt, when he was most disagreeably interrupted by a sudden jerk, and felt himself falling from his saddle, his arms close pinioned in a powerful grasp.

It was our faithful friend Juba, who, when he perceived the purpose of the Englishman to interpose his young mistress as a shield between the parties, stood for a moment aghast at the attempt: then turning to his young master, who was looking on in despair, he exclaimed:

'Ki! he t'ink he tote off young missee so! Please God, he *don't* d'ough!' And bounding into the brush, on the side of the mountain, he passed rapidly, and unperceived by the retreating troopers, and ascending a large and spreading oak, whose huge branches overhung the road, he ensconced himself directly over the path, and crouching like the catamount, waited his opportunity. The dragoons passed at a rapid pace, and as they attained the open ground, halted at some distance, to await their officer. He came slowly on, his proud lip curled with scorn; when, as he passed under the low limb, Juba dropped upon the crupper of his horse, and grasping his wrists with the energy of intense passion, they both rolled over to the ground, the pistol going off in the fall. The dragoons, on seeing their officer fall, rushed forward to liberate him, while the mountaineers dashed onward to the rescue of the fair girl, led by her

fiery-footed brother. She, in the mean time, faint and dizzy-headed, extricated herself from the horse, and staggering to the side of the road, was relieved by insensibility from the horrors of the new combat.

One of the troopers, perceiving her situation, rushed suddenly forward, at full speed, to consummate a life of villany by the deep guilt of her murder. He careered rapidly on, and there was every prospect that he would complete his fiendish purpose, before the woodsmen could come up. But his doom was sealed. One who had watched her budding infancy, was there; and as his steel waved in the air, and his arm was raised to strike the fatal blow, the ball which never missed its mark, passed through his heart!

The dragoons, unwilling to abide that storm of fire, and hopeless of success, fled. Still the English captain and Juba rolled upon the earth, in deadly contest, till at last the Englishman, with a desperate exertion of his great strength, shook off the grasp of the black, and rose to his knees. Juba, well-skilled in ground-fighting, instantly caught him by the collar, and suddenly drawing up his knees to his bosom, as he lay upon his back, and placing his feet upon the Briton's breast, with a violent exertion, sent him whirling over the edge of the precipice which bordered the road.

The black bounded upon his feet, and with a loud shout of triumph, watched the rapid descent of his antagonist. Helpless, and stunned with the violence of his fall, the body of the Englishman rolled over rock, and through the thin bushes, the rapidity of the descent momentarily increasing, till at last he soused into a bed of the blackest and softest mud on the edge of the mountain stream. There Juba left him, and turned to his adored mistress, whom he found insensible in the arms of her brother. In inarticulate and trembling grief, the poor fellow watched the slow return of life; and many a swarthy face worked with emotion, when they heard his joyful exclamation, as the blood returned to her cheek, and her eyes opened on her father, mother, and brother.

'Are we then safe? Am I indeed once more in your arms, my dear parents? Oh, it was a fearful vision!' murmured the poor girl.

'You are safe, my own dear sister!' said her brother; 'and that you are so, you must thank Juba.'

'It is to you, then, my good Juba,' said her father, 'that we all owe so much. Come here, not to your master, for you are free, but to your friend.'

Juba approached, and kneeling before his former owners, murmured in broken voice, that he did not wish to be free, if he could not stay with his master and mistress.

'You shall, Juba; we all owe you too much, ever to part with you. But where is your captain?'

'He gone rollin' down, head-ober-heel, till he 'tick in de branch. Ki! he black now as eber was a nigger; and he fine red coat an't much ob it lef.'

Several of the woodsmen descended, and fished the poor officer out of the mud, though not, perhaps, in the most gentle manner; and having restored him to his senses, by a copious ablution 'is

flumine vivo, they left him under guard, to digest his rage and mortification as best he might.

An opportunity of exchange soon occurring, he returned to his chief; and there was no name more dreaded and hated, except that of Tarleton himself, in the latter part of the war, until his career of violence was cut short, with that of many of his comrades, by Morgan's mounted riflemen, at the battle of the Cowpens. The younger Edwards returned with his brave associates, and after the war, the family circle once more united, enjoyed that happiness, the universal fruit of peril and danger firmly met and gallantly overcome.

Our friend Juba flourished for many a long year, in undiminished warm-heartedness to the last; and when time had powdered his head, and deadened the ebony lustre of his hue, he would tell of the perils of his youth, among which the above made no small figure.

Maria Edwards, the beautiful and true-hearted, met with one who appreciated her; and the bliss of a long life was enhanced by the recollections of her early sufferings in the backwoods. A. H.

THE SOUL.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our car shall roll;
The temple of the power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it — though the flesh is weak, I feel
The spirit has its energies untamed
By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal
The wounds which it has suffered; folly claimed
Too large a portion of its youth; ashamed
Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
Elijah, when the chariot rushing by,
Bore him, with steeds of fire, triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled,
The spirit, whose strong influence can free
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,
Cold night of moral darkness; from the bed
Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,
And kindling in the blaze around him shed,
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,
And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep
And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then
The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life, and energy, and light, again;
We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,
Ere we for ever leave the haunts of men;
Even at the parting hour, the soul will wake,
Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey take.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

RELIGIOUS CHARLATANRY.

NUMBER TWO.

It cannot be denied, that the congregational independency of New-England, established by her puritan ancestry, has run a race of some steadiness. The moral imprint of the pilgrim fathers was too deep, not to last long, and their institutions too well devised, to be easily disturbed. But look to the Unitarian defection, of which her great metropolis is the centre, and the first foot-marks of the banished immigrants the strongest hold! Look to Harvard University, founded in the faith, nurtured by the prayers, and endowed by the money, of the pilgrims, and of their descendants, now transferred to another and far different faith. We allude to this change, as historians simply, and not as theological censors. Look to the whole community, originally organized as a religious society, on the basis of a theory, that its religious character should be abiding, and its religious authority supreme, and lo! its religious establishment has long since been thrown to the winds, and all religious organizations become secondary and dependant; viewed with jealousy, and denied all participation in affairs of state! Look at her theology, originally Calvinistic of the highest school, and behold the gradations through which it has passed! Unitarianism has taken her original and strongest posts; the Edwardian metaphysical school has had its day; Hopkinsianism is out of date; and at this moment, a system y'clept *New Divinity* is in full rage! We stay not to tell of the Taste and Exercise scheme, and others already forgotten; or to mark the career of Wesleyanism, Free-will-ism, and nameless et ceteras. Her primitive catechisms, alas! where are they?—and in what account are they held? Look at her pastors, originally as gods in the land, trampled under foot by a new régime of itinerating society-agents, whose will is law, and whom to oppose is sedition and undoing!

Neither can it be denied, that Presbyterianism has had some character and force. We should almost as soon have believed, had we been flourishing some fifty years ago, that Ben Nevis, or Ben Lomond, or Salisbury-Crag, or Arthur's Seat, or any other rock of Scotland, in highland or low, would have turned to sand, and been blown away by the winds, or melted down into mud, mingling with the lochs, or dissolving into snow, or evaporated into clouds, as that the religion of John Knox should have yielded to circumstances, and been modified. But 'time and chance happeneth to all,' and to every thing. Puritanism hath yielded; and why, philosophically speaking, should not its cognate Presbyterianism? Wonderful to relate, the alphabetical symbols of the title-page of her Confession of Faith and Directory seem to be dancing in the eye, and menaced with some new combination; and the original imprint is already gone. The body of the Presbyterian Church of the United States is transformed into another body. The tide of innovation rolls onward irresistibly. The wheels of the chariot of reform spins to the eye and ear like the top that has just been sprung from the fin-

gers of the watchful little urchin ; or buzz invisible, like the round tire of the spinster, as she draws out the forming thread from between her thumb and first digit, conscious of her powers, and dancing to and fro with the airs of a sprite. A machinery is in motion, before which apparently the Presbyterian Church can no longer stand, except by the secession of a minority, and the loss of her Seminaries and endowments. The '*Sauve qui peut !*' has not yet in fact come to our ears ; and it is barely possible that the retreat of a fragment of her hosts may yet be conducted with some appearance of order. As a matter of fact, Congregationalism, in its modified condition, and pregnant with enterprise and change, hath stolen into her ranks, seized her flag, and now commands her legions. It may not be quite fair ; nevertheless, triumphant invasion, like successful insurrection, may laugh at such moral casuistry, and go on its way rejoicing. We have nothing to do with these facts, except as they bear on our present design of showing how the elements of change have been operating among us, in what forms they are developed, and to indicate their probable origin.*

The Episcopal Church of the United States, as is well known, is a fragment of the Church of England — has adopted in substance the liturgy and discipline of her parent, maintains her consistency by attachment to these forms, and bids fair to go on without change under an ecclesiastical polity adapted to the state of society in this country.

Of Wesleyanism, we have little to say, except in compliment of its tolerable consistency. No hierarchy has ever been formed on earth, at least in Christendom, of a more unlimited power of control. And so long as they come down and adapt themselves to popular impulses, they may do well. Mankind will never rebel against government, however concentrated and energetic its constitutional powers, so long as it humors, and never crosses, their prejudices. We mean no disrespect by the comparison ; but we suppose it will hardly be denied, that Methodism began, and has principally been supported, by aggressive movements on territories previously occupied, though not perhaps sufficiently well improved, by other Christian sects ; and a close and rigorous discipline is indispensable to the enterprises of invaders. Like as it happens to all conquerors, who seem likely to maintain their ground, for the sake of peace, the world has accorded to them the dominion they have acquired. The fact that Methodism is Methodism still, in the midst of the turmoil of revolution that is going on in our religious world, and that its former characteristic wildness rather subsides into the airs of sobriety, while the confusion of fanaticism rages in other ranks, where the boast of comparative order was once cried as a badge of honor, would seem to demonstrate, that the great and fundamental principle of government which the Methodists have built upon, hath a conservative power in it worthy to command respect.

The Baptists are a thoroughly radical denomination, with the exception of the one great principle that binds them together. That

* Since the above paragraph was penned, the Presbyterian Church has actually come to a violent schism.

is forever conservative in the direction of its own single aim, which is supported by a plausible argument in the lower regions of mind; and until the mass of mankind shall have become sufficiently enlightened to escape from the dominion of one idea, it is likely to have considerable influence. Bating this element, no class of Christians are more susceptible of being driven to and fro by the shifting blasts of fanaticism, and none have enacted wilder parts throughout our borders. A ministry they have, in fact, because it is necessary; but they repudiate the principle of such an order descending by ministerial appointment in their own line, and by their own sole ordination. In principle, if we rightly understand them, every member of their society is on the same level.

We might characterize other minor religious bodies that have enacted their parts in our land, and had some influence. But these to which we have glanced, are *gentes majores* among our sectarian clans; not, however, to speak disrespectfully, but merely to indulge in some variety and sport of figure. These, it will be granted, have taken the lead in those religious enterprises which have recently signalized our history, and among these the descendants of the puritans have not been the least distinguished.

If there be any truth and faithfulness in the portraiture of puritanical character, drawn in the review of Milton's posthumous writings, in the Edinburgh Review, some few years ago, it would appear, that a belief in the marvellous was one of its prominent traits. The faith of a puritan always had power to call to its aid celestial agencies; and that which goes deeply into the belief of enthusiastic religionists, is likely to come to pass in some manner to satisfy their dreams and visions. If they believe in witches, they will have them; in ghosts, they will muster in throngs; and their existence will be so well attested, that incredulity itself must yield to the verdict. The faculty of high and mysterious communion with heaven, might be set down as one of the definitions of the genius of puritanism. So was it in the mother country; so was it in New-England. Cotton Mather's writings are a conscientious record of facts; of facts, the existence of which the reverend author never entertained a doubt, and which was the creed of the time.

We may add, there was a spice of the faith of miracles in the puritanical creed; miracles in the natural and moral world. Was not a generation that could swallow such marvellous accounts as Cotton Mather's and the like, easy of faith?

And it should be borne in mind, that this disposition was an all-powerful element of the moral world in that age; that it naturally descended from father to son; and that ages must necessarily pass away, under any modifying causes whatever, before it could be entirely effaced. New-England, and some other parts of our country, had long reposed under the shadow of this great tree. Its fruit dropped into their lap, and they lived on it.

Neither is it any less notable, that this character has been principally developed in the religious form. The civil right of religious liberty was, indeed, the original element of strife, which stirred up the action of religion in extravagant modes. But religion was the ruling passion. It was religion that brought the puritan emigrants

to this country ; religion was the basis and soul of their empire ; religion was in all their thoughts, and feelings, and plans. But it was a religion of their own order ; a religion with their own characteristic peculiarities ; a religion asserting what might be called a rampant freedom ; a religion paying great respect to the dreams of enthusiasts ; which had learned to trample on authority civil and ecclesiastical, and which, ever after, could ill brook control of any description.

It was also a religion of enthusiastic expectation. Based on the marvellous, infused with the marvellous, it could be satisfied with nothing but the marvellous. Impatient of being controlled, it was equally impatient to use control. Like the abolitionists of this hour, it distilled principles up to the highest possible proofs of the art, and then swallowed and administered them, to turn men's brains. 'Slavery is wrong,' say these more modern theorists ; 'therefore, be it enacted, there shall be no more slavery from this moment.' 'Christianity is designed to bring in the millenium ; therefore,' reasoned the puritan fathers, 'we will have it forthwith. We will set up society, in this new world, on this model.' The theory was, as we suppose, that a code-millennial would bring about the millenium. Certain it is, that the fathers of New-England attempted, by statutory provisions, to enact a religious and perfect state of society. They, doubtless, believed it could be done. Confident of the correctness of the theory, the failure was, probably, regarded as a mistake, or some defect in the mode of its application ; or, as owing to some adverse influences ; for, from that day to this, there has been prevalent, by fits, a sort of religious epidemic, more or less extensive, in our community, developing symptoms of a like faith, that it is possible, by a single stage, to pass from all our imperfections to perfection ; and from the immediate conversion of our own country, to the immediate conversion of all the world. In no part of the world, and in no age, has there been so much abortive and disastrous scheming for moral reform, and religious enterprise, as among us. The original theory of a politico-religious state of society, undertaken by the fathers of New-England, as we need not say, was necessarily abandoned at an early period. A brief experiment proved it to be impracticable. But this leaven of undefined and enthusiastic expectation has ever been at work. It has appeared, in various forms, in almost every religious sect known in the country, older or younger, larger or smaller.

In the revivals of the time of Jonathan Edwards, and onward, it was confidently believed that the millenium had dawned. The deep religious feeling of the time was every where pervaded by this sentiment — an innocent state of mind, indeed, and very romantic. It was the natural fruit of the stock which had borne and matured it. Good as was the tree, in the main, these faulty excrescences were constantly shooting forth. The sap was deeply infused with a diseased virus, and the roots were planted in a not uncongenial soil. And the worst of it was, that the culture, for the most part, kept in check the better qualities, and nourished the more vicious. As much reverence as we have been taught, and accustomed to feel, for the name, character, and talents of Jonathan Edwards, it can hardly be

denied, that he was greatly influenced by the peculiar atmosphere of his time. 'Would to God,' many, doubtless, will say, 'that the theologians of our day had more of his spirit!' To which we cordially say, 'Amen!' Were not the Tennents enthusiasts? And with all the eloquence of Whitfield, had he not many of the qualities of a ranter? Admitting that he gave an impulse to the religious action of the age, what has been the subsidence? In England we have the two hives of the Tottenham Court and Moorfields Chapels, not very productive of honey. The Lady Huntington Connection scarcely subsists by a semi-conformity to the Church of England. In this country, the vehemence of its career left behind it such fruits, and developed itself in such forms, as the Davenport faction. Doubtless there may be a different opinion as to this connection, as cause and effect; but with us it seems to be legitimate. Had Whitfield been as skilful a tactician as Wesley, and organized his corps, he might have left the field in a better plight. But the effect of his career was, to set things loose, with no abiding power to regulate them. Separatism, disorder, and devastation, were the natural consequence. That Whitfield did good, who will deny? That his mode of operation was a germ of evil, is scarcely less evident. To balance these influences, and estimate the difference, is a nicer task than we can presume to undertake. This much, however, we will venture to say: that no calculation can determine this question, which does not weigh well the importance of order to the welfare of society, in the long run. The time, we believe, has come, even in our country, when this item of moral arithmetic is getting to be appreciated.

Come we, then, after so long a discussion, to the more astounding facts of our recent religious history. If, indeed, it should be thought or said, there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has dreamed of; though doubtless some will account us as having made good search, and perhaps will accuse us of too much philosophy; or, if they who may feel any urgent reasons for rejecting our conclusions, shall aver, that we have labored in vain to establish a connection where no connection exists, which we partly opine may happen, not so much from a consciousness of weakness in our argument, as for the anticipated convenience of our adversaries; we nevertheless think, that all concerned will agree in the necessity of philosophizing a little on the phenomena subjected to our consideration. There must be a cause for these great and impressive developments; and the cause lies deep in the past. Human society, in the aggregate, never comes to such results, independent of antecedent stages and influences, that are competent to produce them; and at no time can they be so distinctly traced, as when the long line of events which has at last brought on a crisis, is laid under the eye of the observer, and is capable of being calmly examined.

We pause, then, in this place, to ask: 'What is the more prominent and distinctive religious symptomatic feature of our age and country?' If we may credit the press, in all its disclosures, we are strongly inclined to the conviction, that all the sober men in our religious world, of all sects, will agree in the verdict, that it is a something, which can be defined by no single and comprehensive term so well as that of *Charlatany*. The science of history seems to have

been discarded, and all professional advice growing out of it in a great measure has gone into contempt. A regular education, based on the experience of ages, is supplanted by schools of quackery, of mushroom growth, each propounding its own specific for the cure of all the social and moral evils that have visited, and which are now afflicting, mankind.

We mean not to quarrel with the advocates and promoters of revivals, the more sober and more reasonable class of which is to be found in our history; nor to deny that there is a philosophy in the theory of them, when properly chastened and regulated, which can be vindicated by scripture, and the social character of man. But who does not know, that this theory has been over-worked in the application, and produced the most disastrous results? Because some apparent good had come out of public religious awakenings, it was very natural for ardent religionists, ministers, and laymen, to desire them more frequently and extensively. Hence the inquiry into their causes, or immediate occasions; and hence the gradual formation and application of a theory, as the means of producing them. The same disposition which began to theorize, continued to theorize; and as the common proverb hath it, 'Practice makes perfect,' so in this matter, practice has at least altered the theory, and continued to alter it in every hand that took it up. Some twenty years ago, or less, as is very well known, the great and leading revivalist of the day theorized so minutely, not to say extravagantly, as to be scrupulously exact in the selection of time and circumstance for his operations; in the kind of room; preferring any other rather than a church; any place rather than a pulpit; in the arrangement of seats, in the grouping of his hearers, in the position and number of lights, etc., etc. The physical-mechanical was as much a study as the mechanical-moral. Like the lawyer who could not pursue his argument without the thread which he had been accustomed to have on his finger, no more could this revivalist operate with effect, independent of his own peculiar machinery. When this came to be generally understood, the charm of it vanished with the discovery. The power of this genius consisted in the art of insinuation — we mean not in the bad sense — but in coming at the mind and affections in a still and quiet way, by the action of an unperceived machinery, in connection with Bible truth. It is to be observed, that the theory then prevalent among the great body of those who sympathized with these transactions, was, that this was the way to subdue and convert the world; that every thing else should yield to, and fall in with, this. It was a religious catholicon. For a considerable time the most stirring portions of our religious world were under this species of influence. It was a particular and new form of revivals; and we know not why it should have been distinguished from that which immediately succeeded, by calling the latter a system of 'new measures,' except as one differed from the other. Both, certainly, were new, and both prescribed one capital and fundamental principle — 'the anxious seat.'

But another genius soon after arose, of a very different order; a mighty mind of the giant race; a Boanerges — a very 'son of thunder;' the blaze of whose career eclipsed the twinkling light of his

predecessor, and the noise of whose artillery silenced all former noises of the same denomination. 'He went not up to Jerusalem to those who were apostles before him;' but he 'went down into Arabia.' None can boast of having been his teachers. His genealogy is not reckoned. He was a priest of his own order, of his own making, and after his own model.

The system of more gentle measures had begun to decline and to lose its force; the arts of the machinery were getting to be understood. Something more startling and more astounding was demanded for the exigencies of the time :

— 'That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old night.'

Now we solemnly protest, that we intend to subject no being, or beings, to the disadvantage of this comparison. By the whisperings of some spirit, good or evil, it came buzzing in our ear just as the previous sentence of sober prose was finished. Or rather, it was a contiguous phrase, which first intruded on our attention, and which readeth as follows :

'All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving. With them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx,' etc.

Nay, far be it from us so much to depreciate that individual, and the hosts which rose so soon at his bidding. Yet it cannot be denied, that, setting aside the place where this other scene was laid, and the class of beings engaged in it, there is some striking likeness between the two. In either case, there was a tremendous show of fight. Never, probably, were so many sinners driven from the error of their ways in so short a time, by mere dint of the impression of terror on their nerves. It is to be hoped they will stay driven; though we confess we want confidence in conversions effected in this rude way. Honestly, most conscientiously, we do not think it good for society, or for the church of God, in the long run, but positively bad. It cannot be long endured, before men see through it all, and the reaction is sure, great, and fearful.

Thenceforward, after the introduction of these 'new measures,' very extraordinary indeed, the old way could no longer prosper. A new taste was formed, and forming, in the public mind. The appetite for excitement, which had been over-fed, became diseased, and its cravings unnatural. The theory of revivals had been greatly extended, or pushed to an extreme, which we hardly know how to describe; and the application of it overran the country in this new form. The religious pastors of the land, who have not been sent adrift by this flood, have maintained their ground with no little dif-

ficulty and peril. Through a very great portion of the leading sects this spirit has been rife; and probably not a single society could be found, that has not some sympathy with it.

As might have been expected, the end was not yet. Such an impetus of change must be followed with change. Although a prophecy of the stage we have just had under consideration, if it had been uttered ten years before it came upon us, as destined so soon, or ever, to transpire, would have been regarded as the effusion of a madman's brain, and utterly incredible, yet it speedily became stale; and the appetite which it created palled for something still more extravagant and outrageous. And lo! another genius appeared, out-Heroding Herod! The last extravagance assumed the aspect of sobriety in such comparison; and the very man who had introduced the former, if we have been rightly informed, and which we can easily believe, was shocked at the anomalies of the latter! Certainly the two great apostles have never worked in company, but have seemed to be looking at each other rather awry, as they have swept to and fro over the wide range of their several itinerancies. Not to follow the last, in the long and devious line of his labors, and over the far-reaching scope of his influence, the whole of which exhibits one uniform scene of devastation, as to all we are accustomed to regard most desirable and hopeful in religious society, it is enough that we point to the public enactments of Chatham-street Chapel, New-York, from day to day, and from week to week, in the winter and spring of 1837. Verily, if it be possible to render religion and all its sacred things more ridiculous; more the laughing stock of the vulgar and profane; more the contempt and scorn of infidelity, itself sowing and nourishing infidelity, it can only be some other equally unexpected and inconceivable development of the same class, which, if it must come, we pray heaven may be the last curse and blighting of our religious prospects.

Both these methods of procedure, which indeed are of the same class, differing only in degree, have been cried over the land by their leaders and advocates, who are not a few, as the way, and the only way, to convert the world. They are two other species of the religious charlatany of our age and country.

God send prosperity to the Missionary cause, and establish it on the foundation of Christ and his Apostles! It is a part of our creed, that the Church of Christ is, *ex se*, a missionary institution; that this character is a radical and essential element of its organization; that it is a fundamental law; and that the appropriate motto of her banner is, 'Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' And it is no ungrateful thought, that at least one branch of the Christian Church of this country, has, by her own public and solemn acts, recognised this principle. We believe, moreover, that the missionary character of the Church, under the divine commission, is so comprehensive as to embrace every mode of action in the world for moral and religious reform, which is in any case a duty to undertake, at home or abroad, on the land or on the sea. The Church knows no home but heaven, and has no narrower field of earthly enterprise than the world. The only question of duty, at any given time, is:

'Where, by what means, in what forms, and by what measures, in specific directions, she can most economically distribute her efforts for the speediest attainment of the grand and ultimate designs of christianity?' What we call 'home,' in the narrowness of our feelings, is nothing to her, except that she commands and nourishes all the virtues that are appropriate to our limited capacities. Thus much for the declaration of our theory of the missionary work; and the deduction is obvious, that it belongs to the Church to supervise it in all its forms.

But the arrant religious propensity of our time and country, has seemed to us to be characterized by running races in this, that, and the other specific direction, just as the impulse may be given by some mountebank, or some obscure coterie of mountebanks, who may happen to have taken the start, and raised the cry of 'Onward!' And for the time being, the whole troop in the chase are on the same hobby, are completely absorbed in the same object, and would have all the world believe that if this can be gained, all is gained; if lost, all is lost. If their watch-word were to be universally heeded, every other interest of the Church would be abandoned. At one time, and with one class, Foreign Missions are the hobby, and take the lead; at another time, and with another class, Home Missions enjoy a like preëminence; next, Bible Societies are every thing; at another time, Religious Tracts are going to save the world; Education Societies plead for their supremacy; then Temperance, and in its train, Tee-totalism; Sunday School Unions, too, must have their turn; next, Abolitionism turns men's brains, distracts the country, and shakes the social fabric; and though we might extend this list, indefinitely, we will just say, last not least, Moral Reform, technically so called, for decency's sake — the extravagance of all extravagances, the incredible of incredibles — seems to have more charms in proportion as it is more disgusting and abhorrent, and because, forsooth, it belongs to the class of things of which an apostle says, it is a shame to speak! None can deny that most of these, with others that might be named, are important objects for the combined action of the Church. Far be it from us to depreciate them. Our remonstrance lies against making any one, or any class of them, a hobby, to the detriment of others, as has been the fashion of the time.

And not only is there a propensity to run races of this kind, outstripping all propriety and reason, but the forms and principles of organization have often, if not generally, been no less the creatures of sudden and inconsiderate impulse. The result is, that the great and leading religious, and reforming enterprises of the country, claiming public patronage and support, are as effectually divorced from the Church, as the Church is from the State; as if the alliance were as dangerous, and the connection as unnatural. In their turn these particular forms become so much the objects of preference and idolatry, that the Church, as such, is thrown into the back ground, and forced to stand by, an idle spectator of the great work intrusted by her Divine Head to her guidance and control. Her powers and duties are usurped. A state of society has arisen, that would seem to be entirely at variance with the design of Christianity. It is the natural product of that spirit of innovation which is in part our

design to illustrate. It opens a door, and presents the strongest temptations — temptations which we think will prove irresistible — to make a trade of trickery on a scale commensurate with the influence that is acquired; and for the réenactment of many painful scenes, which have been a thousand times told in the history of the Church. Tricks are already apparent in the operation of this species of machinery; it is extensively based upon tricks; it could not last a year, nor go an inch, without them.

Who would have imagined, that the public mind of this country could be brought to endure, and extensively to patronize, as an engine of benevolence and Christian enterprise, such a loathsome and demoralizing institution as the Moral Reform Society? And yet their agents can go over the land, and form auxiliaries, particularly among the ladies! any where and every where. Pray tell us, if any body be so wise, what causes have been in operation to produce such a state of things. Let us not be ignorant, that these matters are connected with a general state of society, and grow out of it. Of this there can be no question. A scheme so gross, so offensive to decency, so absolutely vile, can be palmed upon the community, and baptized as immaculate! And so immaculate, that it can live and walk in the midst of pollution, without being defiled! As was to be expected, it has given birth to a new theory in morals, and now stands based and erect upon it, viz: that the way to be pure, is to give virtue the stern test of familiarity with impurity; that 'vice to be hated needs but to be seen,' keeping back the sequence of the poet, and jumping to the opposite conclusion, that the more it is seen, the better; that the most shocking features and horrid scenes of midnight debauchery can be exposed, without a veil, to the public eye, with impunity; that it ought to be a part of common and universal education; that the sexes can sit and talk together of these matters, without sin, and without peril! Let any one consult the weekly journal of this society, if we dare recommend such a task — for they have a journal, and apparently a prosperous one — and he will be astonished at its doctrines; at the confidence with which they are announced and defended; and at the reports of success coming in from all parts of the land. He will hear them affirm, that they only are radical reformers; that the fate of society depends on them; that they go to the bottom of corruption. That they go to the bottom, we believe; that they come out pure, is another question. That their specific is a cure-all, we happen to know is the common proclamation of all such charlatany.

The doings of this society are an instructive lesson. The disclosures which they are in the habit of making, operate as a temptation to the very crimes thus laid open to the public eye, and are likely to conduct multitudes to ruin, who never would have dreamed of such scenes, except as they have been brought to view by such unfortunate and guilty instrumentality. On this subject, certainly, ignorance is innocence; knowledge is death. The warm blood of youth, and the irradicable passions of our nature, cannot be addressed by these features of vice, without sympathy and peril. The only way of safety, is to keep such topics for ever out of mind; in diversion; in useful and innocent occupations.

S T A N Z A S .

I.

SICK of the crowd, the toil, the strife,
Sweet Nature, how I turn to thee !
Seeking for renovated life,
By brawling brook and shady tree.

II.

I knew thy rocks had spells of old,
To change the wanderer's wo to calm ;
And, in thy waters, clear and cold,
My heated brow would seek its balm.

III.

I bent beneath thy ancient oak,
I sought for slumber in its shade,
And, as the clouds above me broke,
I dream'd to win the boon I pray'd.

IV.

For light, a blessed light, was given,
Far streaming round me from above ;
And in the deep, deep vaults of heaven,
I saw a smile of peace and love.

V.

And through the long, long summer hours,
When every bird was on his wing,
I sought, among thy thousand flow'rs,
Renewal of life's secret spring ;

VI.

That sacred freshness of the heart,
That made youth's tide flow smooth and strong,
When, yet untaught by shame or art,
We feared no guile, and felt no wrong.

VII.

My soul grew young in early dreams,
And 'gainst the passing time I strove,
Most glad to yield all human schemes,
For one pure, boyish hour of love.

VIN.

And who but Nature's self could yield
The boon I sought, the prayer I made —
Throned in her realm of wood and field,
Of rocky realm and haunted shade ?

IX.

Who but that magic Queen, whose sway
Drives Winter from his path of strife ;
While all her thousand fingers play,
With bud and bird, in games of life ?

X.

To her I turn'd — yet turn'd in vain ;
A hopeless discontent I bear ;
I snap, at each remove, some chain,
Yet never snap the chain I wear !

XI.

Yet if the wizard be — whose pow'r
May set my heart and passions free,
And still restore youth's perish'd flow'r,
And hope's gay season — thou art she.*

XII.

A kindred life with these I ask —
Not beauty, not the scent we seek;
But in thy sunshine let me bask,
My heart as glowing as my cheek.

XIII.

An idle heart, that would not heed
The chiding voice of duty come,
To take the soul, new-nerved and freed,
Back to close task and gloomy room.

XIV.

Thou, Nature, that magician be!
Give me the old-time peace — the joy
That warmed my heart, and made me free,
A wild, but not a wayward boy.

XV.

And I will bless thee with a song,
As fond as hers — that idle bird —
That sings above me all day long,
As if she knew I watch'd and heard.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER FOUR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the flattering invitation from Mr. G —, (of the agreeable party I had the honor and pleasure of joining in the Highland tour,) business called me speedily to London, and I therefore took berth in the 'Caledonia' steamer, and reluctantly bade adieu to my hospitable friends, and to

'Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
With all her palaces and towers.'

The London steam-packets sail from New-Haven, one of the sea-ports of Edinburgh. They are very large, and are built and rigged like ships; with a fine dining-cabin on deck, *over* that of the berths. The fare from Edinburgh to London, (about five hundred miles by water,) is three pounds, meals included; and they make the passage in from forty-two to fifty hours. A good library in the cabin served to relieve the tediousness of the trip; and I found, on reference, that I had visited or passed over many of the scenes described in the Waverly Novels; and what a gallery of pictures do those works exhibit! They are too familiar, however, to need

* There is some confounding of the genders in this verse, the only defence of which is, possibly, that passage in Milton, who takes a similar license:

—— 'His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness,' etc.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

any reference. One of the principal charms of Scott's fictions, as has been often remarked, is the accuracy and truth to nature, both of his landscapes and his characters. He studied *scenery* and *localities*, in the course of his frequent excursions, as well as individual traits; and as he has himself told us, he had an original in his eye for most of his apparently imaginary portraits.

As we sail along the coast, we have a distant view of several remarkable places. Preston-Pans, where the chevalier and his highlanders routed the royal army, under Sir John Cope; Dunbar, and its castle; Dunglass Castle; Berwick-upon-Tweed, near the 'Border;' Lindisfame, or Holy Island, which figures in 'Marmion;' Flodden Field lies a few miles from the coast; and Alnwick and Warkworth Castles,

'Home of the Percy's high-born race,'

are but a few miles from the Border, on the English side. Carlisle and its famous castle, and Gretna-Green, are more in the interior. The finest small views of Scottish scenery may be found in 'Caledonia Illustrated,' now publishing, edited by Dr. Beattie.

On board our steam-ship, I was amused at the speculations of my neighbors at the table, respecting a person at the other end of it, whom they finally pronounced a yankee, from the sure evidence of his chewing tobacco. They never suspected me, it seems, for one of the barbarians, and looked rather blank, when I spoke to him as a fellow countryman. He was a pretty considerable thorough-bred down-easter; and it was not strange that John Bull detected him.

* * * We landed at the East India docks, five or six miles from St. Paul's, and considering myself pretty well informed in the law, and not easily to be cheated, I hired a hack, without saying a word as to the price, and had the pleasure of being forced to pay five times the lawful fare, because, forsooth, the law did not extend down the river, and moreover, it was a *glass coach*.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, which has existed since the year 886, comprises no less than twenty-one different colleges, each distinct and independent, with a president and faculty; but united in a sort of federal compact, and governed by a Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, the latter being the acting and responsible officer. The Duke of Wellington, as you well know, at present fills the Chancellor's chair. The college buildings are nearly all of the Tudor style of architecture, and most of them, indeed, were erected in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and of Elizabeth; and they bear now a stately and venerable aspect. They are in the quadrangular form, covering two or three acres, with a large area in the centre. Several of them front on High-street, which is considered one of the most imposing in Europe.

I had no letters to Oxford; and my kind reception by Mr. and Mrs. T —, with only a self-introduction, gave me a most favorable impression of English hospitality. They freely invited me to their house, and took pains to show me every thing of interest. On Sunday I attended their church, which boasts no little antiquity, having

been founded by Alfred the Great, in the eighth century. Its style of architecture is of course Anglo-Saxon.

In the afternoon, I went with Mr. T—— to the beautiful chapel of Magdalen college, to hear the *chanting*, which is performed by a choir of boys, in the most perfect and touching manner. It was much the most beautiful, and, as I thought, *appropriate*, church music I had ever heard. The effect can scarcely be imagined by one who has only heard the Episcopal chants in our churches. In this chapel is a painting by Carlo Dolce, valued at eleven thousand guineas! Addison was educated at Magdalen college; and his favorite walk, on the banks of the Isis, is yet called 'Addison's Walk.' Gibbon, whose stately style is so strongly in contrast with the classic ease and purity of the 'Spectator,' took his degree here, also. The 'crack' college, in size, wealth, the extent of its library, and gallery of paintings, and the aristocracy of its members, is *Christ Church*. Most of its graduates are sons of the nobility, and the higher classes; but yet it was in this college I was shown the room occupied by Dr. Johnson, who was certainly a plebeian, albeit an inveterate tory.

But I will not inflict on you a prosing account of this renowned University, or a catalogue of her sons; are they not all written in books? I must say a word or two, howbeit, of the two big *libraries*; for, as friend HARPER says, 'that is somewhat in my line.' The Radcliffe library is in a circular building, with a huge dome, and an elegant interior. It contains, beside its one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, a fine collection of casts and busts, such as the Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, Warwick Vase, etc. The Bodleian is still more extensive. It has three hundred thousand volumes, and a large picture-gallery, with many noble paintings, and models of ancient temples. These immense repositories of literary treasures, and gems of art, are alone well worth a visit to Oxford. But I could not help thinking, that the world would not be much the wiser for a greater part of these books. It strikes us practical yankees, that books were made for use, rather than to fill up long shelves, to be looked at only on the outside, and the mass of them never to be opened, even by the 'favored few.' Among the *rarities* which they show here, are an Ethiopic ms. version of the Book of Enoch, recently brought from Africa, and Queen Elizabeth's Latin exercise-book, in her own hand-writing. Connected with the Bodleian, is a hall of ancient sculpture, containing about eighty statues, which have been brought from Greece and Italy. Near by, are kept the celebrated Arundelian marbles; and here I saw the original Parian Chronicle, made two hundred and sixty-four years before Christ! and of course now somewhat illegible. This chronicle, you know, was an important authority in ancient chronology. I must not forget the 'Theatre,' an edifice not for dramatic performances, but the college anniversaries, which we call 'commencements.' This extensive hall is elegantly decorated, and well contrived for a large audience. It was here that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, etc., were pompously received, when they visited England, in 1815. The connoisseur in paintings will find ample entertainment in

Oxford; and if you come here, especially do not omit seeing the altar-piece in All-Soul's chapel, a most exquisite 'Magdalen,' with an expression of countenance I can never forget. A few miles from Oxford, is the splendid palace and park of Blenheim, given by the nation to the great Duke of Marlborough, for his military services.

WARWICK CASTLE. — It were as well, perhaps, for me to say nothing of these places which a thousand and one tourists have already made familiar to you. As to this, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and indeed the European tour, I know the subject has been pretty well used up, and scribblers must now be content to tell an old story as best they may. I might tell you how I went down to this famous castle, and knocked at the porter's lodge, and how he took me within it, to see the walking-stick of Guy, Earl of Warwick, nine feet high, and his 'porridge-pot' of iron, which would contain half a barrel! — how he sent me up a long circular path-way, cut through a solid rock, to the castle itself; how I marvelled at its vastness, and passed under the towers into the area; how I wandered about, bewildered with the number of entrances to the huge pile, on all sides, but finally ventured one, and got into a chapel, without being challenged; how they took me through a range of gorgeous apartments, extending three hundred and thirty-three feet in a line, on only one side of the castle; and all the princely furniture, the tables of inlaid brass and precious stones; the rare paintings and sculpture which fill these halls; the antique armory, cut out of the thickness of the castle walls; the earl's family, and how naughty he is; and sundry other matters, may be buried in oblivion. You are aware that this is much the finest, perhaps the *only* one remaining entire, of the old English baronial castles. Its walls have been standing eight hundred years; and yet they seem imperishable. A novice like myself is 'taken aback' with the grandeur of these lordly abodes.

THE change of the scene to the ruins of KENILWORTH, in the course of an hour, naturally led to instructive recollections of the past. Here was once a castle as extensive and impregnable as the one we had just left; but now the lofty towers are fast falling to decay; and the sheep are grazing in peace and quiet, where once all the magnificence of the Elizabethan age was concentrated. I passed the same portal that admitted the great Eliza and her train, when she came to honor the princely entertainments of her favorite Leicester. The ruins are extremely picturesque; and they prove that the castle was of prodigious extent. They forcibly remind one that

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Shall, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Or like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.'

WELL — like all dutiful travellers, I of course added my name to the list of illustrious pilgrims in the Album at Stratford-on-Avon. The birth-place and the tomb of Shakspeare! Who would go to England, and pass them by without a visit? What a host of grandissimos, beside the multitude of humbler gentry, have deigned to worship at this intellectual shrine! — or, in other words, to follow the old cicerone up those narrow back stairs to the lowly apartment where the Bard of Nature was cradled, and there to scribble their names on the rude walls, or in the goodly quarto. There I saw the autographs of 'William Henry, Duke of Clarence,' 'Walter Scott,' 'Countess Guiccioli,' 'Coleridge,' 'Charles Lamb,' and scores of similar names, beside an army from the United States. I copied some of the many inscriptions in the 'Ollapod' of an album, which you may like to have :

'Of mighty Shakspeare's birth, the room we see,
That where he died, in vain to find, we try;
Useless the search; for all immortal He,
And they who are immortal, never die.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

'Shakspeare! Thy named rever'd is no less,
By us, who often *reckon*, sometimes *guess*;
Though England claims the glory of thy birth,
None more appreciate thy page's worth,
Nor more admire thy scenes well acted o'er,
Than we of 'states unborn' in ancient lore.

JAMES H. HACKETT.'

The esteemed and lamented CARTER :

'1825, Nov. 18.

N. H. CARTER, }
H. J. ECKFORD. }

'Think not, Britannia, all the tears are thine,
Which flow, a tribute to this hallowed shrine;
Pilgrims from every land shall hither come,
And fondly linger round the poet's tomb.'

Not being 'wise above what is written,' I shall spare you a rhapsody of my own on the occasion. To tell the truth, as ill-luck would have it, I could not get up a fit of enthusiasm. I was not inspired even by the *impressive* little sign which is poked out over the door, and tells the heedless urchin of Stratford, as well as the eager pilgrim from foreign climes, that

'The immortal SHAKSPEARE
Was born in this house.'

And then to be bowed up stairs and down,

'For only 'sixpence sterling!'

'T was cheap, to be sure; but there was something droll in the idea. Of course, I spent half a crown beside, for seeing the tomb in the church, which, by-the-way, is a fine old edifice of its kind; and mine host has also shown me, *gratis*, the mulberry tree in his garden, which was planted by the great bard himself. They are going to have a 'grand jubilee' here, shortly; and an oration is to be delivered

by somebody whose name I have forgotten; but as he styles himself the 'American Tragedian,' you will know, I suppose, to whom this title belongs.*

LONDON IN MAY. — The 'fashionable season' is now in its prime. Parliament is sitting, and every body is in town. How strangely they arrange, or rather dis-arrange, the order of nature, here in England! Come to town in May, for the winter season, and go into the country in December, to spend Christmas! Yes, if you wish to see London in all its glory, come here in the blooming month of May. The queen of cities then puts on her gayest attire, and all her thousand attractions and amusements are ready to draw on your purse. First, if you like *paintings*, there is the Royal Academy exhibition in Somerset House, which, by the way, is soon to be removed to a part of the New National Gallery at Charing-Cross, which is now nearly completed, and is to receive the collection of old masters belonging to the nation, which have been exhibiting in Pall-Mall. Then there is the Society of British Artists, in the latter street, and two Societies of Painters, in water-colors; all of whose exhibitions are crowded with fashionables. They seem to pay special attention to this water-color department, and the present collections are really brilliant. In books, sculpture, natural curiosities, etc., there is that immense repository, the British Museum, freely open to all visitors. The Benevolent Society Anniversaries take place, this month, at Exeter Hall; and there is always a great musical treat at St. Paul's for the charity children, and also for the sons of the clergy. Speaking of music, I was thriftless enough to go to Exeter Hall, last evening, to the great musical festival, where six hundred performers, beside the organ and big drum, concerted together a 'concord of sweet sounds.' I wonder what a Connecticut singing-master, fortified, with a pine pitch-pipe and a 'Musica Sacra,' would have said to it! The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were to be there; and when they appeared in the front gallery-seat, the whole audience rose, and gave them three cheers, which were, of course, 'graciously acknowledged' by their highnesses, with sundry bows. The Princess is now seventeen, very unnecessarily pretty, and dresses with a neatness and simplicity which would be a pattern for New-York belles. She looks intelligent and dignified, without affectation, and is, no doubt, well educated, and highly accomplished. She is evidently the darling of the people, and, I hope, deservedly so; but she must be a *very* fine girl, if she can wear all her honors, and sip all the flattery which is paid to her, and yet not be spoiled. Her mother, the Duchess, seemed to be a restless, bustling sort of person, and I set her down as being, at least, no more than a woman.

Among the singers, Philips stands highest. He has a rich and highly-cultivated bass voice. He sang some fine airs in Balfé's new opera of 'The Maid of Artois,' a few weeks after this. In this, I

*Mr. GEORGE JONES, who kindly took measures, when in England, (where he was born,) to prolong the still very respectable literary reputation of SHAKESPEARE, by delivering a most inflated salmagundi at Stratford.

had the good fortune to hear that wonderful vocalist, MALIBRAN. Those who saw her when she visited New-York, some years since, would scarcely recognise the present brilliant tones, and great compass of her voice, so much has it improved : and not only does she astonish and delight you, by such singing as you never heard before, but her manners and acting are equally extraordinary and fascinating. She is rather small and short in figure, and her face, though not handsome, is peculiarly expressive and intelligent. I saw her several times in this opera, and also in 'La Somnambula,' and Bethooven's opera of Fidelio, which is her *chef d'œuvre*.

The only female vocalist who is named in the same breath with Malibran, is JULIA GRISI, of the Italian Opera. Grisi is tall, very pretty, and lady-like, sings sweetly, and is evidently a great favorite. The queen attended her benefit the other evening, beside many a 'bright particular star.' I had a good chance to stare at her majesty, who is tall and slim, and looks very like a queen. The popular feeling seems to have changed in her favor ; and I heard her styled 'an excellent and exemplary woman.' I saw her a few days since, with the king, riding out to Windsor, after the levee at St. James' Palace. But to the singers.

La Blache, a portly, good-looking personage, has the most tremendous bass voice I ever heard. Tamburini and Rubini are the tenors. The King's Theatre, or Opera-House, is one of the most extensive and elegant, certainly the most expensive, in Europe. * *

I have had the good luck to hear BRAHAM, too, who yet looks youthful, although now about sixty, and whose singing seems as much prized as ever. But time fails me to tell you of Liston, Macready, Charles Matthews, Jr., and other lions of the day, who figure where the Siddons and Garricks have 'held the mirror up to nature.'

WE have passed a leisure hour in finding out some of the antiquities and literary curiosities of the metropolis ; such as Boar's Head Tavern, (Mrs. Quickly's), where Falstaff, Poins, and 'Hal' called for their cups of sack. In Buckingham-street, near us, is the house where Peter the Great lodged, when in London. 43 Lombard-street was the residence of Jane Shore. In the Old Bailey, Jonathan Wild and Oliver Goldsmith lodged. Chapter Coffee-House, where Dr. Johnson and his coterie frequented, is yet the resort of penny-aliners and newspaper-readers. In Bolt Court, Fleet-street, we saw the literary leviathan's residence, and we found also those of Byron, Blackstone, Cowley, Hogarth, Pope, Lord Bacon, Garrick, Gibbon, Handel, Hans Holbein, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Sheridan, Sterne, Spenser, etc.

YORK MINSTER. — I did not repent varying my route a little to visit the ancient city of York, and its noble cathedral, unquestionably the finest Gothic structure in Great Britain, if not in the world. This grand edifice is five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, and, of course, exceeds St. Paul's on this score ; but in other respects, they

can scarcely be compared, as the style of architecture is entirely different. It stands in bold relief above all the rest of the town, albeit not on a rising ground. To use the words of the book, it is like 'a mountain starting out of a plain, and thus attracting all the attention of the spectator. The petty, humble dwellings of men appear to crouch at its feet, while its own vastness and beauty impress the observer with awe and sublimity.' It dates its origin as far back as A. D. 642;* but the present walls seem to have been erected in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The screen and the choir, particularly, are elaborate and exquisite specimens of the Gothic style. It seems strange to us, who make the most of our *room*, that they should only use so small a portion of these cathedrals for what one would suppose was their chief purpose — divine worship. Service can only be held in what is called the 'choir,' an enclosure near the centre of the church, which has seats for perhaps from one hundred to two hundred persons. I went in, during the evening prayers, and had an opportunity of hearing the gigantic organ, accompanied by the choir, in some fine anthems. The whole of the east wing of the cathedral was fired in 1829, by Martin, the lunatic, who secreted himself behind the organ, during service, and so thoroughly effected his purpose, that the whole interior, including the choir, was destroyed. The great painted glass window, seventy-five feet by thirty-two, (capable of admitting a large three-story house,) was saved as if by miracle. It is remarkable, that the whole of this wing has been restored, so precisely in the original form, as scarcely to be suspected for a modern work. The architect was Robert Smirke, Esq. It is asserted, by the knowing ones, that a work of equal magnitude to York Cathedral could not be performed, at the present day, for ten millions of dollars, nor in less time than fifty or even a hundred years.

HOUSE OF LORDS. — There is no admittance for plebeians to this 'august assembly,' without a written order from a peer; but we were not to be daunted on this wise. We wrote a billet to some of the great 'uns, as follows:

'To His Grace the Duke of Wellington:

'MY LORD DUKE: The undersigned, a stranger from the United States, presumes to solicit your Grace's permission to visit the House of Lords this evening.

'I am, my Lord Duke,

'Your Grace's Humble Servant,
_____.'

This circular was addressed also to the Duke of Buccleugh, Viscount Melbourne, Marquis of Londonderry, etc., for the Lords; and to O'Connell, Hume, Spring Rice, and Sergeant Talford, for the Commons. To insure success, I took a cab, and called on their graces and lordships in person. At Whitehall-Gardens, the powdered and gold-laced footman, gracefully bowing for a sixpence 'to drink my

* In the crypt, I was shown the elephant's tusk, on which the first deed of the land was inscribed.

health,' presented me with a note, neatly sealed with the duke's arms, which purported thus :

'The Duke of Buccleugh presents his compliments to Mr. —, and has the honor to enclose an order for the House of Lords.'

* * * This for my friend. Now to the premier's for myself. The viscount's house is certainly not more ostentatious than his neighbors.

'On business?' asked the porter, as I presented my 'little affair.'

'Yes,' said I, stoutly.

'Then you must take it to the office, in Downing-street. His lordship transacts no business at home.'

'Oh!' it is *private* business — *very* special, and requires an *immediate* answer,' returned I, remembering the advantage of an air of consequence, with these 'gentlemen's gentlemen.'

The official disappeared, and soon brought me a roughly-folded note, addressed in true great men's hieroglyphics :

<p>— — — Esq., '18 Norfolk-street, Strand.' 'MELBOURNE.'</p>
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It enclosed the order. Next, to Apsley House : 'The duke will send an answer.' To Picadilly : 'The Marquis not in town.' To Cavendish-Square : 'The duke will be at home shortly ; an answer at two o'clock.' To Langham-Place : Answer written on back of request :

'Finding Mr. — is not a resident of a *slave-holding state*, Mr. O'Connell has the honor to comply with his request.'

'Admit the bearer to the gallery.'

DANIEL O'CONNELL.'

To Guildhall : Mr. Talfourd, the author of 'Ion,' to whom I had a letter, is in court, examining a witness. Asked the constable to give him my note, when he was disengaged ; but he pushed inside, before judge and jury, thinking I had something touching the case in hand. Luckily the sergeant was busy, and I escaped. A brace of orders came from him in season, so I supplied my friends ; for no member can give an order for more than one person at a time.

We went to the House of Lords at five P. M. The room is about the same size as that of the Commons, but looks, of course, a little more 'genteel.' The throne is a large arm-chair, under a crimson canopy, not particularly splendid. The members' seats are elevated on each side, and covered with red moreen. The 'ministerial bench' is in front, near the woolsack and the bishops ; and their party (at present whigs) all sit on the same side, while the opposition, or tories, occupy the other, facing their opponents. In *this* house, the tories, or *conservatives*, of course predominate. The members were in plain citizen's dress, except the bishops, the chancellor, and the clerks, who all wear a black gown and big wigs. When we entered, a witness was being examined in an election-bribery case : Presently the house was called to order, and the chancellor (Lord Cottenham) took his seat on the *woolsack*, which is nothing more than a good-sized red ottoman. An ordinary-looking man, who it appeared

was the Earl of Wicklow, then rose, and made a studied speech, in which there were far more words than ideas, against appropriations for a charity-school in Ireland, which he alleged was under Catholic influence. Some one at the door announced, 'My luds! a message from the House of Commons!' and on each repetition of this, the chancellor, poor man, had to leave his seat and come down the hall with a bag, which they call the *purse*, to receive the 'message.' One of the prelates (the Bishop of Exeter) rose and supported the Earl of Wicklow's motion; and then presented petitions from manufacturing districts, praying for interference in behalf of the children employed in factories, who were often required to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and were otherwise ill-treated. The bishop made some remarkable statements in the course of his appeal, which was manly and sensible; and I observed Melbourne, the minister, who is a full-sized, elderly man, leave his seat and whisper somebody, and then return with a point-blank contradiction to one of the bishop's assertions, which of course produced a rejoinder.

When I re-visited the house on the 17th, the Marquis of Londonderry had the floor. My object was to see Wellington. 'Pray is he here?' 'Yes; do n't you see his nose?' Ah, there's no mistaking the duke. There he sits, between the dandy-exquisite-moustachetory-Duke of Cumberland (the king's brother) and Lord Lyndhurst, the intellectual giant of the house, the ablest peer of them all, and the best orator, perhaps the only orator, among them. 'He is an extraordinary man, that,' said my neighbor. 'No doubt,' thought I. 'His father was a native of our own Boston.' 'That tall man, with a short neck, and black hair, is Lord Ellenborough, and he in the rear, the Earl of Devon, all tories — 'birds of a feather.' Brougham is not here; he appears to have retired of late from public life. But hush! The duke is going to speak! Lo! the great captain, who is at once two dukes, (Spanish and English,) a prince, (of Belgium,) two marquisses, three generals, a field-marshal, four or five ex-premiers, knight of the garter, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Constable of the Tower, and filling I know not how many other stations; the conqueror of Napoleon; the commander of three great armies; the leader at the ball of Brussels, when

'There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry';

this famous great-little man rose to speak. And he spoke 'pretty well, considering.' He hesitates and stutters at times, but when he gets warm with his subject, as he is now, he waxes quite eloquent. He is evidently listened to with much deference and attention. They have not forgotten Waterloo.

I USUALLY attend church on Sunday afternoons at Westminster Abbey. I love to go there. One can read sermons on the walls. The very tombs discourse history, poetry, and philosophy. The verbal preachers are usually sufficiently dull. Among others, I have heard the Bishops of Hereford, Chester, and Exeter; and (in his

own church) the Rev. George Croly, the poet, author of 'Salathiel.' Croly is a man of fifty, or thereabout, a high tory, and distinguished for his eloquence; but according to my humble opinion, neither of these great guns will compare with our Dr. H — as pulpit orators. But there is something impressive in the church service in such a place as this venerable abbey. Here you may sit within a few steps of the spot where sleep the mortal remains of the royal Edwards, Henrys, Richards, of old; the knights of chivalry repose at your feet; from the valiant deeds of the Black Prince, the bloody career of the monster Gloucester, the mad pranks of Falstaff's dearly beloved 'Hal,' the brilliant court of Elizabeth, and the woes of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, your thoughts turn, on a glance at other tablets, to the lofty strains of him who sung of

' Things invisible to mortal sight,'

and to the splendid creations of the Bard of Avon; the epitaphs of the time-honored Chaucer; 'O Rare Ben Johnson;' and the whole host of poets, statesmen, and philosophers — stars of the first magnitude in English literature — meet your eye on every side; and while you are so forcibly reminded that

' The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave,'

the rich, full notes of the organ, softened by the voices of the juvenile choir, are echoed through the lofty and venerable arches, as they chant in harmonious chorus:

' Glory be to God on high! — on earth peace, and good will toward men!'

WINDSOR CASTLE, JULY 11. — At the 'White Horse Cellar,' Piccadilly, I perched myself on a Windsor coach, and off we rattled by Apsley House, Hyde-Park, and Kensington Gardens, our coachee skilfully threading his way between the innumerable omnibuses and other vehicles which ply between the modern Babel and the hundred-and-one villages in its environs. We passed through Kensington, Kingsbridge, Hounslow, Brentford, Hammersmith, Kew, Turnham Green, and a series of gardens between. The castle is first seen from the road, crowning an elevation about three miles distant, on the left; the coach makes a short turn through the town of *Eton*, where is the celebrated school, or college, in which noblemen are proud to have been educated; and with a glance at its curious Gothic chapel, we crossed a bridge over the Thames, and were at once in the respectable old town of Windsor, where there are no doubt as many 'merry wives' as in the days of Shakspeare and sweet Anne Page. There are several approaches to the castle, the chief one being from the Great Park; but the public are admitted only on the side of the town, through the two 'outer walls,' each of which are well flanked with towers of stone. The castle itself covers as much space as a small village, and a novice is somewhat puzzled in its labyrinths of arches, donjons, inner and outer walls, towers, and

gate-ways. It is indeed a magnificent and kingly structure, or rather assemblage of structures, for the various parts have been built at widely different periods, and in every variety of form; but the whole seems most happily combined in one vast and imposing edifice, in which the strength, grandeur, and castellated style of the old baronial strong holds, is as remarkable, as the elegance, splendor, and *comfort* of a modern palace. It is well described by Von Raumer, in his letters. His majesty, it appeared, had not been advised of my visit, and had gone to take his *déjeuner* at Kew; but I found that a couple of his representatives, in the shape of shilling-pieces, would introduce me at once into the state apartments; and I can conscientiously give my full approval of the audience-chambers, the throne room, ball-room, and St. George's Hall, as being magnificent, in the highest degree. This part of the castle has been recently renovated and modernized, at great expense. All the rooms are adorned with fine paintings and tapestries, of which latter, the 'History of Eather' series is particularly beautiful. At the Hampton-Court Palace I saw the duplicate original of those tapestries from Raphael, which we had in New-York. From the terraces of the castle, you have a thoroughly English landscape; green meadows, winding streams, and gentle elevations. St. George's Chapel, adjoining the castle, is considered a gem of Gothic architecture. It contains the twenty-four stalls of the knights of the garter, with their banners suspended above. In the park, adjoining the castle, I looked for Hearne's oak, and sure enough, there was the tree where tradition says Falstaff was enticed and pinched by the fairies; and near it is the foot-path to Datchet Mead, where they ducked him in the buck-basket.

The approach to the castle from the Great Park, and the sweet little lake called Virginia Water, is through a noble avenue, extending three miles in a perfectly strait and level line, shaded by rows of stately elms. One of the best views of the castle is from the hill, at the end of this avenue. I have made up my mind, that Windsor and Warwick cannot be equalled, 'in their way,' as Mr. Cooper says, in all Europe.

On the way back, there was an amusing dispute on the top of the coach between a tory, a moderate reformer, and a fiery radical. I was astonished to observe the freedom and boldness with which they settled the affairs of the nation, and railed at each other's party, or individuals composing it. John Bull certainly allows his children *some* liberties — those of speech, the press, and conscience — (though perhaps scarcely the last,) and a stranger may gain more insight into the character and opinions of the people, in a mixed company, like that of a stage-coach, than from all the books in the museum.

THE police of London is, perhaps, more efficient, without being oppressive, than any other in the world. In Paris, the agents of the police are very numerous; but they act in *secret service*; they are *spies* on the people; and though I am not aware of having seen a

policeman there, it is extremely probable that I met them daily at the *cafés* and dining-rooms. But in London, they are in no disguise. They are distinguished by a uniform suit of blue and a cockade, and are to be seen at every turn and corner, day and night, always on the watch for the least show of disturbance. There must be, at least, two or three thousand of these men constantly employed for the seemingly idle purpose of walking the streets. Disorder is consequently rare, and is always checked in the bud; and drunken vagrants, if ever seen, are soon disposed of, for a policeman is always within call. There is, also, a night horse-patrol for the environs. Each of the public buildings is sentinelled by one or more of the 'Life Guards,' who are richly dressed in scarlet, with tremendous black, bushy caps, *à la grenadier Française*. These valiant troops also attend the members of the royal family, when they visit public places. A part of them are mounted, and have their head-quarters at the 'Horse Guards' in Whitehall and St. James' Park.

The working classes, and even the 'tradesmen' of England, as well as I could judge, are far from being so well informed as those of the United States. One of the most obvious reasons is, the comparatively high price of books and newspapers in England, which places these luxuries beyond the reach of such as gain the scanty pittance of their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. Many, even those who may be said to belong to the *middle* classes, appear to have access to newspapers only at the public dining-rooms; and as to the publications of the day, they are well content with the loan of them from a circulating-library, for nearly as much as the whole book may be bought for in New-York. How many of the thousands among us who get the last novel of Bulwer, James, or Marryat, for the trifling sum of fifty cents, would make the purchase, if they had to pay one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, or seven dollars, as in London? New novels can only be afforded there by the librarian, the nobility, or the millionaire. But with us, *all* classes have books; and the mechanic's apprentice, with the penny paper in his hand, may discuss the politics of the day as wisely, perhaps, as his master, or the president himself.

I would not assume a critical nicety in matters which belong to more learned heads, but I must say, that the vulgar *pronunciation* of many words, not only among the cockney tribe, but, according to Mr. Cooper,* reaching even to the bishops, was continually grating on my ear, in London. I inquired for Holborn, which seemed to be a place unknown, until I learned that the *English* of it was *Hobun*. Lombard, you must call *Lumbud*; Warwick, *Warrick*; Thames, *Tems*; Pall Mall, *Pell-Mell*, and so on. We have even the high authority of Lord Brougham, or rather Lord *Broom*, for calling Birmingham *Brummagem*. I really think that we yankee rebels are far more loyal to the king's English, than his majesty's liege subjects.

* Mr. C. was asked by a bishop if he knew *Dr. Hubbard*, in New-York, and was quite at fault, till he accidentally discovered that the prelate referred to the late Bishop *Hobart*.

There are many words which the English use in quite a different sense from ourselves, and many *articles* which they call by a different, and often more appropriate, name. Every body knows that by a *clever* man, they mean a man of genius and talent; and a *very* clever man would be with them a person of extraordinary celebrity; whereas we only apply the word to a good-natured 'hale fellow well met.' The coachman would feel his dignity insulted, if you called him *driver*; and you should also be careful to say *luggage* instead of *baggage*, or there may be a whisper of scandal. *Nice* is peculiarly an English word. Several of our own coining have been endorsed in England, such as *talented*, *dutiable*, etc.

The peasantry, and others of the lowest classes in England, are a robust and hardy, but certainly an ignorant and boorish race. Their highest enjoyment would seem to be a horse-race, a mug of ale, or 'pot o' 'alf-and-'alf; and they drink these brain-muddling beverages in prodigious quantities. With their ale and roast beef, it is no wonder that the English are not of the lean kind!

It is to be hoped that ignorance respecting the American people, and groundless prejudice against them, is daily becoming less prevalent in England; but a visitor from the United States is yet often as much astonished as amused, at the notions of the people there about us. A traveller is always sure to fall in with conversible companions; and it is gratifying to find on the way many agreeable and intelligent persons, who, with but partial advances on your part, will enter into your plans, and without impertinent curiosity, will readily impart information, or render assistance. At Warwick, a few days after I first landed at Liverpool, I met with a couple of gentlemen of this stamp; and, in the course of conversation, I mentioned that I was an American. They both seemed surprised, and remarked that I spoke English *very* well; 'they should never have taken me for an American;' and gravely inquired if 'the English language was usually spoken in the United States.' This was evidently a 'man of substance,' and he had just been complaining of the wretched state of public education in England! I seldom confessed that I was any other than 'a native born and bred,' but whenever I did plead guilty of being an American, I always observed an expression of wonder, if not of absolute incredulity. It will scarcely be believed, but it is not more strange than true, that many in this land of learning expect to see in an 'American' a person of different color, habits, and language, from themselves. They seem to apply the word American only to the aborigines; and the descendants of those who have come from England, Scotland, or other European countries, they consider as still belonging to his 'father-land;' and the mass of people in England have the most vague and crude notions about matters and things in this distant republic. Ten to one you may be asked what state Virginia is in, or if there are 'many Indians in New-York,' meaning the *city*. One good lady had an idea that the Indians were black, and that they were the same as our present slaves! When the Americans, in Paris, joined the English residents

in congratulating the king on his escape from assassination, one of the English committee proposed, that the republicans should appear in their 'own court dress!' One would think, that with the present facility of intercourse between the two countries, they might be better informed; but it is certainly the fact, that in the present 1836, you will hear blunders, such as these specimens, from five persons out of eight, in England, who have any thing to say concerning the United States.

THE WAVES.

'I COULD never tire of gazing upon waves. Whether watching them by the shore of an inland lake, as they roll up, in hues of emerald, to the reedy marge, or listening to their swelling monotone, as they break upon the long sea-beach, or curl into white foam in mid-ocean, they are alike beautiful and inspiring to me.'

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I.

THEIR'S music in the waves by day,
When lightsomely they dance along,
And in their wild and sunny play,
Awake the raptured soul to song;
They tell of childhood's blessed dreams,
And hopes that lit young fancy's eye,
When life's care-chequer'd journey seems
Bright as the sunbeam in the sky.

II.

A spell is on the waves by night,
Communing with the spirit's ear;
It breathes of hopes which once were bright,
Enshrouded now in doubt and fear;
And, blent with their low murmur'ing swell,
Come whisperings unto the heart,
Of HIM, whose voice doth ever dwell
Mid scenes from busy life apart.

III.

But most at twilight's hush I love
The melting cadence of the wave,
Bringing sweet greetings from above,
Of friends long sundered by the grave;
It bids me love, and live again
O'er fair existence' vernal morn,
Ere sorrow dim'd one hour with pain —
Ere from the heart one tie was torn.

IV.

The waves! — they tell of boyhood's dreams,
And joys which after years know not;
Of verdant groves and babbling streams,
And many a well-remember'd spot;
And with their gentle music come
Fond longings to the weary breast,
For Heaven's own unembitter'd home —
Of pure delight and ceaseless rest.

Hartford, 1837.

ZELITES.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER TWENTY.

WHETHER you be gentle or simple, reader — whether poetical or prose-enamored — you have been free from any inflictions or productions of mine — whichsoever you may please to call them — any time these several months. If the omission has been grievous, you have had a monition that your life is not all sunshine, many things being oft anticipated, which come not to hand of him that desireth them; if pleasing, you are now reminded, that pleasures of a sublimary character are too brief to have long uniform continuance, since ‘diuturnity of delight is a dream, and folly of expectation.’ So much for prefatory philosophy. PLATO, when he paced along the olive-walks, beneath the groves of Academe, or listened to the prattle of shining Grecian streams of yore, never knew what it was to meditate the exordium of a magazine paper. As yet, when he flourished, ‘editors and agents of periodicals’ never took prominent parts in university processions, with toll-gate keepers, sea-serpents, and American eagles, as was jocosely related of the late conflagratory assemblage in the edifice of Brown, on Providence Plantations.

By the way, I laughed extremely at the piece to which I allude, which was full of delightful and most facetious things, right aptly conceited. It was an imaginary procession at Brown University, on occasion of burning all the literary productions of the students for the last five or six years. Had the sacrificial mandate extended to the honorary members of her societies, then would OLLAPOD have been obliged to be present with his offering to the insatiate elements; and with ‘survivors of the Boston massacre, in coaches,’ or ‘superannuated toll-keepers of the Pawtucket Turnpike,’ followed in the train of the great marine visitor at Nahant, or that supposed bird, met by the dreamer (immortalized by the muse of SANDS) who sailed a-night it in his vision, what time his spectral charger waved to the breeze of midnight

—— ‘the long, long tail, that glorified
That glorious animal’s hinder side!’

I’LL warrant me a dozen of Burgundy, with all olives and appurtenances thereunto properly belonging, that this same humorous description gave offence to those who support the dignity of a time-honored *alma-mater*. But they must have laughed in their sleeves at the witty conception of it. Yet it is an old saying, ‘A blow with a word strikes deeper than one with a sword.’ ‘Many men,’ saith the profound old Democritus, Junior, ‘are as much gauged with a jest, a pasquil, satire, apoloqe, epigram, or the like, as with any misfortune whatever. Princes and potentates, that are otherwise happy, and have all at command, secure and free, are grievously vexed with these pasquilling satyrs: they fear a railing *Aretine*, more than an enemy in the field; which made most princes of his time, as some

relate, allow him a liberal pension, that he should not tax them in his satyrs. The gods had their Momus, Homer his Zoilus, Achilles his Thersites, Philip his Demades : the Cæsars themselves in Rome were commonly taunted. There was never wanting a Petronius, a Lucian, in those times ; nor will be a Rabelais, an Euphormio, a Boccalinus, in ours. Adrian the Sixth, pope, was so highly offended and grievously vexed with pasquils at Rome, he gave command that satyre should be demolished and burned, the ashes flung into the river Tiber, and had done it forthwith, had not Ludovicus, a facete companion, dissuaded him to the contrary, by telling him that pasquils would turn to frogs in the bottom of the river, and croak worse and louder than before.' A right pithy description is this, of the effect of wit and words.

I HAVE sometimes guffawed immeasurably, at the sharp cuts and thrusts not seldom indulged in by the current writers of our country, both in periodicals and newspapers. Not that I particularly affect the vapid abortions which appear in each department, as now and then they must inevitably do : but names and sources might readily be mentioned in both, whereat the general lip shall curl you a smile, as if by intuition. Our magazines have a goodly sprinkling of the cheerful ; and in dull times, one can but wish that they even had more. There is a spirit — and I mentioned but now the name of its incarnate habitation — which has gone from among us, no more to return. Ah me ! — that spirit ! It was stored with sublunary lore ; calm, philosophical, observant ; a lens, through which the colors of a warm heart, full of genuine philanthropy and goodness, shone forth upon the world. It was sportive in its satire, and its very sadness was cheerful. Grasping and depicting the Great, it yet ennobled and beautified the Small. Its messengers of thought, winged and clothed with beautiful plumage, went forth in the world, to please by their changeableness, or to impress the eye of fancy with their enduring loveliness. Such was the spirit of SANDS, whose light was quenched for ever, while 'inditing a good matter' for the very pages which now embody this feeble tribute to his genius. I well remember, when I first approached his native city, after his death, how thick-coming were the associations connected with his memory, which brought the tears into my eyes. The distant shades of Hoboken, where he so loved to wander ; the spreading bay, whereon his 'rapt, inspired' eye has so often rested ; the city, towering sleepily afar ; the fairy hues of coming twilight, trembling over the glassy Hudson, sloop-bestrown ; the half-silver, half-emerald shades, blending together under the heights of Weehawken — these, appealing to my eye, recalled the Lost to my side. I looked to the shore, and there

'The shadows of departed hours
Hung dim upon the early flowers ;
Even in their sunshine seemed to brood
Something more deep than solitude.'

NO BARD, 'holy and true,' was ever more deeply imbued than SANDS with 'the spirit of song.' Sublimity, tenderness, description, all were his. But in his dissertations on all subjects, his struggling humor at last came uppermost. From classic stores, he could educe the novel *jeu d'esprit*; from fanciful premises, the most amusing conclusions. Having given a pleasant line or two from one of his happiest sketches, I feel irresistibly inclined to encompass the whole. It is necessary, beforehand, to discern the preamble of the argument. A fellow-minstrel has indited and published to the world a fanciful picture of the national eagle, in all his original wildness, surrounded with characteristic scenery. The picture is a grand one, but over-colored; and would seem to have been drawn according to the admitted principle of the writer in composition, that 'whatever he writes is either superlatively good, or sheer nonsense.' The former quality predominates; but there is enough of the latter in *all* he has written. The minstrel just mentioned also gave birth to a midnight phantom, or the sketch of a most supernal steed; the burlesque presentment whereof is hereto annexed, together with certain allusions to the feathery emblem of the republic, which show that the limner knew how to kill two rare objects with one satirical 'fragment of granite:'

'A misty dream — and a flashy maze —
Of a sunshiny flush — and a moonshiny haze!
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,
When a donkey came to my bedside,
And bade me forth to take a ride.
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,
But a cloudy vision — a night-mare steed!
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume —
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair,
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were!
Like the fields of heaven where none can see
The depths of their blue eternity!
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod,
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,
Was the long, long tail, that glorified
The glorious donkey's hinder side!
And his gait description's power surpasses —
'T was the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

'I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind —
And he pranced before — and he kicked behind —
And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll
Abroad from pole to answering pole —
While the storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back,
And amuses himself with the thunder-crack!
Then off he went, like a bird with red wings,
That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs —
Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,
When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune;
And away I went, while my garment flew
Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue —
Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.
Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,
Like a bayonet grove, at a 'shoulder-hoo!'

'Hurra! hurra! what a hurry we made!
My hairs rose too, but I was not afraid;
Like a stand of pikes they stood up all,
Each eye stood out like a cannon ball;

So rapt I looked, like the god of song,
 As I shot and whizzed like a rocket along,
 Thus through the trough of the air as wedash'd,
 Goodly and glorious visions flash'd
 Before my sight with a flashing and sparkling,
 In whose blaze all earthly gems are darkling.
 As the gushes of morning, the trappings of eve,
 Or the myriad lights that will dance when you give
 Yourself a clout on the orb of sight,
 And see long ribands of rainbow light;
 Such were the splendors, and so divine,
 So rosy and starry, and fiery and fine.

'Then eagle! then stars! and then rainbows! and all
 That I saw at Niagara's tumbling fall,
 Where I sung so divinely of them and their glories,
 While mewed in vile durance, and kept by the tories;
 Where the red cross flag was abroad on the blast,
 I sat very mournful, but not downcast.
 My harp on the willows I did not hang up,
 Nor the winglets of fancy were suffered to droop, —
 But I soared, and I swooped, like a bird with red wings,
 Who mounts to the cloud-god, and soaringly sings.

'But the phantom steed in his whirlwind course,
 Galloped along like Beelzebub's horse,
 Till we came to a bank, dark, craggy, and wild,
 Where no rock-flowers blushed, no verdure smiled —
 But sparse from the thunder-cliffs bleak and bare,
 Like the plumage of ravens that warrior helms wear.
 And below very far was a gulf profound,
 Where tumbling and rumbling, at distance resound
 Billowy clouds — o'er whose bottomless bed
 The curtain of night its volumes spread —
 But a rushing of fire was revealing the gloom,
 Where convulsions had birth, and the thunders a home.

'You may put out the eyes of the sun at mid-day —
 You may hold a young cherubim fast by the tail —
 You may steal from night's angel his blanket away —
 Or the song of the bard at its flood-tide may stay,
 But that cloud-phantom donkey to stop you would fail!

'He plunged in the gulf — 't was a great way to go,
 Ere we lit mid the darkness and flashings below;
 And I looked — as I hung o'er that sulphurous light —
 Like a warrior of flame! — on a courser of night!
 But what I beheld in that dark ocean's roar,
 I have partly described in a poem before,
 And the rest I reserve for a measure more strong,
 When my heart shall be heaving and bursting with song!

'But I saw, as he sailed 'mid the dusky air,
 A bird that I thought I knew every where,
 A fierce gray bird with a terrible beak,
 With a glittering eye, and peculiar shriek:
 'Proud Bird of the Cliff!' I addressed him then —
 'How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again!
 Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid
 On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!
 With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise,
 Who in ecstasy soar'st in the red-hot blaze!
 Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,
 To the fife's acclaim, and bass-drum's thump!
 Whence com'st thou,' I cried, 'and goest whither?'
 As I gently detained him by his tail-feather.
 He replied, 'Mr. N. — ! Mr. N. — ! let me loose!
 I am not an eagle, but only a goose!
 Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy —
 And excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy.'

SANDS was a lover of nature, with an affection 'passing the love of women;' and he entered into the very heart of her mysteries. Lately, I made a pilgrimage to a scene which he has depainted, in one of those quiet, rich, and noble sketches, which have gained such celebrity to his pen. It was the CATSKILLS.

It fell on a day, when the guns and thunder of artillery proclaimed, according to the Fourth-of-July orators, 'the birth-day of freedom,' that we made our way from the crowded city, to the majestic craft that was to convey us up the Hudson. What a contrast did the embarkation scene present to the tranquil Delaware, and the calm, sweet city of fraternal affection! Thousands of garish pennons were abroad on the gale; the winds, as they surged along on their viewless wings, were heavy with the sound of cannon, the rolling of chariot-wheels, and the shouts of multitudes. To me, it is an edifying and a thought-inspiring sight, to look from the promenade-deck of a receding steamer upon a city, as it glides into distance. The airy heights, dwelling-crowned, around; the craft going to and fro; the thousand destinations of the throngs that fill them; the hopes and fears that impel them. Some are on errands of business; some, on those of pleasure:

'For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is.'

Yonder a gay ship, her sails filled with air and sunshine, hastens through the Narrows. She is a packet, outward bound. We see her as she goes. Within her are hearts sighing to leave their native land; from tearful eyes there extends the level of the telescope which brings the distant near; and at some upper casement in the town, a trembling hand waves the white 'kerchief, still desecrated; at last it trembles into a glimmer; the ocean haze rises between, and the bosom which it cheered goes below to heave with the *nausea marina*, and feel the benefits of an attentive steward.

It is beautiful to ascend the Hudson, on the birth-day christened as aforesaid. On every green point where the breeze rustles the foliage, and around which the crystal waters roll, you may see the grim ordnance, belching forth its thunder-clap and grass-wadding; the brave officers and 'marshals of the day,' sporting their emblems of immortal glory; the urchins, with chequered pantaloons, and collars turned over their coats, their tender hearts and warm imaginations excited and wild with the grandeur of the scene; and as you pass some beautiful town, you may see the stars and stripes waving from an eminence, near the meeting-house or town-hall; and as you pass the line of a street which tends to the river, you may eke observe 'the orator of the day,' with his roll of patriotism and eloquence in his hand, marching sublimely onward, behind prancing chargers, heroes in gay attire, meditating death to any possible foes of the country, on any future battailous emergency; and sustained and soothed (he, the orator,) by the brattling of brass horns, and the roll

of the stirring drums behind him ; the ladies, meanwhile — God bless them ! — looking neat and cheerful at the windows, or in the streets. Then for the tourist to see the places in such a transit, hallowed in his country's history ; the old head-quarters of WASHINGTON, as at Newburgh, above whose humble roof, near which one tall and solitary Lombard waved and whispered mournfully in the air, there streamed a faded red banner, that had caught the roll of the war-drum in the revolution, and rustled its folds more quickly at the gun-peals that sent an iron storm into invading breasts ! And then, to think that millions on millions, in 'many a lovely valley out of sight,' in states, and territories stretching to the flowery prairies, and where the setting sun flames along the far mountains of the west, the same an-thems were ascending ; the same glorious love of country inculcated ; it is a train of thought ennobling — pure — imperishable ! Then it is, that the mind has visions which no vocabulary can clothe and wreak upon expression ; when the faculties ache with that indescribable blending of love, hope, and pride, such as was faintly shadowed by the minstrel, when he sang :

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land !'

PRESUPPOSING that a man is possessed of a soul, it is my belief that he cannot traverse the Hudson, even if it be for the hundredth time, without new and delicious sensations. The noble shores, now broken into sweet and solemn vistas, until they become steeped in romance — the capacious bays — the swelling sails — the craft of all sorts, hastening to and fro — all are impressive and beautiful. You have such a variety of steamer-life about you, too — that is the best of it — odd congregations of character. Yonder stands, looking at the shores, and now and then at his watch, a man who, by his look, should be a divine. He hath a white cravat around his neck, tied behind, with extreme closeness, at 'the precise point betwixt ornament and strangulation.' He proceedeth to the bow of the boat to look to his luggage. Such an one I saw ; and he was accosted, somewhat abruptly, by a clock-pedlar, who had been whittling a pine shrub, near the taffrail, (and whistling the *sublime* national song of Yankee Doodle — that most *dignified* effusion) — and who bespake him thus : 'Square, you do n't know nawthing about that young woman, yender, do ye ? — with that lay-lock dress on to her — do ye ?' 'No,' replied the ambassador for the high court above, 'I do not ; and I wonder at your asking *me* such a question.'

'Why, I axed you, 'cause I seen you a-looking at her yourself ; and 'cause I think she's blamenation elegant !'

'That 's enough, my friend ; you had better run along,' was the august reply ; and the colloquy ended.

PAUSED for a moment at Rhinebeck, to release a passenger in a small boat, let down amid the agitated foam at the steamer's side.

How sad, that the beauty of a landscape should be stained by the memories of death ! Here once lived, drinking the spirit of golden youthful hours, and rejoicing in existence, a warm and devoted friend, now alas ! no more — JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER. The pestilence, for such it was, swept him from being, in the pride of his intellect, and the full flush of his manhood. As I surveyed the place where he had embarked for the last time for the metropolis, in whose romantic suburbs his bones were so soon to lie, the illusion, as it were of a dream, came over me, and I almost fancied I could see him coming on board. I thought of the many pleasant hours we had consumed together, in walks where romance and early friendship sanctified the groves, as the red sun, tinting the lake, and closing the flowers, and beautifying the tender woodlands of spring, went down behind the cedars of the west, in a sea of gold, and crimson, and purple. Those were blessed hours ; moments when the enthusiasm, the glowing hopes, the far-reaching thoughts, which take to themselves the wings of the eagle, and soar into the mysteries of unborn years, coloring the future from the gorgeous prism of the imagination, all were ours. How, at that point of reminiscence, did they throng back to my experience and my view ! I fancied that my friend was by my side, his arm in mine ; and a voice, like the tones of a spirit, seemed breathing in my ear :

‘ Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore —
Let us walk in soul once more.’

Poor Shade ! He seemed ever to have a presentiment of his coming and early doom ; and his prophetic vision often pierced the future, in lines akin to the solemn stanzas which close his beautiful ‘ Night Thoughts :’

‘ When high in heaven the moon careers,
She lights the fountain of young tears ;
Her ray plays on the fevered brow ;
Plays on the cheek now bright no more —
Plays on the withered almond bough,
Which once the man of sorrow wore !

* * * *

‘ Behold this elm on which I lean,
Meet emblem of my cruel fate ;
But yesternorn, its leaves were green —
Now it lies low and desolate !
The dew which bathes each faded leaf,
Doth also bathe my brow of grief.
Alas ! the dews of DEATH too soon
Will gather o’er my dreamless sleep ;
And thou wilt beam, O pensive moon,
Where love should mourn, and friends should weep !’

But he was translated to an early paradise, by the kind fiat of a benevolent God. Pure in heart, fresh and warm in his affections, he loved to live, because he lived to love ; and he is now in that better country,

‘ Where light doth glance on many a crown,
From suns that never more go down.’

He had a languid but not unpleasing melancholy about his life, which entered into his verse, and moaned from every vibration of his excelling lyre. How beautiful — how touching — how mournful, are these bodings in his song :

'Give not to me the wreath of green —
The blooming vase of flowers ;
They breathe of joy that once hath been —
Of gone and faded hours.
I cannot love the rose ; though rich,
Its beauty will not last ;
Give me, oh ! give the bloom, o'er which
The early blight hath passed :
The yellow buds — give them to rest
On my cold brow and joyless breast,
Where life is failing fast.

'Take far from me the wine-cup bright,
In hours of revelry ;
It suits glad brows, and bosoms light —
It is not meet for me ;
Oh ! I can pledge the heart no more,
I pledged in days gone by ;
Sorrow hath touch'd my bosom's core,
And I am left to die :
Give me to drink of Lethe's wave —
Give me the lone and silent grave,
O'er which the night-winds sigh !

'Wake not, upon my tuneless ear,
Soft music's stealing strain :
It cannot soothe, it cannot cheer,
This anguish'd heart again :
But place th' æolian harp upon
The tomb of her I love ;
There, when heaven shrouds the dying sun,
My weary steps will rove ;
As o'er its chords night pours its breath,
To list the serenade of death,
Her silent bourne above !

'Give me to seek that lonely tomb,
Where sleeps the sainted dead,
Now the pale night-fall throws its gloom
Upon her narrow bed ;
There, while the winds which sweep along
O'er the harp-strings are driven,
And the funereal soul of song
Upon the air is given,
Oh ! let my faint and parting breath
Be mingled with that song of death,
And flee with it to heaven !'

ONE picks up a marvellous degree of gratuitous and most novel information, from the miscellaneous people who pass hither and thither in steam-craft. Bits of knowledge strike you unaware ; and if you believe it, you will be a much wiser man, when you greet the morrow morn after a day's travel. For example, when we had passed the shadowy highlands, and the Catskills were seen heaving their broad blue shoulders against the brilliant horizon, a man with a pot-belly, in a round-about, with a bell-crowned hat, over which was drawn a green oil-skin, shading his tallowy cheeks, and most rubicund nose, approached my side, and interrupted my reverie, by

volunteering some intelligence. 'Them is very respectable mountains,' he said, 'but a man don't know nothin' about articles of that kind, unless he sees the tower of Scotland. I am not, as you may likely be about to inquire, a natyve of that country; but I have saw friends which has been there; and furthermore, the mountains there was all named after relations of mine, by the mother's side. At present, all them elewated sections of country is nick-named. Now the name of Ben. Lomond has been curtailed into an abbreviation. That hill was named after an uncle of my grandfather's, Benjamin Lomond. Ben. Nevis was a brother of my grandmother's, who had the same given name; and a better man than Benjamin Nevis never broke bread, or got up in the morning. From all accounts, he was consid'able wealthy, at one time; though I've hear'n tell since, that he was a busted man. But just to think of all them perversions! Is n't it 'orrid?' With this and other information did this glorious volunteer in history break in upon my musings; and when he turned upon his heel, and clattered away, he left me with an impression of his visage in my mind akin to that which the fat knight entertained of Bardolph: 'Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. I never see thy face, but I think of hell-fire, and Dives, that lived in purple; for therq he is in his robes, burning, burning.'

You would scarcely think, arrived at Catskill Landing, on the Hudson, just before you enter the coach which conveys you to the mountain, that any extraordinary prospect was about to open upon your vision. True, as when on the water, the great cloud Presence looms afar; yet there is a long level country between it and you; and it is too early in the day to drink in the grandeur of the scene. You are content with watching the complex operations of that aquatic and equestrian mystery, a horse-boat, which plies from the humble tavern at the water's edge to the other shore of the Hudson. The animals give a consumptive wheeze, as they start, stretching out their long necks, indulging in faint recollections of that happy juvenescence, when they wasted the hours of their colthood in pastures of clover, and moving with a kind of unambitious sprawl, as if they cared but little whether they stood or fell; a turn of mind which induces them to stir their forward legs more glibly than those in the opposite quarter, quickening the former from pride, and 'contracting the latter from motives of decency.' This is said to be their philosophy; and they act upon it with a religious devotion, 'worthy a better cause.'

As you move along from the landing, by pleasant and quiet waters, and through scenes of pastoral tranquillity, you seem to be threading a road which leads through a peaceful and variegated plain. You lose the memory of the highlands and the river, in the thought that you are taking a journey into a country as level as the lowliest land in Jersey. Sometimes, the mountains, as you turn a point of the road,

appear afar; but 'are they clouds, or are they not?' By the mass, you shall hardly tell. Meantime, you are a *plain-traveller* — a quiet man. All at once you are wheeled upon a vernal theatre, some five or six miles in width, at whose extremity the bases of the Catskills 'gin to rise. How impressive the westering sunshine, sifting itself down the mighty ravines and hollows, and tinting the far-off summits with aerial light! How majestic yet soft the gradations from the ponderous grandeur of the formation, up — up — to the giddy and delicate shadowings, which dimly veil and sanctify their tops, as 'sacristies of nature,' where the cedar rocks to the wind, and the screaming eagle snaps his mandibles, as he sweeps a circuit of miles with one full impulse of his glorious wing! Contrasting the roughness of the basis with the printed beauty of the iris-hued and skiey ultimatum, I could not but deem that the bard of 'Thanatopsis' had well applied to the Catskills those happy lines wherein he apostrophizes the famous heights of Europe:

'Your peaks are beautiful, ye Appenines,
In the soft light of your serenest skies;
From the broad highland region, dark with pines,
Fair as the hills of paradise, ye rise!'

Be not too eager, as you take the first stage of the mountain, to look about you; especially, be not anxious to look *afar*. Now and then, it is true, as the coach turns, you cannot choose but see a landscape, to the south and east, *farther off* than you ever saw one before, broken up into a thousand vistas; but look you at them with a sleepy, sidelong eye, to the end that you may finally receive from the *Platform* the full glory of the final view. In the mean time, there is enough directly about you to employ all your eyes, if you had the ocular endowments of an Argus. Huge rocks, that might have been sent from warring Titans, decked with moss, overhung with rugged shrubbery, and cooling the springs that trickle from beneath them gloom beside the way; vast chasms, which your coach shall sometimes seem to overhang, yawn on the left; the pine and cedar-scented air comes freely and sweetly from the brown bosom of the woods; until, one high ascent attained, a level for a while succeeds, and your smoking horses rest, while, with expanding nostril, you drink in the rarer and yet rarer air; a stillness like the peace of Eden, (broken only by the whisper of leaves, the faint chant of embowered birds, or the distant notes that come 'mellowed and mingling from the vale below,') hangs at the portal of your ear. It is a time to be still — to be contemplative — to hear no voice but your own ejaculations, or those of one who will share and heighten your enjoyment, by partaking it in peace, and as one with you, yet alone.

PASSING the ravine, where the immortal Rip Van Winkle played his game of nine-pins with the wizards of that neighborhood, and quaffed huge draughts of those bewildering flagons, which made him sleep for years, I flung myself impatiently from the 'quarter-deck'

of the postillion whose place I had shared; I grasped that goodly globe of gold and ivory which heads my customary cane — the present of 'My Hon. friend' S —, and which once drew into itself the sustenance of life from that hallowed mound which guards the dust of WASHINGTON — and pushed gaily on, determined to pause not, until my weary feet stood on the Platform. The road was smooth and good; the air refreshing and pure, beyond description. The lungs play there without an effort; it is a luxury to breathe. How holy was the stillness! Not a sound invaded the solemn air; it was like inhaling the sanctity of the empyrean. The forest tops soon began to stir with a mighty wind. I looked, and on both sides of the road there were trees whose branches had been broken, as if by the wings of some rushing tempest. It was the havoc of winter snows.

THERE is a wonderful deception in the approach to the Mountain-House, which, when discovered, will strike the traveller with amazement. At one point of the road, where the mansion which is to terminate your pilgrimage heaves its white form in view, (you have seen it from the river for nearly half a day,) it seems not farther than a hundred rods, and hangs apparently on the verge of a stupendous crag over your head; the road turns again, it is out of sight, and the summits, near its *locus in quo*, are nearly three miles off. The effect is wonderful. The mountain is *growing upon you*.

I continued to ascend, slowly, but with patient steps, and with a flow of spirit which I cannot describe. Looking occasionally to the east, I saw a line of such parti-colored clouds, (as then I deemed them,) yellow, green, and purple, silver-laced, and violet-bordered, that it meseemed I never viewed the like kaleidoscopic presentments. All this time, I wondered that I had seen no land for many a weary mile.

Hill after hill, mere ridges of the mountain, was attained — summit after summit surmounted — and yet it seemed to me that the house was as far off as ever. Finally it appeared, and a-nigh; to me the 'earth's one sanctuary.' I reached it; my name was on the book; the queries of the publican, as to 'how many coach-loads were behind,' (symptoms of a yearning for the almighty dollar, even in this holy of nature's holies) were answered, and I stood on the Platform.

GOOD READER! — expect me not to describe the indescribable. I feel now, while memory is busy in my brain, in the silence of my library, calling up that vision to my mind, much as I did when I leaned upon my staff before that omnipotent picture, and looked abroad upon its God-written magnitude. It was a vast and changeful, a majestic, an *interminable* landscape; a fairy, grand, and delicately-colored scene, with rivers for its lines of reflection; with highlands and the vales of *states* for its shadowings, and far-off mountains for its frame. Those parti-colored and varying clouds I fancied I had seen as I ascended, were but portions of the scene. All colors of the rainbow — all softness of harvest-field, and forest, and distant cities, and the towns that simply dotted the Hudson — and far beyond

where that noble river, diminished to a brooklet, rolled its waters, there opened mountain after mountain, vale after vale, state after state, heaved against the horizon, to the north-east and south, in impressive and sublime confusion; while *still beyond*, in undulating ridges, filled with all hues of light and shade, coquetting with the cloud, rolled the rock-ribbed and ancient frame of this dim diorama. As the sun went down, the houses and cities diminished to dots; the evening guns of the national anniversary came booming up from the valley of the Hudson; the bonfires blazed along the peaks of distant mountains, and from the suburbs of countless villages along the river; while in the dim twilight,

‘From coast to coast, and from town to town,
You could see all the white sails gleaming down.’

The steam-boats, hastening to and fro, vomited their fires upon the air, and the circuit of unnumbered miles sent up its sights and sounds, from the region below, over which the vast shadows of the mountains were stealing.

Just before the sun dropped behind the west, his slant beams poured over the south mountain, and fell upon a wide sea of feathery clouds, which were sweeping midway along its form, obscuring the vale below. I sought an eminence in the neighborhood, and with the sun at my back, saw a giant form depicted in a misty halo on the clouds below. He was identified—insubstantial but extensive Shape! I stretched forth my hand, and the giant spectre waved his shadowy arm over the whole county of Dutchess, through the misty atmosphere; while just at his supernatural coat-tail, a shower of light played upon the highlands, verging toward West Point, on the river, which are to the eye, from the Mountain-House, level slips of shore, that seem scarce so gross as knolls of the smallest size.

Of the grandeur of the Catskills at sunrise; of the patriotic blazon which our bonfire made on the Fourth, at evening; of the Falls, and certain pecuniary trickeries connected with their grim majesty, and a general digest of the stupendous scene, shall these not be discoursed hereafter, and in truthful wise? Yea, reader, verily, and from the note-book of thine, faithful to the end,

OLLAPOD.

TO THE NEW MOON.

FAIR gem on the dark brow of night,
Fancy springs up, exulting, to greet thee;
But purer than thine is the light
Of the eye smiling gladly to meet me.

It is glowing—thy crescent, late pale,
Is glowing, like spray on the ocean:
But lovelier far, through its veil,
Steals the light of Love's secret emotion.

New-York, August, 1837.

JAMES F. OTIS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIRS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND MANUSCRIPTS, OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE. Published by his Family. Volume One. pp. 552. With a Portrait. New-York: SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

We gather from an advertisement of the American editor of this large and beautiful volume, WILLIAM A. DUEB, Esq., that it was the desire of LAFAYETTE that it should be considered as a legacy to the American people. In carrying his wishes into effect, therefore, his representatives have furnished a separate edition for this country, in which are inserted many letters that will not appear in the London and Paris editions, together with numerous details relating to the American revolution. The letters referred to, were written by LAFAYETTE, in the course of his first residence in America, when he was little accustomed to write in the English language, and are given exactly as they came from his pen. We need not add, that they are replete with interest.

The general history of the great Apostle of Liberty is familiar to the American people. In a brief notice of the volume before us, therefore, we shall select a few only of such passages as have more particularly impressed us, in a desultory perusal. The annexed paragraph, from the opening of the memoir, is characteristic. The writer, though indulging a secret project of arming and despatching a vessel to this country, to aid the struggling colonies, is nevertheless obliged, the better to conceal his designs, to take a journey to England:

"I could not refuse to go, without risking the discovery of my secret, and by consenting to take this journey, I knew I could better conceal my preparations for a greater one. This last measure was also thought most expedient by MM. Franklin and Deane; for the doctor himself was then in France; and although I did not venture to go to his home, for fear of being seen, I corresponded with him through M. Carmichael, an American less generally known. I arrived in London with M. de Poix; and I first paid my respects to Bancroft, the American, and afterwards to his British Majesty. A youth of nineteen may be, perhaps, too fond of playing a trick upon the king he is going to fight with — of dancing at the house of Lord Germain, minister for the English colonies, and at the house of Lord Rawdon, who had just returned from New-York — and of seeing at the opera that Clinton whom he was afterwards to meet at Monmouth. But whilst I concealed my intentions, I openly avowed my sentiments; I often defended the Americans; I rejoiced at their success at Trenton; and my spirit of opposition obtained for me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelbourne. I refused the offers made me to visit the sea-ports, the vessels fitting out against the *rebels*, and every thing that might be construed into an abuse of confidence. At the end of three weeks, when it became necessary for me to return home, whilst refusing my uncle, the ambassador, to accompany him to court, I confided to him my strong desire to take a trip to Paris. He proposed saying that I was ill during my absence. I should not have made use of this stratagem myself, but I did not object to his doing so."

In reading, from his own pen, the account of his leaving France — the violent and peremptory letters from his family and government, denouncing his purpose, and demanding its relinquishment — the grief of his lovely wife, soon to become a mother — we are reminded of that forcible tribute of SPENCER to this lofty disinterested-

ness, than which nothing in the English language is more touching and felicitous. Though doubtless familiar to many of our readers, we cannot resist the inclination to quote a single appropriate passage: 'He left,' says he, 'the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succour were not *his* people; he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoils of the vanquished; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no nameless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; his children were about him—his wife was before him. Yet from all these he turned away, and came. As the lofty tree shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter storm, he threw aside the trappings of pride and place, to crusade for freedom in Freedom's holy land. He came, not in the day of successful rebellion, when the newly-risen star of independence had burst the cloud of time, and cared to its place in the heavens; but he came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover; and when the pious began to doubt the favor of God.'

In the intervals of that heart-destroying malady, sea-sickness, Lafayette employed his time, during the voyage, in acquiring some knowledge of the English language; and when at last he arrived on our coast, he found it swarming with hostile vessels, and landed at midnight at Georgetown, South Carolina. He soon started for Philadelphia, which he reached after a month's toilsome journey of nine hundred miles, on horseback. Even here he was met, at first, with coldness; for, although arriving at an important moment to the common cause, it was at a period peculiarly unfavorable to strangers:

"The Americans were displeased with the pretensions, and disgusted with the conduct, of many Frenchmen; the imprudent selections they had in some cases made, the extreme boldness of some foreign adventurers, the jealousy of the army, and strong national prejudices, all contributed to confound disinterested zeal with private ambition, and talents with quackery. Supported by the promises which had been given by Mr. Deane, a numerous band of foreigners besieged the Congress; their chief was a clever but very imprudent man, and although a good officer, his excessive vanity amounted almost to madness. With M. de Lafayette, Mr. Deane had sent out a fresh detachment, and every day such crowds arrived, that the Congress had finally adopted the plan of not listening to any stranger. The coldness with which M. de Lafayette was received, might have been taken as a dismissal; but, without appearing disconcerted by the manner in which the deputies addressed him, he entreated them to return to Congress, and read the following note:

"After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favors: one is, to serve at my own expense—the other is, to serve at first as volunteer."

"This style, to which they were so little accustomed, awakened their attention; the despatches from the envoys were read over, and, in a very flattering resolution, the rank of major-general was granted to M. de Lafayette."

Here Lafayette beheld, for the first time, the 'Father of his Country.' 'It was impossible,' says he, 'to mistake, for a moment, his majestic figure and deportment; nor was he less distinguished by his noble affability of manner.' The following is a picture of the American army, at this time stationed a few miles from Philadelphia:

"About eleven thousand men, ill armed, and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle to the eye of the young Frenchman: their clothes were parti-colored, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore *hunting-shirts*, large gray linen coats which were much used in Carolina. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that, for a regiment ranged in order of battle to move forward on the right of its line, it was necessary for the left to make a continued countermarch. They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line; no other distinction as to height was ever observed. In spite of these disadvantages, the soldiers were fine,

and the officers zealous; virtue stood in place of science, and each day added both to experience and discipline. Lord Stirling, more courageous than judicious, another general, who was often intoxicated, and Greene, whose talents were only then known to his immediate friends, commanded as majors-general. General Knox, who had changed the profession of bookseller to that of artillery officer, was there also, and had himself formed other officers, and created an artillery. 'We must feel embarrassed,' said General Washington, on his arrival, 'to exhibit ourselves before an officer who has just quitted French troops.' 'It is to learn and not to teach, that I come hither,' replied M. de Lafayette; and that modest tone, which was not common in Europeans, produced a very good effect."

What freeman can peruse the subjoined, and not feel his heart burn with a noble pride, that he is an AMERICAN — the offspring of those whom no temptation could corrupt, no suffering appal, no tyranny subdue:

"Notwithstanding the success in the north, the situation of the Americans had never been more critical than at the present moment. A paper money, without any certain foundation, and unmixed with any specie, was both counterfeited by the enemy, and discredited by their partizans. They feared to establish taxes, and had still less the power of levying them. The people, who had risen against the taxation of England, were astonished at paying still heavier taxes now; and the government was without any power to enforce them. On the other side, New-York and Philadelphia were overstocked with gold and various merchandizes; the threatened penalty of death could not stop a communication that was but too easy. To refuse the payment of taxes, to depreciate the paper currency, and feed the enemy, was a certain method of attaining wealth; privations and misery were only experienced by good citizens. Each proclamation of the English was supported by their seductions, their riches, and the intrigues of the Tories. Whilst a numerous garrison lived sumptuously at New-York, some hundreds of men, ill-clothed and ill-fed, wandered upon the shores of the Hudson. The army of Philadelphia, freshly recruited from Europe, abundantly supplied with everything they could require, consisted of eighteen thousand men: that of Valley-Forge was successively reduced to five thousand men; and two marches on the fine Lancaster road, (on which road also was a chain of magazines,) by establishing the English in the rear of their right flank, would have rendered their position untenable; from which, however, they had no means of retiring. The unfortunate soldiers were in want of every thing; they had neither coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes; their feet and legs froze till they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them. From want of money, they could neither obtain provisions nor any means of transport; the colonels were often reduced to two rations, and sometimes even to one. The army frequently remained whole days without provisions, and the patient endurance of both soldiers and officers was a miracle which each moment served to renew. But the sight of their misery prevented new engagements: it was almost impossible to levy recruits; it was easy to desert into the interior of the country. The sacred fire of liberty was not extinguished, it is true, and the majority of the citizens detested British tyranny; but the triumph of the north, and the tranquillity of the south, had lulled to sleep two-thirds of the continent. The remaining part was harassed by two armies; and, throughout this revolution, the greatest difficulty was, that, in order to conceal misfortunes from the enemy, it was necessary to conceal them from the nation also; that by awakening the one, information was likewise given to the other; and that fatal blows would have been struck upon the weakest points, before democratic tardiness could have been roused to support them. It was from this cause that, during the whole war, the real force of the army was always kept a profound secret; even Congress was not apprized of it, and the generals were often themselves deceived. General Washington never placed unlimited confidence in any person, except in M. de Lafayette; because for him alone, perhaps, confidence sprung from warm affection. As the situation grew more critical, discipline became more necessary. In the course of his nocturnal rounds, in the midst of heavy snows, M. de Lafayette was obliged to break some negligent officers. He adopted in every respect the American dress, habits, and food. He wished to be more simple, frugal, and austere than the Americans themselves. Brought up in the lap of luxury, he suddenly changed his whole manner of living, and his constitution bent itself to privation as well as to fatigue. He always took the liberty of freely writing his ideas to congress; or, in imitation of the prudence of the general, he gave his opinion to some members of a corps or state assembly, that, being adopted by them, it might be brought forward in the deliberations of congress.

"In addition to the difficulties which lasted during the whole of the war, the winter of Valley-Forge recalls others still more painful. At Yorktown, behind the Susquehanna, congress was divided into two factions, which, in spite of their distinction of south and east, did not the less occasion a separation between members of the same state. The deputies substituted their private intrigues for the wishes of the nation. Several impartial men had retired; several states had but one representative, and in some cases

not even one. Party spirit was so strong, that three years afterwards congress still felt the effects of it. Any great event, however, would awaken their patriotism; and when Burgoyne declared that his treaty had been broken, means were found to stop the departure of his troops, which every thing, even the few provisions for the transports, had foolishly betrayed."

In his letter to his wife, written at this time, Lafayette speaks of American simplicity of manners, kindness of heart, and love of country. 'They are all,' says he, 'brethren of one family. The richest and the poorest man are completely on a level; and although there are some immense fortunes in this country, I may challenge any one to point out the slightest difference in their respective manner toward each other.' Would that this picture of republican character were a faithful transcript of the features of our time! We should be glad, did our limits permit, to collate numerous passages from his correspondence, to show how dear to the heart of this peer of the 'nobility of nature,' were those simple habits and manners, from which we have, as a nation, so widely departed. Thank heaven, he did not live to behold the great and increasing change.

The letters of Lafayette to General Washington, contained in the present volume, were penned in English, with which the marquis was but imperfectly acquainted, and are presented precisely as written. He does not, of course, overcome the troublesome idioms; but the reader will often be struck with the happy combinations of expressions, and pleasing involutions of sentences; while there is now and then to be met with a new-coined word, than which nothing could be more expressive. Such an one is contained in his objections to a military court-martial, wherein he asks General Washington if it is 'right forever to *ridiculize* a man of respectable rank, simply for drinking two or three gills of rum.' We here segregate this word, and introduce it to the American reader, with the hope that it will speedily become nationalized. It is different from, and better than, 'ridiculed.'

The correspondence, contained in the volume under notice, is brought down to the year 1781. The letters to Madame Lafayette, while they breathe the tenderest affection, yet burn with that noble disinterestedness and devotion to the cause of freedom, which characterized the life of the writer; while his epistles to General Washington, whether detailing reverses, expressing fears, or announcing glad tidings, are full of the warmest expressions of friendship, which time only served to rivet into an attachment that waxed stronger and stronger until death. Two extracts from Washington's answers to the letters of his renowned compeer, must close our notice of this admirable book. The first is from an epistle written soon after the marquis's first return to France:

"It gave me infinite pleasure to hear from your sovereign, and of the joy which your safe arrival in France had diffused among your friends. I had no doubt that this would be the case; to hear it from yourself, adds pleasure to the account; and here my dear friend, let me congratulate you on your new, honorable, and pleasing appointment in the army commanded by the Count de Vaux, which I shall accompany with an assurance that none can do it with more warmth of affection, or sincere joy, than myself. Your forward zeal in the cause of liberty; your singular attachment to this infant world; your ardent and persevering efforts, not only in America, but since your return to France, to serve the United States; your polite attention to Americans, and your strict and uniform friendship for me, have ripened the first impressions of esteem and attachment which I imbibed for you, into such perfect love and gratitude, as neither time nor absence can impair. This will warrant my assuring you that, whether in the character of an officer at the head of a corps of gallant Frenchmen, if circumstances should require this; whether as a major-general, commanding a division of the American army; or whether, after our swords and spears have given place to the plough-share and pruning-hook, I see you as a private gentleman, a friend and companion, I shall welcome you with all the warmth of friendship to Columbia's shores; and, in the latter case, to my rural cottage, where homely fare and a cordial reception shall be substituted for delicacies and costly living.

"I have a great pleasure in the visit which the Chevalier de la Luzerne and Monsieur Marbois did me the honor to make at this camp; concerning both of whom I have imbibed the most favorable impressions, and I thank you for the honorable mention you made of me to them. The chevalier, till he had announced himself to congress, did not choose to be received in his public character; if he had, except paying him military honors, it was not my intention to depart from that plain and simple manner of living which accords with the real interest and policy of men struggling under every difficulty for the attainment of the most inestimable blessing of life, *liberty*. The chevalier was polite enough to approve my principle, and condescended to appear pleased with our Spartan living. In a word, he made us all exceedingly happy by his affability and good humor, while he remained in camp.

"You are pleased, my dear marquis, to express an earnest desire of seeing me in France, after the establishment of our independency, and do me the honor to add, that you are not singular in your request. Let me entreat you to be persuaded, that, to meet you any where, after the final accomplishment of so glorious an event, would contribute to my happiness; and that to visit a country to whose generous aid we stand so much indebted, would be an additional pleasure; but remember, my good friend, that I am unacquainted with your language, that I am too far advanced in years to acquire a knowledge of it, and that to converse through the medium of an interpreter, upon common occasions, especially with the ladies, must appear so extremely awkward, insipid, and uncouth, that I can scarcely bear it in idea. I will, therefore, hold myself disengaged for the present; but when I see you in Virginia, we will talk of this matter, and fix our plans.

"The declaration of Spain in favor of France has given universal joy to every Whig: while the poor Tory droops like a withering flower under a declining sun. We are anxiously expecting to hear of great and important events on your side of the Atlantic; at present, the imagination is left in the wide field of conjecture; our eyes one moment are turned to an invasion of England, then of Ireland, Minorca, Gibraltar; in a word, we hope every thing, but know not what to expect, or where to fix. The glorious success of Count d'Estaing in the West Indies, at the same time that it adds dominion to France, and fresh lustre to her arms, is a source of new and unexpected misfortune to our tender and generous parent, and must serve to convince her of the folly of quitting the substance in pursuit of a shadow; and, as there is no experience equal to that which is bought, I trust she will have a superabundance of this kind of knowledge, and be convinced, as I hope all the world and every tyrant in it will be, that the best and only safe road to honor, glory, and true dignity, is *justice*. * * * The operations of the enemy this campaign have been confined to the establishment of works of defence, taking a post at King's Ferry, and burning the defenceless towns of New-Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk, on the Sound, within reach of their shipping, where little else was, or could be opposed to them, than the cries of distressed women and helpless children; but these were offered in vain. Since these notable exploits, they have never stepped out of their works or beyond their lines. How a conduct of this kind is to effect the conquest of America, the wisdom of a North, a Germain, or a Sandwich, can best decide; it is too deep and refined for the comprehension of common understandings and the general run of politicians."

* * * * *

"When I look back to the length of this letter, I have not the courage to give it a careful reading for the purpose of correction: you must, therefore, receive it with all its imperfections, accompanied with this assurance, that, though there may be many inaccuracies in the letter, there is not a single defect in the friendship of, my dear marquis, yours," etc.

In answer to a letter from Lafayette, asking the opinion of the commander-in-chief in regard to a duel with Lord Carlisle—whom, for an insult offered, as the marquis conceived, to France, in a letter to congress, he had challenged—Washington advises him to give up the idea of so foolish a thing. 'Experience,' says the *Pater Patria*, 'has proved, that *chance* is often as much concerned in deciding these matters as *bravery*, and always more than the justice of the cause. I would not, therefore, have your life, by the remotest possibility, exposed, when it may be reserved for so many great occasions.' Such was the opinion of Washington—a tolerably brave man, it is generally admitted—of duelling. He had that *moral* courage, in relation to this gladiatorial practice, which we are glad to perceive is every year increasing in our country.

We may renew our notice of the present volume, in connection with a review of its successor, which will doubtless soon be forthcoming. In the mean time, we commend the first to every true American.

THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, UNITED STATES' NAVY. By THOMAS HARRIS, M. D., Surgeon United States' Navy, and Member of the American Philosophical Society. In one volume. pp. 254. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE late hour at which we receive this valuable addition to American Biography, must constitute our apology for the brevity which marks our notice of its contents. The whole is a tribute to a brave officer, and an honorable and accomplished man, who has been fortunate in a biographer who enjoyed a close intimacy with him, who had seen him under all circumstances of disease and health, of exhilaration and depression, and who had thus the best opportunity of studying his character. The writer has therefore eminently succeeded in his purpose of drawing a plain and faithful narrative of the prominent events of Commodore Bainbridge's life. These are connected with a history of the partial hostilities with the French republic, and the various actions with the Barbary powers, under the command of Commodore Preble, and others, in which he was actively engaged. Most of the writer's materials are fresh and interesting, having been mainly obtained from the private journals and extensive correspondence of Bainbridge, from conversations with him, and those who have served under him, and from a manuscript biography of a portion of his life, by General H. A. S. DEARBORN.

We had marked a few characteristic passages from the early history of Bainbridge, previous to his entering the navy, where his bravery is more familiar to American readers, but are compelled to omit them. A spirited mezzo-tint portrait, by SARTAIN, from a painting by GILBERT STUART, embellishes the volume.

MIDSHIPMEN'S EXPEDIENTS. By the Author of 'Rattlin the Reefer,' and Other Tales, by Celebrated Writers. In two volumes. pp. 376. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

How large a portion, reader, of these two volumes, do you suppose the '*work*' which gives them their title consumes? 'Marry, tell us that, and unyoke.' Thirty-two pages, all told! 'Midshipmen's Expedients,' quotha? Whosoever shall disburse the *quid pro quo*, in the belief that he is to read a new work, in two volumes, by the author of 'Rattlin, the Reefer,' (a clever, rattling sort of book enough, and popular withal,) will be inclined to give these volumes another and more appropriate title, namely, '*Booksellers' Expedients*.' The 'other tales,' again, as in the case of Boz's 'Tugs at Ramagate,' are out of all proportion; since they predominate in number by just eighteen! They are well enough, in their way, as English magazine papers; but they are *not* 'Midshipmen's Expedients,' as any purchaser would be led to suppose. 'On the contrary, quite the reverse,' as the annexed list of contents will show. The first volume has 'Sandie Sandeman, the Piper,' 'The Old Farm-House,' 'Mrs. Smith at Home, or More Smiths,' 'The Landlord of Royston,' 'The Irish,' 'Lord Lieutenant and His Double,' and 'John Smith.' The second volume contains, 'The Guerilla,' by KNOWLES, 'One Witness,' a law story, DOUGLAS JERROLD's 'Preacher Parrot, or The Trials of Truth,' 'The Man with many Namesakes,' 'The Pleasure Party,' and 'The Rival Colors.' The two volumes are of that *scrappy* cast, so much desiderated by steam-boat travellers, and such as are troubled with *ennui*, a disease peculiarly incident to those who have nothing to do.

EDITORS' TABLE.

POCAHONTAS—A TRAGEDY.—There are certain dreamers, who flatter themselves that they are philanthropists, yet cannot believe that the recitation of a moral essay or dramatic poem, or a representation of a historical fact, by a combination of ingenious individuals, can be an evil. They think that a living, moving, and speaking picture of an event will impress it more indelibly on the mind, than the historian's page can possibly do. They imagine that moral truths, conveyed by fable, apologue, or parable, and the characters introduced by the teacher presented to the eye, and acting, speaking, looking the thoughts, expressions, and combined movements of the story, must be more delightful and impressive, than any other mode of instruction; in short, that a good play, represented by good performers, to an enlightened, judicious, and virtuous audience, is one of the most effective methods of conveying instruction that the wit of man has devised.*

The question then presents itself, 'Why are theatres avoided and reprobated by very many of the wise and good?' Is it not because they are prostituted to the pleasures of the foolish and wicked? And why are they thus prostituted? Is it not because their directors have nothing in view but pecuniary emolument? Garrick said, 'Those who live to please, must please to live.' Every wretch that allures to vice, by meretricious display, may say the same, and think he is excused. But is there no better mode of living? Is there no way by which a theatre can be supported, but by enticing within it the votaries of folly, vice, and guilt?

Where a king or despot rules, he can open a theatre at the expense of the state, and exclude from its walls much that contaminates the seats of similar establishments in great cities generally. This has been done. We would ask, then, why a combination of private individuals, in a republic, moderately rich, prudently liberal, loving instruction in its most delightful and impressive form, wishing to inspire their children with the desire for knowledge, by making its lessons pleasure, and, by imbuing them with taste, guarding them against the allurements of sensuality—why, we would ask, may not such a combination establish a theatre, as well as a lyceum or atheneum?

Performers should be chosen for their moral characters as well as their talents; auditors admitted only of known respectability; a committee of directors, elected from the proprietors, and the pieces to be represented, decided upon by them.

Such a theatre would not be shunned by the 'good and the wise.' No parent would fear to lead his child to such a school; and the pieces represented might be as attractive as 'Mother Goose,' 'Tom and Jerry,' or any other modern effort of genius.

The directors of such an institution might find that it would not be costly to the proprietors. Emolument must not be sought. Authors might be encouraged to compose dramatic works, such as would be appropriate for a theatre so conducted; and the committee would, in the mean time, find many prepared to begin with.

* See an excellent article, on a cognate subject, in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for June, entitled 'Dramatic Fictions.'

The tragedy, whose name appears at the head of this article, is one that would honor the choice of such a committee. It is the production of a man of genius, learning, taste, and morality. It adheres to historical truth, and exhibits, in an instructive light, the vices and virtues of both savage and civilized society. We might select many passages, and even scenes, with commendation; but shall only ask the attention of the reader to the following beautiful illustration of the power of letters, and the admiration excited in the minds of the aborigines by written communication.

Rolfe. Look here!
Take that to Captain Smith, and ask him what
It says. (Writes.)
Nom. What says it, Sachem Smith?
Smith. What's this?
Nom. Rolfe's speaking leaf. What say'st?
Smith. (Reads.) 'Nomony loves.'
Nom. Nomony! Give it me! Nomony! I!
(Turning it round, and examining it in all directions.)
It cannot be. Where are my legs, my arms,
My body? This like me! Look, Pocahontas!
Poc. 'Tis very strange.
Nom. (To ROLFE.) You told him what it was.
Rolfe. Indeed I did not.
Nom. Let me see't again.
Nomony! Ah! Rolfe, let me shut you out,
While Sachem Smith speaks to the leaf again,
Then see if you can tell us what it says. (Shuts him out.)
Speak to it, father Smith.
Smith. What shall it say?
Nom. Oh, any thing. Say — Pocahontas loves not.
Smith. Loves not? (Writes.)
Nom. Ay, that will tease him. Say it.
Now, brother Rolfe, come in. What says the leaf? (Giving it.)
Rolfe. Ah! cruel leaf! Speaks it the truth? She loves not? (Looking at POCAHONTAS.)
Nom. Who?
Rolfe. (To POCAHONTAS.) Thou lov'st not?
Nom. Let me see't!
Rolfe. (To POCAHONTAS.) Thou said'st so! Thou!
Nom. No, no; content thee: it was I who bid it
Say that. Rolfe, can a red man make it speak?
Rolfe. Any one can. You, or your sister. Can I?
Nom. I'd give my bow, of yellow orange wood —
The best in all our settlement — to know
That medicine!
Poc. I think I understand it.
Nom. Well?
Poc. It is possible, to put a sign,
A mark of something that you both have seen,
And both can understand.
Rolfe. But we can put
A mark for that which we have never seen.
Nom. Indeed! Oh, show me that! Rolfe, turn your back,
And don't look round.
Poc. Now, sister, 'tis my turn. (Whispers SMITH, who writes.)
Give it to Rolfe. (To NOMONY.)
Rolfe. (Reads.) 'Paspaho.'
Nom. Thou hast seen him?
Rolfe. Never.
Nom. (Looking at the paper.) And that's Paspaho! (To ROLFE.) Is he tall or short?
Rolfe. Nay, you put writing to an unfair test;
I cannot tell.
Nom. Not tell! How can the leaf
Name whom it never saw, yet know not whether
He's tall or short?
Rolfe. Smith did not tell it that.
Nom. Tell it, good Sachem Smith. (SMITH writes.)
(To ROLFE.) Now see, an if it knows. You smile! What is't?
Rolfe. (Reads.) 'Paspaho's a young warrior, tall and brave.'
Nom. (Kisses the paper.) Dear leaf, I love you!
Rolfe. I will teach you how
To write, an if you will.
Nom. To write! What's that?
Rolfe. To speak on such a leaf.
Nom. Oh joy! I'm ready.
Rolfe. I cannot teach you in an hour — a day;
We must have many days.
Nom. Must we? I'm sorry.
But we shall soon return.

Rel's. I'll bless the art
Of writing, while I live!
Nem. And when I've learnt it,
If I have something that I fain would say,
And yet not wish to speak it, then I'll make
The leaf speak for me.
Pec. Ay, and think, dear sister,
How sweet, when one is absent far from those
One loves, to send a speaking leaf like this,
And bid it say, we live and love them still!
Rel's. In many lands, beyond the Great Salt Lake,
These speaking messengers are daily sent,
Folded and fastened, so that he who bears them
Knows not their contents. Thus, far distant tribes
Speak to each other.
Pec. Strange!
Rel's. The deeds of warriors
Are noted down upon these speaking leaves;
Which never die, nor spoil by being kept:
And thus their children and their children's children
Hear what has happened thousand snows before.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. — A kind friend, a man of education and refinement, and an acute observer, now in England, has addressed us the first of a series of familiar letters, from which we hope often to quote, for the pleasure or benefit of our readers. His journeyings abroad will be greatly diversified, and out of the beaten track, both as to countries, and portions of countries, which he will traverse. The initiatory epistle, now before us, though necessarily limited in incident, contains a passage or two, which we shall venture to present, since they certainly, in more than one sense, are good 'evidence of things hoped for.' Speaking of the Thames, he says: 'On the morning of the last day of our voyage, the exceedingly turbid state of the water informed me that we were in the vast estuary of the Thames. To me, it seems strange, that WATTS and other poets should have so often attached the epithet 'silver' to this river. From London to its very mouth it is both muddy and yellow.' * * * 'Our sails and spars are housed below, and 'booms' disposed of; a 'mud-pilot' is on board, and we are now what is technically called 'threading the needle.' The pilot roars through his speaking-trumpet, 'starboard!' 'larboard!' 'port! — port hard!' as we glide through *forests* of shipping — (you must be on the bosom of 'Father Teme,' to realize the truth of this common simile,) and are passed, up and down, by innumerable small steam-boats, one of which exhibited no smoke, being propelled by the agency of quicksilver. The river is some fifteen hundred feet wide, yet our ship frequently turns up the mud from the bottom. By law, three hundred feet are left in mid-channel, for ingress and egress. At length, we are ushered through an enormous lock into the celebrated St. Catherine's Docks, a vast reservoir, enclosed by immense warehouses, in the formation of which, several thousand families were removed, and their houses pulled down.' * * * 'I shall send you, in a few days, some interesting articles for your Magazine, which will serve to diversify the pages so admirably filled — I mean no flattery — by your numerous American contributors. They are from the pen of a lady, of distinguished talents, author of 'The Bride of Sicily,' and other poems, and for some late years a popular writer in the 'Foreign Quarterly,' 'British Magazine,' and 'Frazer's Magazine,' to which latter periodical she recently contributed those clever papers, 'Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse,' 'April Fools,' 'Mary Magdalene,' etc. You shall hear from me again, at no distant period.'

In connection with this fragment of correspondence, we annex an extract from a letter written from London by another friend, some months ago, but which has probably 'been in the Indies twice,' since it passed from the hands of the writer, as it has but just reached us. We fear some portions of it may seem to smack of undue self-laudation; but we beg the reader to bear in mind, that we quote from a source wholly disin-

terested; and to believe, that what may appear calculated to induce a satisfied vanity, is but a 'spur to prick the sides of our intent.'

'A knowledge of, and respect for, *American Literature*, appear to be gaining ground in England; but still, very few of our writers can boast *much* foreign fame; and many a name, and many a book, familiar to us, have scarcely been heard of, in the land of Shakespeare. There are some bright exceptions, however. It is superfluous to say, that I often heard IRVING and his writings spoken of with enthusiasm; and the *early* novels, especially, of COOPER, stand as high in popular favor throughout Europe, as they ever did at home. But the English are disposed, it would seem, to claim these two writers as their own; many, at least, never allude to them as American. The essays of Dr. CHANNING have attained a wide celebrity in Great Britain. I have seen no less than three rival editions. Add to these three names those of WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, and you can scarcely mention another American name which enjoys a thorough European reputation. A number of our books have been re-published, it is true, and are known, to some extent. I saw English editions of one or more of the works of Miss SEDGWICK, PAULDING, SIMMS, FLINT, FAY, and Dr. BIRD. Our *poets* they are but little acquainted with. Mr. Irving, you know, endorsed a London edition of BRYANT, and Barry Cornwall conferred the same honor on WILLIS; and his *prose* sketches I have heard highly praised. He has certainly written himself into considerable notoriety. PERCIVAL's poems were printed in England several years since. Some of HALLECK's, and others, are well known through the various specimens of American poets. The classical text-books on oriental and biblical literature, from Andover, Cambridge, etc., are re-printed, and considered high authority by English scholars and critics. Several American books, of a useful and practical character, such as ABBOTT's 'Young Christian,' Mrs. CHILD's 'Frugal Housewife,' etc., have had an immense sale in England and Scotland. At least twenty thousand copies of each of the two mentioned have been sold in the kingdom. The sneering question of the Quarterly, 'Who reads an American book?' is no longer asked; but English prejudice is yet slow to admit that 'any good thing can come out of Nazareth.' I was told by a London publisher, that if an American book were re-printed, it would be bad policy to acknowledge its origin. I know several instances of our books having been published in London and Glasgow as original, and without a word of the *source*, or any alteration, except the omission of local names, by which they might have been detected! In one case, an English copy of a book thus re-printed, verbatim, *except the title*, was received by a New-York house, published as an English work, and one thousand copies were sold, before it was discovered that the copy-right belonged to the author and publisher in Philadelphia! American periodicals, however, are doing much toward diffusing a knowledge of our literary men and resources abroad—in England, Scotland, and France, especially; and there is, on all hands, a great and growing interest in every thing which relates to our noble republic.' * * 'Some of our higher periodicals are favorably known here. Silliman's 'Journal of Science' is appreciated and praised by scientific men throughout Europe; one or two hundred copies of the 'North American Review' are taken in London; and the 'Knickerbocker,' I am informed, is held in much estimation. Your sometime correspondent, Dr. METCALF, (who is engaged in important studies and investigations here, connected with his theory of the great pervading *principle of life*), tells me, that he finds numbers who agree with him in the opinion, that the 'Knickerbocker' is not surpassed in talent, variety, or interest, by any English magazine whatsoever.'

'There are two dealers in London, who import American books, viz., O. RICH and R. J. KENNETT; and two in Scotland, J. REID and J. SYMINGTON AND Co., of Glasgow. I have had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with most of the distinguished publishers in London and Scotland, and have made notes of some facts, and comparative statistics, in which you may perhaps be interested. For the present, however, I will bestow upon you no more of my tediousness.'

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Esq. — It is known to most of our readers, whose aid may be rendered effectively, that a 'benefit' is soon to take place at one of our theatres, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of the popular poet, SAMUEL WOODWORTH, and his large and amiable family, to whose support he has latterly been wholly unable to contribute, by reason of a partial loss of sight, and a paralytic shock, with which he has been visited. We hope the edifice where the dramatic entertainment is to 'come off,' will be crowded from dome to ceiling; so shall the beneficiary be made to rejoice in the belief that the milk of human kindness which flows in his own bosom, is not altogether absent from the breasts of the many who 'know him but to love him,' and who 'name him but to praise.'

'KNICKERBOCKER HALL.' — 'A good name is every thing,' says some didactic school-book maker, and we are about to agree with him. '*Knickerbocker Hall*,' a large and commodious establishment, recently erected adjoining the Park Theatre, we doubt not will, under the supervision of TERRAPIN WELCH, Esq., P. H. T. C., — a capable representative of all the Knickerbockers — be 'every thing' that the reputation of its illustrious founder may lead the public to anticipate. 'Moreover, and which is more,' he is to be aided by his son-in-law, Mr. ADAMS, also a noted publican. Spacious dining-halls, ample private supper-rooms, airy and commodious lodging apartments, a renowned *cuisine*, and the most central of locations — these are matters not likely to be lightly regarded by citizens, or strangers who have ever 'heard tell o' SANDY.' Long may he reign!

LITERARY RECORD.

NEW-YORK REVIEW. — We are well pleased to learn, that the 'New-York Review and Quarterly Church Journal' is not, as we had been led to fear, to be abandoned. It will hereafter be published regularly by Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN. Its editorial supervision is confided, as before, to Rev. C. S. HENRY, an announcement which will be amply satisfactory to all who have read the first number. If this work but sustain 'the promise of its spring' — and that it will do so, with its corps of able contributors, and the aid of the accomplished writer and scholar at its head, we cannot doubt — it will prove an honor, and a high one, to the periodical literature of this country.

'BOOK OF THE UNITED STATES.' — This little volume, like all from the pen of its world-renowned author, is entertaining as well as instructive, and admirably adapted to secure the attention and excite the imagination of the young. It exhibits the great features of the country, on a principle of classification which embraces in one view all that may relate to a particular topic, as mountains, rivers, cities, lakes, etc., which are contrasted with those of other countries, the better to impress them upon the memory. A free, colloquial style, illustrative sketches and anecdotes, and numerous wood engravings, render this little work what such works should be, eminently attractive. Boston: CHARLES J. HENDER.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 3.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER ONE.

THE predominant taste for the study of ancient literature, and the investigation of antiquity, has been the means of bringing to light a vast quantity of matter, which, if written in modern times, would hardly be regarded of sufficient value to preserve beyond the age in which it was written. Elegance of style and composition is not the distinguishing trait in *all* the Grecian and Roman authors which have come down to us; nor are the subjects of sufficient importance to merit a preservation of twenty centuries; although it may be safe to say, that these qualities in general constitute the beauty and value of these writings; for we know that the ancients appreciated the works of their great men, as well as we; and to this we must owe their preservation. The philosophy of Plato and Socrates — the histories of Herodotus and Livy — the poetry of Homer and Virgil — the metaphysics of Aristotle — the geometry of Euclid, and the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes, are not regarded now with more esteem than they were in the period in which they were produced, although the great mass of the people were far behind us in knowledge. Poetry and eloquence are as attractive to the senses of a savage, as to him who is civilized; and to this circumstance must be attributed the preservation and transmission of many poems, of people who have left no other memento of their existence.

The wisdom of the ancient writers above named, was in advance of the age in which they lived, yet they were appreciated; and although kingdoms have risen and fallen, nations have been scattered and annihilated, and language itself become corrupted or lost, these memorials of learning and genius have been preserved, amid the general devastation, and still appear in all their original beauty and grandeur, more imperishable than the sculptured column or trophied urn; models for nations yet unborn, and drawing forth the admiration of the most accomplished scholars and profound philosophers.

In addition to these, we possess many valuable histories, learned dissertations, poetical effusions, specimens of the early drama, etc., which, although they may rank lower in their style of composition, are valuable from the light they throw upon the manners and customs of the age in which they were penned, and make us better acquainted with the private life, the tastes and occupations, of the ancients.

Thus much may be said of the Greek and Roman people. Their

origin, their history, and their literature, are known in all civilized parts of the world; and from the downfall of their respective kingdoms to the present time, we are tolerably well acquainted with the leading events of the history of their descendants, in the modern nations of the south of Europe. Not so with the Teutonic people, who occupy the middle and northern parts of that continent. The glory of their ancestors has never been immortalized; no poet or historian arose to transmit to posterity an account of their origin, or the fame of their deeds, as letters were first known to the Goths in A. D., 360. It is not the intention, in the present essay, to illustrate the literature of the Germanic nations, but to take up that portion embraced in the general term of *Scandinavian*, which embraces the literature of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland. It is also known by the term *Old-Northern*, *Norse*, and as *Icelandic literature*. It is embodied in the Eddas and Historical Sagas as they are called, in the countries of the north. The former consists of collections of Icelandic poems, written upon parchment, or skins, in the language of that country; and the latter, which include the most important part, are relations of historical events which have occurred in Iceland and other countries of the north, including Great Britain and Ireland. They also extend to the affairs of Greenland, which we know was colonized by the Scandinavians at an early period, and to accounts of voyages made by them to an unknown land, called Vinland — supposed to be America — and to various parts of Europe.

Such are the sources of Scandinavian literature. But before we attempt to examine these treasures, which form the subject of our remarks, it may be well to ask the question, which naturally arises here: Who were this ancient people, who, from the earliest period, have occupied the north of Europe? Whence came they? And to what nation of more remote antiquity is their origin to be traced?

To answer these questions satisfactorily, would be a task as easily accomplished, as that of stating with accuracy the origin of the Egyptians. Several learned writers, of ancient as well as modern times, have investigated the subject, without arriving at conclusions which would agree in the most important points; and strange as it may appear, it is not the less true, that we are better able, after a lapse of ten or fifteen centuries, to determine the origin of the people by whom Europe was populated, about the period of the commencement of the Christian era, than writers were who flourished ten centuries ago. At that period, the most noble of inventions had not been brought to light, to treasure up passing events, and what had been preserved by tradition. Letters were not cultivated in Europe, and the intercourse between nations of kindred origin was not sufficiently close, to have promoted such an inquiry.

The cultivation and advancement of the science of philology, or system of universal grammar, has furnished us with a more unerring guide by which to trace the origin of the nations of antiquity, where sufficient of their languages remain, than history itself; for the latter, being in a great degree traditionary, cannot be relied upon, when treating of the origin of nations. The primitive history of the Scandinavians, Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and Hindoos, are so interwoven with their mythology, that it is extremely difficult to separate

truth from fiction. In analyzing the various European languages, on the principles adopted by philologists, we are enabled to trace the affinities existing between them; and by a similarity of grammatical structure, correspondence of words and phrases, and analogies in the conjugations of verbs and declensions of nouns, to classify the various languages, and ascertain from what family or stock they are derived. All the living languages of Europe, with the exception of the Biscayan, or Basque, and the Gaëlic, have been traced to Asia, and to languages which were spoken by the most ancient people of which we have any record. It is now conceded, that the Celts were one, if not the principal, of the primitive nations of Europe, distinguished by different names in different countries. The earliest historians of Europe agree, that they were, in a remote period, settled in various parts of that continent—in the mountainous regions of the Alps, and throughout Gaul, whence they migrated to Great Britain and Ireland, and to the central and western regions of Spain. At a later period, they inundated Italy, Thrace, and Asia Minor. 'The Hibernians,' says Malte Brun, 'are an old branch of the same people; and, according to some authors, the Highlanders of Scotland are a colony of the native Irish. The *Erse*, or Gaëlic, is the only authentic monument of the Celtic language; but it may be readily admitted, that a nation so widely extended must have been incorporated with many states whose dialects are at present extinct.'

Another primitive nation was the ancestors of the Basques, a people now dwindled to a few thousands, and confined to the western base of the Pyrenees. They were closely allied to the Iberians, who occupied eastern and southern Spain, and a part of Gaul. In the remnant of this people is preserved one of the most remarkable languages that philologists have ever yet investigated, exhibiting undoubted marks of originality. 'It is preserved in a corner of Europe, the sole remaining fragment of perhaps a hundred dialects, constructed on the same plan, which probably existed, and were universally spoken, at a remote period, in that quarter of the globe. Like the bones of the mammoth, and the shells of unknown fishes, the traces of which have perished, it remains a frightful monument of the immense destruction produced by a succession of ages. There it stands, single and alone, of its kind, surrounded by idioms whose modern construction bears no kind of analogy to it.'

The south of Europe was occupied by the Etruscans, or Etrurians, whose splendid monuments alone remain to perpetuate their existence; also by the Ausonians, and the Osci. In the east of Europe, we know of no other primitive people than the Thracians, which, however, may have included others of less note. They are spoken of by all the early historians, but of their language, no traces are known to exist.

The north of Europe now alone remains. This part of the continent which embraces Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the north of Germany, was originally inhabited by the Goths or Scandinavians;

* MALTE BRUN'S Geography, vol. VI., p. 77.

† MR. DUPONCEAU'S Report to the Hist. and Lit. Comm. of the American Phil. Soc., p. 11.

some writers using the former, and others the latter, to distinguish them. Under whatever name they have been known, they have filled so important a place in history, that they deserve more than a passing notice.

'In the beginning of the sixth century,' says Gibbon, 'and after the conquest of Italy, the Goths, in the possession of present greatness, very naturally indulged themselves in the prospect of past and future glory. They wished to preserve the memory of their ancestors, and to transmit to posterity their own achievements. The principal minister of the Court of Ravenna, the learned Cassiodorus, qualified the inclination of the conquerors in a Gothic history, which consisted of twelve books, now reduced to the imperfect abridgment of Jornandes. These writers passed, with the most artful conciseness, over the misfortunes of the nation, celebrated its success, and adorned the triumph with many Asiatic trophies, that more properly belonged to the people of Scythia. On the faith of ancient songs, the uncertain but the only memorials of barbarians, they deduced the first origin of the Goths from the vast island or peninsula of Scandinavia.'^{*}

No dependence, of course, can be placed on this history, obtained in such a manner, and by a people unacquainted with letters. Commencing on historic ground, as early as the Christian era, and as late as the Antonines, the Goths were established toward the mouth of the Vistula, and in that fertile province where the commercial cities of Thorn, Elbing, Königsberg, and Dantzic, were long afterward founded. In the reign of Antonines, the Goths were still seated in Prussia. About the reign of Alexander Severus, the Roman province of Dacia had already experienced their proximity, by frequent and destructive inroads. In this interval, therefore, of about seventy years, Gibbon places the second migration of the Goths from the Baltic to the Euxine.

Another, and perhaps a more plausible theory, for the origin of the Goths, is that of identifying them with the Thracians. This theory is strongly advocated by Vans Kennedy, who adduces many and conclusive arguments in favor of his hypothesis. Then to identify the Scandinavians with the Goths, and their origin is settled. From the time of Herodotus, until the general prevalence of the name of Goths, it is undeniable, that the Thracians remained unconquered, and that they extended themselves from Macedonia to the Dniester, and from the Euxine Sea to the confines of Germany. For, as the Getæ are identified by ancient writers with the Thracians, and as neither proof nor probability supports the assumption that Thracia was ever occupied by either Scythians or Scandinavians, it must necessarily follow, that whatever is predicated of the Getæ, must equally apply to the Thracians; and, consequently, if the Getæ were Goths, the Goths were also Thracians. To determine, therefore, the identity of the Getæ and Goths, it may be remarked, that from Strabo, it appears that the country immediately to the south of the Elbe was inhabited by the Suevi; then succeeded the country of the Getæ, which extended along the southern bank of the Danube,

^{*} Gibbon's *Roman Empire*, vol. 1., p. 387.

and also to the north of that river, as far as the Dniester. The Mœsi, likewise, dwelt on both banks of the Danube, and were equally with the Getæ considered by the Greeks to be a Thracian people. The Dacians, also, were a Thracian people.*

It will be necessary, in the next place, to identify the other nations which occupied the interior of Europe from the second to the fifth century, with one of the great nations before alluded to, in order to arrive at the point in question. The incursions made by the barbarians, as they were called, from the North into Italy, which eventuated in the overthrow of the Roman empire, have generally been attributed to people who crossed the Baltic into Denmark, thence into Germany, where, uniting with other tribes, they concentrated their power, and established an empire between the Euxine and Adriatic, on both sides of the Danube. The most distinguished of these German nations, as they were called, were the Goths, Vandals, Visigoths, and Gepidæ. 'In ancient times,' says Procopius, 'they were called Sauromatæ and Melanchlæri, and by some the Gætic nation. They thus differ from each other in name, but in nothing else; for they are all fair, yellow-haired, and good-looking; they observe the same institutions, and worship the same God, as they are all of the Arian sect; and they use the same language, which is called Gothic. It therefore appears to me, that they were all originally the same nation.†

The affinities of language which are so apparent in the languages of the north of Europe and Germany, as well as in Great Britain, do not require any evidence to prove their identity of origin; and if their language was the same, the natural conclusion is, that the people were the same. Gibbon states, that the German nations originally emigrated from Scandinavia; but his authority was Jordanes, who abridged the history of the Goths, as written by Cassiodorus, before alluded to, which is considered as indifferent authority.

Acknowledging the Goths and Scandinavians to be the same, one originated in the other, or each, migrating from the parent stock, must have taken a different course to reach their respective countries. The latter must necessarily have passed around the Gulf of Bothnia to reach Sweden and Norway, or must have passed to the south of the Baltic, through the country of the Goths. The former course is altogether improbable, and the latter makes them a branch of the Gothic nation, which is far the most probable. After quoting numerous authors on this subject, Vans Kennedy comes to the conclusion, that from the Hellespont the Thracians gradually extended themselves to the shores of the Baltic, and thence to Scandinavia. This hypothesis is far the most reasonable, inasmuch as it has support from the analogies of languages; from a close resemblance in the complexion, color of hair, eyes, etc., and from the testimony of history itself. The Thracians, as before observed, were one of the primitive nations of Europe. They are repeatedly noticed by

* Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Principal Languages of Europe, and Asia, p. 142.

† Procopius in Bell. Vandal., lib. 1., c. 2.

Homer, who speaks of them as a numerous and hardy race. Alluding to their country, he says :

'To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-famed Hippomolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race!' ILLIAD, B. XIII., v. 1, p. 13

They are afterward spoken of by Herodotus, and subsequently by Procopius, from the latter of which we have quoted. As a nation, the Thracians have long been extinct. Even of their language there remains no vestige, except what is seen in the Teutonic languages at the North; those of the South, of Pelargic origin, are by some philologists derived from the Thracian, inasmuch as the affinities of the languages of the north and south of Europe are sufficient to deduce them from some earlier language, all traces of which are extinct.

This subject might be carried much farther, by tracing the analogies of language which exist between the German and Sanscrit, or between the English and Sanscrit, and of the affinity between the Persian and the two European languages named. They are all so striking as to place it beyond a doubt that some connexion existed at a very remote period of antiquity, between the people by whom these languages are spoken. On this point, the great philologist Adelung observes, that it has excited the greatest wonder and astonishment. 'The fact is undeniable; and the German found in Persian consists not only of a remarkable number of radical words, but also in particles, and is even observable in the grammatical structure. This circumstance will admit of two explanations, either from a later intermingling of the two languages, after they were completely formed, or from their both being derived from the same mother tongue.*'

Having thus traced the Scandinavians to the Thracians, which latter people, from their proximity to Asia, must have preserved parts of their mother tongue, particularly if that was the Persian or Zend, and noticed the remarkable affinity existing, even in our day, in the languages of Teutonic people (of which the Scandinavians are one) and the Persian, the antiquity of the former, and their descent from one of the original nations of Asia, will be sufficiently apparent, to take up the subject which heads this article.

The early history of the North was traditionary, until the introduction of Christianity, with which Roman letters were also introduced. These were easily adapted to express the various sounds of their languages; and being much more convenient and applicable to reduce their songs, tales, and histories into, than the characters heretofore used, they were soon after embodied in them. The letters in use, previous to the introduction of the Roman alphabet, were Runic. This alphabet consisted of sixteen letters, which are said to be Phœnician in their origin, and to have been introduced by Odin. They were used to sculpture important events on rocks and monuments, many of which are still found in various parts of the

* ADELUNG'S *Mithridates*, vol. I., p. 277.

North, as well as in Great Britain. In another place, a more particular account will be given of these *Runes*, as they are called, accompanied by translations.

It does not appear that the Runic letters had ever been employed to much extent, on parchment, to record passing events, or to preserve the lays, which memory alone had transmitted from generation to generation. Like all other people of antiquity, the Scandinavians had their bards, synonymous with the rhapsodists of Greece. They were known by the name of *Skalds*, and were both poets and historians. 'They were the companions and chroniclers of kings, who liberally rewarded their genius, and sometimes entered the lists with them in trials of skill in their own art. A regular succession of this order of men was perpetuated — a list of two hundred and thirty in number, of the most distinguished in the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, among whom are several crowned heads, and distinguished warriors of the heroic age. Canute the Great retained several Skalds at his court, among whom was one from Iceland, 'who,' says Snorre Sturleson, 'having composed a short poem on Canute, went, for the purpose of reciting it, to the king, who was just rising from table, and thronged with suitors. The impatient poet craved an audience from the king for his lay, assuring him that it was very short. The wrath of Canute was kindled, and he answered the Skald with a stern look: 'Are you not ashamed to do what none but yourself has dared — to write a *short* poem upon me? Unless, by the hour of dinner to-morrow, you produce a *drapa*, above thirty strophes long, on the same subject, your life shall pay the penalty.' The inventive genius of the poet did not desert him. He produced the required poem, and was liberally rewarded by the king with fifty marks of silver.* The improvisators of modern times forcibly remind us of the northern Skalds, who, without the genial skies and classic land of Italy to excite their imagination, produced their lays with equal facility, and expressed their ideas, which correspond with the wildness and rigidity of the North, as the Italian bards assimilate their effusions with the mildness of their climate, and the delightful landscapes with which they were surrounded. Southey thus alludes to them:

— 'Wild the Runic faith,
And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
And Skalds arose, and hence the Skald's strong verse
Partook the savage wildness.'

The most important part of Old Northern, or Icelandic literature, is that contained in the *Sagas*. Of these there are vast quantities still in a high state of preservation, not less than two thousand of them being in the collection of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries. They are written upon skins, in dialects of the Scandinavian languages. The greater portion, however, are in the Icelandic text; others are in the Faroe, Orkney, and Norwegian dialects. One of the most noble and praiseworthy undertakings of the present day, is that of the society alluded to, which contemplates the examination, elucidation, and immediate publication, of these valuable

* WHARTON'S Hist. of the Northmen, p. 51, *et seq.*

manuscripts. They have already advanced to a considerable extent in the accomplishment of their object. The first and most important collection of the Saga manuscripts, was that made by Arne Magnussen, a learned Icelander, who died in 1730. He collected one thousand five hundred and fifty-four of them, and by his will bequeathed a large sum for their publication. This fund led Professor Rafn, in connection with Brynjulfson, Egilson, and Gudmunsson, of Iceland, to found a society for the publication of the old Norse manuscripts, which society is the one referred to, having the King of Denmark for its patron and founder, and embracing among its members most of the learned men of the north of Europe. In addition to the bequest of Arne Magnussen, a large fund has been formed, contributed by the king and other noble and public-spirited individuals of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Great Britain, and Iceland, for the further prosecution and investigation of old northern Archaeology, and Scandinavian antiquities generally. 'The ancient literature of the North,' to quote the language of a letter from the society, 'in point of extent, has not without reason been compared to the literary remains of Greece and Latium, and which is indisputably of decided importance to the antiquarians, historians, lawyers, and philologists of Europe and America.' It is gratifying to observe, that this enterprise has already begun to excite an interest, not only within the limited territory of Denmark, or of Scandinavia, where the resources for so extensive an undertaking are too scanty, but also in several countries beyond the limits of northern Europe, whose scholars share with us in the sentiment, that such literary undertakings ought not to be confined within political boundaries, but, on account of their extensive tendency, have also a claim to active participation from other countries; since without it they cannot meet with the requisite development, nor become of that utility to literature and science for which they are intended, and of which they are susceptible. In order more fully to carry into effect the plans of this society, the coöperation of several of the most eminent antiquarians and literary men of Great Britain and the United States has been solicited, to which they will, no doubt, readily accede.

The Saga literature, which was cultivated to so great an extent in that distant and isolated spot, while all Europe was in a state of darkness, had a great influence in civilizing and promoting the cultivation of letters throughout the north of Europe. The Icelanders were a maritime people, inheriting their love of commerce and adventure from the hardy Scandinavians who planted their colony. Their continued intercourse with the coast of Norway led them to seek adventures elsewhere. The Faroe Islands, the Orkneys, Great Britain, and Ireland, were visited, and a continued trade kept up between them. The two former were Scandinavian colonies, and spoke a dialect of the ancient language.

With the introduction of Christianity into the North, the later Latins, Gothic characters of the Anglo-Saxons, came into general use; and to this we owe the transcripts, made chiefly in Ireland, of the sagas and poetry of the pagan times of the North, and also of the northern history during the middle ages. These sagas are

divided into four classes, the mythic, mythico-historical, historical, and romantic.

The volumes already published, are the following: *Foramanna Sögur*, eleven volumes; *Öldnordiske Sæger*, eleven volumes; *Scripita Historica Islandorum*, six volumes. These contain historical sagas, recording events which transpired on the continent; a history of the Norwegian kings from Olaf Fryggvuson to Magnus, Lagabæta, embracing a long period of years, and terminating in the year 1274; the history of the Danish kings, from Harold Blue-tooth to Canute VI., or the period between the middle of the tenth and the commencement of the thirteenth centuries, with critical notes and commentaries on the narrations and sagas of several northern writers.

Íselendinga Sögur, two volumes, contains the historical sagas, recording events which have transpired in Iceland; giving also a particular account of the first colonization of the island, in Icelandic.

Færeyinga Saga, or the History of the Inhabitants of the Faroe Islands; in Icelandic, the Faroe-dialect, and Danish. *Formaldar Sögur Norðrlanda*, three volumes; *Nordiske Fortids Sæger*, three volumes. The latter six volumes comprise all the *mytho-historical sagas*, recording events in the North, assignable to the period anterior to the colonization of Iceland, or the era of authentic history; in Icelandic and Danish.

Krakumal sive Epicedium Ragnaris Lodbroci, or Ode on the Heroic Deeds and Death of the Danish King, Ragnar Lodbrok, in England; in Icelandic, Danish, Latin, and French.

These publications will give some idea of the extent, variety, and interest, of the manuscripts in the possession of this society, and of the light which, in all probability, many of them will throw upon the hitherto unsettled points of English, Scottish, and Irish history.

ANACREONTIC.

I.

WILT thou then leave me, ere the hurrying hours
Have yet gone by, when sleepless souls should meet?
Wilt thou then leave me, when in these still bowers,
Time lingers, wrapt in joys so wildly sweet?
Oh, break not thus away, with trembling spirit,
Nor deem a converse so delightful, wrong;
Ah me! the hours of joy we now inherit,
Have never yet been known to linger long.

II.

Haste not away so soon — awhile remaining,
Some newer bliss, unknown, shall touch the heart;
Ah me! thy own unto my bosom straining,
If like me thou didst love, we should not part.
Thou still wouldst pause, and with a fond affection,
Re-clasp the hands, unite the lips that burn,
And when in fear thou break'st the sweet connection,
Return and linger, linger and return.

G. B. SINGLETON.

THE AMERICAN WILD ROSE.

A recent English writer says: 'The rose is a flower entirely unknown to the new world.'

FAIR flower! the opening of whose breast
Of fragrance, on the soft south-west,
Speaks sweet to me, in mem'ries dear —
All that calls up affection's tear;
I love thy heart-leaf'd single cup,
Soft blushing with the hue of morn;
I kiss each essenced dew-drop up,
That trembles on thy thorn:
For thou upon my path hast grown
Since childhood — womanhood, I own.
First on a Pennsylvanian bank,
Where fair my native creek flow'd by,
The breathings of thine heart I drank,
And gazed into thy golden eye.

Where'er I wander, still dost thou
Ever upon my pathway bow;
The field, the cliff — my children's tomb,
To garland with spontaneous bloom.
Where'er a mossy rock hath place,
Thou wavest there in modest grace;
Guarding beneath thy blushing vest,
Midst tufted grass, the partridge-nest.
Where'er o'er mountain path I toil,
Thou spring'st to bless the grav'ly soil;
Where straggling fence-row gives thee room,
Thou fling'st a garland, and perfume;
And oft thy dying odors play,
Mingled in swathe of fragrant hay.
Though thou dost love the woodland shade,
Still for the sun-beam wert thou made.
Stealing from copse to open sky —
Greeting from far the traveller's eye:
Thou wert not 'born to blush unseen,'
Sweet wilding rose; the meadow's queen!

I love thy leaf's indented green;
The tinge of red upon thy stalk;
Thy pointed buds, so neatly fur'd:
O, who hath said this western world
Was to thy smile unknown!
Come, let him take one morning walk,
When May has well nigh flown;
In dell or dingle, chiefly where
A thicket meets the open air;
Or where a gurgling streamlet takes
Its sparkling leap through rocky brakes;
O'er fence-row, to the tassel'd corn,
The smiling rose nods from her thorn:
O! ever, rose! smile thus to me,
Memento of my childhood's glee.
In warmer Greece, thou may'st repay,
With richer glow, the softer day;
At eve, as from the bul-bul's throat,
Love's fabled breathings o'er thee float;
Or England's gardens may enhance,
By florist's art, thy trebled flower;
But here thou 'rt free; thy ev'ry glance
Speaks but our nation's dower.

Free as the foot of Pilgrim, set
On Plymouth-rock by salt sea wet;
Free as the soil on which he trod,
Free as the pray'r he breath'd to God;

Free as the untam'd Indian's eye,
That tracks the foe none else can spy;
Free as the arrow from his bow —
Free as the dark Missouri's flow;
Free as the forest's untam'd herds;
Free as the lake's migrating birds.

Wild rose, and sweet ! still grace the soil,
Won by our fathers' sacred toil;
Still cheer the labors of the plough —
The harvest rose, still flourish thou !
Gayer may blow in Persian loom,
Richer may breathe in Turk's perfume:
But purer, sweeter, never hung
The rocks, the paths, the fields among;
I love thee, for thou dost for me
Garland the country of the free !

W.

EDWARD FANE'S ROSEBUD.

THERE is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy, than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to re-create its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, to restore those graces which time has snatched away. Some old people, especially women, so age-worn and woful are they, seem never to have been young and gay. It is easier to conceive that such gloomy phantoms were sent into the world as withered and decrepit as we beheld them now, with sympathies only for pain and grief, to watch at death-beds, and weep at funerals. Even the sable garments of their widowhood appear essential to their existence; all their attributes combine to render them darksome shadows, creeping strangely amid the sunshine of human life. Yet it is no unprofitable task, to take one of these doleful creatures, and set fancy resolutely at work to brighten the dim eye, and darken the silvery locks, and paint the ashen-cheek with rose-color, and repair the shrunken and crazy form, till a dewy maiden shall be seen in the old matron's elbow-chair. The miracle being wrought, then let the years roll back again, each sadder than the last, and the whole weight of age and sorrow settle down upon the youthful figure. Wrinkles and furrows, the handwriting of Time, may thus be deciphered, and found to contain deep lessons of thought and feeling. Such profit might be derived, by a skilful observer, from my much-respected friend, the Widow Ingersoll, a nurse of great repute, who has breathed the atmosphere of sick-chambers and dying-breaths, these forty years.

See ! she sits cowering over her lonesome hearth, with her gown and upper petticoat drawn upward, gathering thriftily into her person the whole warmth of the fire, which, now at nightfall, begins to dissipate the autumnal chill of her chamber. The blaze quivers capriciously in front, alternately glimmering into the deepest chasms of her wrinkled visage, and then permitting a ghostly dimness to mar the outlines of her venerable figure. And Nurse Ingersoll holds a tea-spoon in her right hand, with which to stir up the contents of a tumbler in her left, whence steams a vapory fragrance, abhorred of

temperance societies. Now she sips—now stirs—now sips again. Her sad old heart has need to be revived by the rich infusion of Geneva, which is mixed half-and-half with hot water, in the tumbler. All day long she has been sitting by a death-pillow, and quitted it for her home, only when the spirit of her patient left the clay, and went homeward too. But now are her melancholy meditations cheered, and her torpid blood warmed, and her shoulders lightened of at least twenty ponderous years, by a draught from the true Fountain of Youth, in a case-bottle. It is strange that men should deem that fount a fable, when its liquor fills more bottles than the congress-water! Sip it again, good nurse, and see whether a second draught will not take off another score of years, and perhaps ten more, and show us, in your high-backed chair, the blooming damsel who plighted troths with Edward Fane. Get you gone, Age and Widowhood! Come back, unwedded Youth! But, alas! the charm will not work. In spite of fancy's most potent spell, I can see only an old dame cowering over the fire, a picture of decay and desolation, while the November blast roars at her in the chimney, and fitful showers rush suddenly against the window.

Yet there was a time when Rose Grafton—such was the pretty maiden-name of Nurse Ingersoll—possessed beauty that would have gladdened this dim and dismal chamber, as with sunshine. It won for her the heart of Edward Fane, who has since made so great a figure in the world, and is now a grand old gentleman, with powdered hair, and as gouty as a lord. These early lovers thought to have walked hand in hand through life. They had wept together for Edward's little sister Mary, whom Rose tended in her sickness, partly because she was the sweetest child that ever lived or died, but more for love of him. She was but three years old. Being such an infant, Death could not embody his terrors in her little corpse; nor did Rose fear to touch the dead child's brow, though chill, as she curled the silken hair around it, nor to take her tiny hand, and clasp a flower within its fingers. Afterward, when she looked through the pane of glass in the coffin-lid, and beheld Mary's face, it seemed not so much like death, or life, as like a wax-work, wrought into the perfect image of a child asleep, and dreaming of its mother's smile. Rose thought her too fair a thing to be hidden in the grave, and wondered that an angel did not snatch up little Mary's coffin, and bear the slumbering babe to heaven, and bid her wake immortal. But when the sods were laid on little Mary, the heart of Rose was troubled. She shuddered at the fantasy, that, in grasping the child's cold fingers, her virgin hand had exchanged a first greeting with mortality, and could never lose the earthy taint. How many a greeting since! But as yet, she was a fair young girl, with the dew-drops of fresh feeling in her bosom; and instead of Rose, which seemed too mature a name for her half-opened beauty, her lover called her Rosebud.

The rosebud was destined never to bloom for Edward Fane. His mother was a rich and haughty dame, with all the aristocratic prejudices of colonial times. She scorned Rose Grafton's humble parentage, and caused her son to break his faith, though, had she let him choose, he would have prized his Rosebud above the richest

diamond. The lovers parted, and have seldom met again. Both may have visited the same mansions, but not at the same time; for one was bidden to the festal hall, and the other to the sick-chamber; he was the guest of Pleasure and Prosperity, and she of Anguish. Rose, after their separation, was long secluded within the dwelling of Mr. Ingersoll, whom she married with the revengeful hope of breaking her false lover's heart. She went to her bridegroom's arms with bitterer tears, they say, than young girls ought to shed, at the threshold of the bridal chamber. Yet, though her husband's head was getting gray, and his heart had been chilled with an autumnal frost, Rose soon began to love him, and wondered at her own conjugal affection. He was all she had to love; there were no children.

In a year or two, poor Mr. Ingersoll was visited with a wearisome infirmity, which settled in his joints, and made him weaker than a child. He crept forth about his business, and came home at dinner-time and eventide, not with the manly tread that gladdens a wife's heart, but slowly — feebly — jotting down each dull footstep with a melancholy dub of his staff. We must pardon his pretty wife, if she sometimes blushed to own him. Her visitors, when they heard him coming, looked for the appearance of some old, old man; but he dragged his nerveless limbs into the parlor — and there was Mr. Ingersoll! The disease increasing, he never went into the sunshine, save with a staff in his right hand, and his left on his wife's shoulder, bearing heavily downward, like a dead man's hand. Thus, a slender woman, still looking maiden-like, she supported his tall, broad-chested frame along the pathway of their little garden, and plucked the roses for her gray-haired husband, and spoke soothingly, as to an infant. His mind was palsied with his body; its utmost energy was peevishness. In a few months more, she helped him up the staircase, with a pause at every step, and a longer one upon the landing-place, and a heavy glance behind, as he crossed the threshold of his chamber. He knew, poor man, that the precincts of those four walls would thenceforth be his world — his world, his home, his tomb — at once a dwelling and a burial-place, till he were borne to a darker and a narrower one. But Rose was with him in the tomb. He leaned upon her, in his daily passage from the bed to the chair by the fireside, and back again from the weary chair to the joyless bed — his bed and hers — their marriage-bed; till even this short journey ceased, and his head lay all day upon the pillow, and hers all night beside it. How long poor Mr. Ingersoll was kept in misery! Death seemed to draw near the door, and often to lift the latch, and sometimes to thrust his ugly skull into the chamber, nodding to Rose, and pointing at her husband, but still delayed to enter. 'This bed-ridden wretch cannot escape me!' quoth Death. 'I will go forth, and run a race with the swift, and fight a battle with the strong, and come back for Ingersoll at my leisure!' Oh, when the deliverer came so near, in the dull anguish of her worn-out sympathies, did she never long to cry, 'Death, come in!'

But, no! We have no right to ascribe such a wish to our friend Rose. She never failed in a wife's duty to her poor sick husband. She murmured not, though a glimpse of the sunny sky was as strange

to her as him, nor answered peevishly, though his complaining accents roused her from her sweetest dream, only to share his wretchedness. He knew her faith, yet nourished a cankered jealousy; and when the slow disease had chilled all his heart, save one lukewarm spot, which Death's frozen fingers were searching for, his last words were: 'What would my Rose have done for her first love, if she has been so true and kind to a sick old man like me!' And then his poor soul crept away, and left the body lifeless, though hardly more so than for years before, and Rose a widow, though in truth it was the wedding night that widowed her. She felt glad, it must be owned, when Mr. Ingersoll was buried, because his corpse had retained such a likeness to the man half alive, that she hearkened for the sad murmur of his voice, bidding her shift his pillow. But all through the next winter, though the grave had held him many a month, she fancied him calling from that cold bed, 'Rose! Rose! come put a blanket on my feet!'

So now the Rosebud was the Widow Ingersoll. Her troubles had come early, and, tedious as they seemed, had passed before all her bloom was fled. She was still fair enough to captivate a bachelor, or, with a widow's cheerful gravity, she might have won a widower, stealing into his heart in the very guise of his dead wife. But the Widow Ingersoll had no such projects. By her watchings and continual cares, her heart had become knit to her first husband with a constancy which changed its very nature, and made her love him for his infirmities, and infirmity for his sake. When the palsied old man was gone, even her early lover could not have supplied his place. She had dwelt in a sick-chamber, and been the companion of a half-dead wretch, till she should scarcely breathe in a free air, and felt ill at ease with the healthy and the happy. She missed the fragrance of the doctor's stuff. She walked the chamber with a noiseless foot-fall. If visitors came in, she spoke in soft and soothing accents, and was startled and shocked by their loud voices. Often, in the lonesome evening, she looked timorously from the fireside to the bed, with almost a hope of recognising a ghastly face upon the pillow. Then went her thoughts sadly to her husband's grave. If one impatient throb had wronged him in his lifetime—if she had secretly repined, because her buoyant youth was imprisoned with his torpid age—if ever, while slumbering beside him, a treacherous dream had admitted another into her heart—yet the sick man had been preparing a revenge, which the dead now claimed. On his painful pillow, he had cast a spell around her; his groans and misery had proved more captivating charms than gayety and youthful grace; in his semblance, Disease itself had won the Rosebud for a bride; nor could his death dissolve the nuptials. By that indissoluble bond she had gained a home in every sick-chamber, and nowhere else; there were her brethren and sisters; thither her husband summoned her, with that voice which had seemed to issue from the grave of Ingersoll. At length she recognised her destiny.

We have beheld her as the maid, the wife, the widow; now we see her in a separate and insulated character: she was, in all her attributes, Nurse Ingersoll. And Nurse Ingersoll alone, with her own shrivelled lips, could make known her experience in that cape-

city. What a history might she record of the great sicknesses, in which she has gone hand in hand with the exterminating angel! She remembers when the small-pox hoisted a red-banner on almost every house along the street. She has witnessed when the typhus fever swept off a whole household, young and old, all but a lonely mother, who vainly shrieked to follow her last loved one. Where would be Death's triumph, if none lived to weep! She can speak of strange maladies that have broken out, as if spontaneously, but were found to have been imported from foreign lands, with rich silks and other merchandise, the costliest portion of the cargo. And once, she recollects, the people died of what was considered a new pestilence, till the doctors traced it to the ancient grave of a young girl, who thus caused many deaths a hundred years after her own burial. Strange that such black mischief should lurk in a maiden's grave! She loves to tell how strong men fight with fiery fevers, utterly refusing to give up their breath; and how consumptive virgins fade out of the world, scarcely reluctant, as if their lovers were wooing them to a far country. Tell us, thou fearful woman! tell us the death-secrets! Fain would I search but the meaning of words, faintly gasped with intermingled sobs, and broken sentences, half-audibly spoken between earth and the judgment-seat!

An awful woman! She is the patron-saint of young physicians, and the bosom friend of old ones. In the mansions where she enters, the inmates provide themselves black garments; the coffin-maker follows her; and the bell tolls as she comes away from the threshold. Death himself has met her at so many a bed-side, that he puts forth his bony hand to greet Nurse Ingersoll. She is an awful woman! And, oh! is it conceivable, that this handmaid of human infirmity and affliction—so darkly stained, so thoroughly imbued with all that is saddest in the doom of mortals—can ever again be bright and gladsome, even though bathed in the sunshine of eternity? By her long communion with wo, has she not forfeited her inheritance of immortal joy? Does any germ of bliss survive within her?

Hark! an eager knocking at Nurse Ingersoll's door. She starts from her drowsy reverie, sets aside the empty tumbler and tea-spoon, and lights a lamp at the dim embers of the fire. Rap, rap, rap! again; and she hurries adown the staircase, wondering which of her friends can be at death's door now, since there is such an earnest messenger at Nurse Ingersoll's. Again the peal resounds, just as her hand is on the lock. 'Be quick, Nurse Ingersoll!' cries a man on the door-step; 'old Colonel Fane is taken with the gout in his stomach, and has sent for you to watch by his death-bed. Make haste, for there is no time to lose!' 'Fane! Edward Fane! And has he sent for me at last? I am ready! I will get on my cloak and begone. So,' adds the sable-gowned, ashen-visaged, funereal old figure, 'Edward Fane remembers his Rosebud!'

Our question is answered. There is a germ of bliss within her. Her long-boarded constancy—her memory of the bliss that was—remaining amid the gloom of her after life, like a sweet-smelling flower in a coffin, is a symbol that all may be renewed. In some happier clime, the Rosebud may revive again, with all the dew-drops in its bosom.

THE SONG OF THE SHIP.

'I've a long stout bill, like the condor bird, and a cloak of canvass white,
And walking sticks, full two or three, that sport a banner bright;
I carry an anchor on my bows, and cannon in my sides,
And a compass true, that night and day my course unerring guides.

'My way is on the stormy deep, and the tempest as it blows,
But rocks my darling sons to sleep, who laugh at human woes;
I bear a nation's arms abroad, where nations without me
Could never speak in sovereign power — I'm mistress of the sea!

'When night comes on, I light a lamp, when storms, I trim a sail,
My hardy boys are e'er alert, with hearts that never fail;
I rove in might the dark blue deep — I draw a golden chain,
That causes man on man to smile, and rivets main to main.

'Wealth follows where my canvass flies, and power attends my roar,
I dance upon the bounding sea, and smile beside the shore;
If art and nature both be taxed, they all are found a-lee,
Compared, in might and glory, to a noble ship at sea.'

Here ceased the ship to speak, the while she proudly dashed her way,
When thus a meek and lowly man took up the broken lay:
'Ah! thus,' he cried, 'shall all be borne, and thus shall all be blest,
Who put their trust in Alohim, and in Messiah rest.'

Michilimackinack, August, 1837.

H. R. S.

MARK !

BY PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA.

IN TWO PARTS — PART ONE.

A WRITER in *Blackwood*, in reviewing the poems of Bishop Corbet, of facetious memory, insists that the church has been more distinguished for wit and humor, than any other of the learned professions. This may not hold true in these refined days, and especially with us, where the strength of a man's principles is apt to be measured by the length of his face, and where a large portion of the community seem to think that

'To laugh were want of goodness, and grimace.'

But it was not so in the time of Corbet, of South, of Swift, and of Sterne. Even in the present day, the name of Sydney Smith is identical with a grin, and evangelical old Rowland Hill himself could not keep down the busy devil of fun within him. But these are only exceptions. The taste of the age has declared itself, rightly enough, perhaps, against the mixture of things sacred and jocose; and the clergyman who is so unfortunate as to possess a fund of wit, must seek some other field for its display than the desk, happy if he be allowed to indulge it even in private, without a brotherly hint from that benevolent class of individuals, whose chief business in life is to attend to the foibles of their neighbors. To the student, however, it is a treat, to turn aside from the staid formality and correct dulness of the present age, to the times when it was permitted to a man to

follow the bent of his genius, however devious ; when illiterate audiences, more filled with the spirit of faith than with that of criticism, were as much edified by their preacher's jokes as by his homilies ; and when even the good man, dreaming as little as Shakspeare himself that his tragi-comedy would fall under the ban of posterity, went on, firing off alternately the heavy ordnance of learned denunciation, and the lighter artillery of jest and jibe, at the head of the conscience-stricken sinner.

Our business, however, is not with the English worthies of this school, with whose merits and defects we are sufficiently familiar, but to introduce the reader to another genius of the same stamp, who flourished at Vienna, where he held no less a station than that of preacher at the emperor's court.

PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA, if we regard only his quaintness, his queerness, his bad puns, and his jokes, lugged in, like Sancho's proverbs, in season and out of season, was a lineal descendant of those worthy travelling friars, whom Schiller has immortalized by the Capuchin's Sermon, in the introduction to Wallenstein. But in learning, in fervor, in rough and rude but stirring eloquence, he is far above the herd of hedge-preachers. 'Though it appear a little out of fashion,' there is much that is sterling in him. Few court preachers ever spake so freely and fearlessly, or applied the lash of satire so unsparingly to every rank and condition. Had he lived in a more refined age, when cultivation might have chastened without destroying his fancy, he would have stood high among popular orators.

His name is probably new to most of our readers ; for few of our German scholars ever peep into those ponderous folios in which earlier days delighted, or trace up the stream of German literature higher than Wieland or Klopstock. To such, it would be idle to expatiate on the crabbed beauties which adorn the Nibelungen-lied, the Minnesingers, old Hans Sachs, or Abraham a Sancta Clara. We trust, however, that in the latter they will find enough of oddity, at least, to render some slight acquaintance acceptable. His true name was ULRICH MEGERLE, and he was born in Suabia, (the Ireland of Germany,) in 1642. At the age of twenty, he became a bare-footed monk, of the Augustine order, and in 1669, was invited to Vienna, in the capacity of court preacher, an office he filled till his death, in 1709 ; preaching and writing the while with untiring zeal and industry. At a future time, we may brush the learned dust off some other volumes of his works : at present, we will take up one of his choicest bits of quaintness, the discourse called '*Mark I*' composed of a series of warnings to the people of Vienna, written soon after the plague, which swept off seventy thousand inhabitants in six months. We have been obliged, of course, to take some few liberties in our version. Where one of his bad German puns proved utterly untranslatable, we have endeavored to fill its place with an English one, equally as bad, and as near the original as possible. It will be seen that here and there he varies the steady progress of his prose, and breaks into a rhyming pace, something between a canter and a hobble ; showing that the amphibious measure adopted by the 'wondrous boy that wrote Alroy,' is not altogether original. Without farther preface, we shall proceed to our extracts. Thus, then, dis-

coursed our reverend friend, in his exordium, of the signs that, as usual, preceded the pestilence :

'Signs in the heavens were furnished by the baleful and malevolent aspects of the planets. Signs in air are usually changeful weather, and heavy rains. Clouds, too, are so deemed ; but in my poor judgment, the plague was caused, not only by unwholesome *nebulae*, but by wicked *nebulones*. Signs of water are, abundance of fishes cast on shore, crabs, frogs, and toads ; and it is certain, when sharks are found plying round courts of justice, when honesty sidles off like a crab, and when toadies are found in the high places, that God commonly sends a pestilence. Signs of earth, are, when idle, noxious weeds and herbs infest the ground ; and of a surety, when such plants as sanguinary, dandy-lions, mushrooms, and painted-ladies, grow plentifully, it is easy to see what is meant thereby !' * * *

'Death began his career in Leopoldstadt, (the suburbs,) and there destroyed the people for a time, but in moderation. Afterward the pestilence crossed the Danube to the other suburbs ; and it seemed at first as though Death ventured not to enter the capital, but would content himself with the suburbs, and the dark corners, and dirty spots thereof ; so that men began wickedly to surmise, that he only wanted to pick out the refuse, to rummage beggars' wallets, and still his hunger with coarse crumbs ; and that noble palaces, and rich houses, were safe from his scythe. 'Holla !' said Death, 'to let you know that no fortress is too strong for me, if girt with a fosse that could swallow the ocean, I will, spite of you all, conquer the city !' And he actually did in July.

'In the days of the dictator, Cæsar, an ox spoke ; in the days of the prophet Balaam, an ass spoke ; in the time of the Emperor Maurice, a metal image spoke ; in the time of Beda, the stones spoke ; but at this time, in Vienna, when a sick man lay here in one corner, a dying man groaned there in the other ; a few steps off lay one already dead, and the bodies choked the way of the passers-by ; in Vienna, the very stones spake, and warned the people to repentance. 'Up, and awake, ye sinners ! The axe is laid to the root of the tree ! God's anger is at the threshold ; the voice of the Almighty is calling you to eternity ; the archangel Michael holds the balance, to weigh your life ! Up ! up ! and repent, for this is the only prop to which to hold fast in the day of destruction ! The penitent knockings of your heart, be sure, can alone open the door of heaven ; your hearty sighs are the only music that please the ear of God.' Thus spake all the streets and alleys, and the plastermen trod on, warned them to seek a plaster for the wounds of their conscience.

'Taverns are wont to be the abode of joy and license ; for it is no secret, that when the blessed Virgin came to Bethlehem with Joseph, she had to take shelter in a broken stall, for there was no room for her in the tavern ; and it is a truth, that God seldom finds any room in such houses, because all things evil lodge there. For a lamb to become a hog, an eagle a crow, and a horse an ass, is no great miracle ; for do we not see daily, that men drink like hogs at the 'White Lamb ;' that the 'Golden Eagle' makes gallows-birds, and the 'Red-Horse' asses ? But in these days, the reverse happened ; and the waiters were not so busy in counting up the drinks, as

the drinkers, who lay dead by the door the next morning. Their floors were sprinkled, not with water, but with tears. Instead of shouting, was sighing, and — wonderful to say! — there was more whining in them than wine.'

After discoursing in this manner concerning the plague and its incidents, by way of prologue, he proceeds to his practical deductions, addressed to all classes: and first, he invokes mankind generally, heading the invocation,

'MARK — MAN!'

'T is not for nothing, that the word *live*, spelled backward, readeth *evil*. 'T is like a cloud, that fantastic child of the summer, which is no sooner born, than the rays of the sun menace to make an end of him. Just so our life, *viz orimur morimur*! Our first breath is a sigh on the way to death, and the very rocking of the cradle warns us how tottering is our existence.' * * * 'Summer comes after spring; Saturday comes after Friday; four comes after three, and death comes after life.

'Life and glass, they shake and they break;
Life and grass, how soon they pass!
Life and a hare, how fleet they are!

'Life is certain only in uncertainty, and is like a leaf on the tree, a foam on the sea, a wave on the strand, a house on the sand.'

'Stop me not, while I sing my song before thy door. To-day red, to-morrow dead; to-day your grace, to-morrow, 'God be gracious;' to-day, a comfort to all, to-morrow, under the pall; to-day, dear, to-morrow, the bier; to-day hurra, to-morrow, psha!

'*Omnes morimur*! I have seen that we must all die; I have seen that death is a player, and a roguish one, for he bowls the men down and setteth them not up again, and attacketh not the pawn alone, but the king; I have seen, that were I to gather together the limbs of a dead emperor, and mix them up with water, they would not be of size enough to stop the mouth of sneering Michal, when she opened it to laugh at David her lord.

'Joshua, the hero, before he stormed the city of Jericho, made a vow to the Lord that none of his army should plunder aught. God knows, it's hard for soldiers to keep from it; and though they have little to do with schools, they know wondrous well, that in default of the *dativus*, they must take to the *ablativus*. Yet, spite of the ordinance, a soldier named Achan crooked his fingers, and helped himself to the booty. And lo! when he was caught, and brought before the aforesaid hero, what answered he: '*Abstuli, abscondi in terrâ, et fossam humo aperui.*' Such is the answer of Death, the great robber and plunderer of all things. Tell me, Death, where are Matthias the Emperor, and Matathias, the prophet? Where are Eleazer and Eliezer? Where are Leo and Leontius, Maximus and Maximinus? '*Abstuli et abscondi in terrâ,*' says Death!'

The Pater next takes up the religious world, commencing, as usual, 'Mark! Sir Priest!' and dilateth on the importance of the office, as follows:

'What is worthier than pious and spiritual men, who have turned their backs on the world, knowing that world and wild are words

that differ little in name, and none in fact. For what is this world, but a garden full of thistles; a sugared poison, a gilded dunghill; a sack full of holes; a silver hook, a shop full of fool's-caps; a drug-store, full of nauseous purges; a flowery deceit? The apostles likened the kingdom of God to a grain of mustard-seed, not to a sugar-plum; to sour leaven, and not to sweet-meats.*

After reminding us that Peter, in the fulness of his zeal, smote off the high priest's servant's ear, and was reprov'd therefor, he goes on to give a reason for it, which we do not recollect to have met in any of the commentators: 'If he had been the footman of any nobleman, or lady, merely,' says he, 'the Lord would perhaps have winked at it, had he cut off his whole head; but the servant of a high priest was to be respected.'*

We leave the divines for the present, and turn to his next 'mark,' which is addressed to the learned, whereon he expatiates with a fellow-feeling, and makes some displays of learning, which will certainly excite astonishment, if not admiration. His introduction is as follows:

'MARK — LEARNED MAN!'

'T is well known, that Lot's wife was changed by God's decree into a pillar of salt, because, contrary to the divine command, she looked back; but why she was changed into a pillar of salt, and not into a thorn-bush, which is as curious and sharp as she was herself, is because when she entertained the angels who visited her husband, she put no salt to the meats, that she might be free of these frequent visitors. Salt has ever been held the symbol of science and wisdom, as is shown, not only by its being the first syllable in the name of King Solomon, but inasmuch as Christ says to his disciples, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' As meat without salt, so is man without knowledge. As the poet saith:

' A table without a dish,
A pond without a fish,
A soup without bread,
A tailor without thread,
A horse without a tether,
A cobbler without leather,
A ship without a sail,
A pitcher without ale,
And a man without wit,
Do well together fit.'

'I have, with especial care, examined Holy Writ, and find that therein the word husbandman occurs thirty-six times; the word field, three hundred and fourteen times; the word sow, twenty times; the

* Speaking of ears. That was an ingenious and kindred elucidation of a passage of Scripture, which was given by a Methodist clergyman, of whom we have somewhere read. 'In those ancient days,' said the divine, 'small crimes were punished by cropping off the ears; so that it rarely happened, that a large concourse of people could assemble, without a considerable proportion of them, and oftentimes more, being deprived of their auricular members. Hence we view, my brethren, the propriety of that frequent remark of our Saviour, when addressing a mixed multitude, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!' It was the same profound biblical critic, who made St Paul's similitude, touching his late conversion, ('as one born out of due time,') quite level to the comprehension of his hearers, by explaining, that the apostle 'was undoubtedly a seven-months' child!'

word grow, five hundred times; the word corn, fifty-seven times; the word reap, fifty-two times; the word barn, twenty-one times; the word thresh, fifteen times; the word hay, forty-eight times; but the word *straw*, only once,* and that with no great commendation, where Rachel sat upon it to hide the golden images from her father Laban. Since, therefore, the word straw occurs but once, I am free to conclude, that it was holden for something most contemptible. And as worthless as straw is, so is a man of straw,† without learning.'

And again:

'Jesus, our infant Lord, had to lie in a manger at Bethlehem, he whose abode is the starry heaven; and when his precious body shivered with cold, and was warmed only by his inward love to us, he to whom all the hosts of heaven minister, had no attendants, save an ox and an ass. St. Vincent remarketh, that the ox stood at the babe's head, and the ass at his feet; whereby he wished to show, that asses, and such as have no knowledge, should keep in the back-ground, and those only who have wisdom, stand in the high places.'

* * * * *

'What is more lovely than knowledge? He who hath it, cuts the 'gordian knot' better than the Macedonian monarch, and can answer all the puzzling questions about which other men busy their brains in vain. As thus: Why doth a man who hath eaten his fill, till his body is stuffed like a travelling journeyman's knapsack, weigh less than before? The philosopher knoweth the reason. Why doth he who has drank too much wine, commonly fall over forward, while he who hath drank too much beer, generally falleth over backward? The philosopher knoweth the reason.'

And again he discusseth learnedly of lawyers:

'In the Old Testament, there was a wondrous drink for women, which many a one had to swallow, albeit she did not complain of thirst. For whenever a man conjectured that his spouse was faithless, he led her to the priest at the altar, who handed her a liquor mixed with a thousand curses, the which, were she wrongfully accused, harmed her not; but were she really guilty, lo! she was incontinently filled therewith, and swelled up like a sack of Bohemian hops, and pined away; and thus they cunningly learned who was innocent and who guilty. 'Well,' saith one, 'why happeneth not the same now-a-days? 'T is as necessary as in those times, and men would crowd to buy such a drink, at whatsoever price.' To this I answer, that such miracles are no longer needful; for the lawyers, with their *citationes*, *notationes*, *protestationes*, *connotationes*, *replicationes*, *contestationes*, *appellationes*, *acceptilationes*, *certiorationes*, *confirmationes*, and the like, make guilt or innocence as clear as day.' But mark we how Death treats all this choice Latinity: 'What kind of tongue,' saith Death, 'is this, wherein the Latinists address me? By my life, I understand not Latin! My father, the Devil, a substantial man, and my mother, Sin, a notable dame as any, to save expense, gave me no learning; therefore I care not a

* 'PATER ABRAHAM,' mark! You had better examine your Bible 'with especial care' once more. Did not Pharaoh make the children of Israel turn out the regular quantity of brick, whether they had *straw*, or not? Our modern version, however, may not answer to the Pater's original.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

† Literally, *strohkopf*, a straw-head, a dunce.

fig for your Latinists. The Almighty has truly taught me somewhat, but I find my studies differ mainly from yours; for in my grammar, *mors* is *generis communis*; in my syntax, the verb *vivo* has no *infinitivum*.'

He next addresses soldiers, whom he comforts with the thought that they need not despair of eternal life, bad as their calling is; for, saith he:

'St. John, the angel of the apocalypse, tells us, in his description of the heavenly Jerusalem, how he saw in his trance, that this metropolis of God was built four-square, and each side garnished with three doors; whence we can safely conclude, as St. Dionysius hath it, that from all quarters and parts of the world, there is access to heaven.

'St. Athanasius wisely observeth of the people of Israel, that when they entered on a campaign, the ark of the covenant, wherein were stored the laws of Moses and the ten commandments, was carried before the host, that the warriors might have God's law continually before their eyes. Hear this, ye Christian soldiers! The ten commandments were the avant-guard of the army of Israel; with you, God help us! they too commonly are sent to the rear.'

* * *

'Who's there?' 'No friend!' 'Who is no friend?' 'I,' says Death. 'Holla there! Guard, turn out!' 'My loving friends,' replieth Death, 'I cannot laugh in my sleeve, for I have none; but I can't help grinning, at finding you think to frighten my scythe with your pikes and halberts. That would be a joke! How many of the Jews have I not destroyed? The sum total, as Holy Writ testifieth, 854,002,067! And now shall I be afraid of *you*? No, no! Order arms! Albeit your leader, *Mars*, and I, *Mors*, are kinsmen in name, I cannot abide neutral, but declare open war on you! Let him who doubts my power, go to Vienna, and ask of the first sentinel he meets!' Inasmuch as Vienna is a rampart of all Germany against the Turk, it is girt with thick walls, and strong towers. The heavenly city, Jerusalem, is described by the chronicle as having twelve great gates; now as Vienna hath six, it may justly be called half a heaven. It hath always been the wont of the soldiery at Vienna to keep their main force in the city, and a guard at St. Peter's church-yard; but this time, Death, against the officers' will, changed their ordering, and almost all the troops were bidden to *lie at ease* in the church-yard, while Death went the rounds, from post to post, on the walls.'

Let us quote the conclusion of this branch of his address:

'Let the body die, then, be it in fire or in water, on earth or in air — what matters it! Let it die, this dung-hill, this nest of worms, this lump of filth, this dying worm, this clod of earth; let it die, this perishing rottenness, this tricked-out decay, this painted sepulchre, this congregation of diseases, this bundle of rags, this six feet of nothing! Let it die! — let it perish! Let it decay, this living hospital, this sport of chance, this little heap of earth — when, how, where it may — it matters not! But I beseech thee, by thy soul's salvation — I sound it in thine ears, with uplifted hands, let not the ~~soul~~ perish! This curious and precious handiwork and image of God — this priceless and unfading jewel of eternity — this pure and

peaceful sister of the spirits made blessed — oh let not *this* perish by sin, for this is the only death that is terrible indeed !'

There are passages like the above, scattered here and there, which will show that our author was something more than a mere pulpit-joker, and that he had within him all the elements of high eloquence. Our conscience, indeed, reproaches us, at times, that we are not doing the old worthy justice, but picking out his knotty points and excrescences, to amuse our contemporaries with their odd twists and turns, and air of hoar antiquity, rather than laying open the sound core and pith that lie beneath them. But our object — and we hope it as an excusable one, in these trying times — is rather to beguile the reader into a smile, than edify him by serious discourse, a plenty whereof is to be found at every corner, without going back for it to Pater Abraham a Sancta Clara.

For the present, we leave our 'man of mark,' reserving his homily to maidens, his advice to parents, touching the use of the rod ; his counsels to the rich, etc., for another number.

N A T U R E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

I.

ILLUM'D by reddening skies, stands glittering
On tender blade the dew ;
And undulates the landscape of the spring
Upon the clear stream's blue.

II.

Fair is the rocky rill, the blossom'd tree,
The grove with gold that gleams ;
Fair is the star of eve, which close we see
To yonder purple gleams.

III.

Fair is the meadow's green, the dale's thick bush,
The hill's bright robe of flowers ;
The alder-stream, the pond's surrounding rush,
And lilies' snowy showers.

IV.

Oh ! how the host of beings are made one
By Love's enduring band !
The glow-worm, and the fiery flood of sun,
Spring from one Father's hand.

V.

Thou beckonest, Almighty, if the tree
Lose but a bud that's blown ;
Thou beckonest, if in immensity
One sun is sunk and gone !

FRANCIS MITFORD.

NUMBER THREE.

WE spake of BRUMMELL'S opinions of Canada. 'Canada,' said he, 'is a mere incubus on the already bloated back of England. The profits derived from the trade of that colony scarcely defray the enormous expenses of her establishments. Nor is this the worst. The question of her boundary will one day involve us in a most bloody and expensive war, demanded, perhaps, by national pride, but repugnant to our most vital interests; a war, too, with a nation of brothers, with whom we ought to have but one common view; that of peaceably extending our laws, language, and commerce, over the most distant part of the globe. Should there be a war, whether England emerges from that contest vanquished or triumphant, the consequences must be equally fatal. Alienation of the present strong and growing friendship will result, which must tend, more or less, to restrict the extensive commerce between the two countries, to the great injury of Great Britain; for though the United States may easily obtain from other countries the manufactures which she now obtains from us, at, in the first instance, a triflingly-enhanced price, yet the grand staple article of cotton cannot be purchased any where so good, or on such advantageous terms, as in the United States. The necessity imposed by war on that country of procuring manufactured commodities elsewhere, would, no doubt, continue in a great measure, by choice, after peace. The best thing England can do with Canada, is to present her (with her own consent) to the United States, or to manumit her from all colonial trammels, and declare her independent. Thus, by enlisting the pride of the Canadians on the side of a separate government, she may perhaps succeed in preventing a junction between this colony and the United States — if indeed England can be said to have any real interest in the hindrance of such a junction. Fifty thousand men sent over to Canada, in case of war with the United States, at the expense of twenty-five millions, will not suffice to keep Canada from being overrun by her powerful neighbours; all military speculations on the subject, to the contrary notwithstanding.'

WHERE is the mortal who has expatriated himself, without feeling a yearning after home? Home! magical word! bringing with it vivid recollections of the sweetest scenes of childhood, and those days of youth, when the mind, freed from care, bounds with joy at the slightest favorable event! Every man, in considering his home, looks only to the most pleasing events which occurred during his residence there, and is apt to consider all the disagreeable circumstances of his existence as receiving a still darker tinge from his stay abroad. Mitford was no exception to the general rule. He determined to return to London, at all hazards.

This resolve was confirmed by another motive. He had long loved — ardently loved. The life of dissipation, and even of riot,

which he had led, had not been able to efface the holy passion from his soul. There it burned, at once a safeguard to, and a promoter of, other virtues. The fair Marguerite was lovely, rich, and constant in her attachment to him. Neither the sneers of friends, nor the ill-reports of enemies, were able to efface his image from her mind. Friendship may be dissolved; fortune may desert us; but woman's love blossoms in eternal spring, and only blooms the more, amid the wintry blasts of adversity.

A late correspondence apprized him that her hand and fortune awaited him. This determined his movements, and he found himself in London. But the necessary preparatives for a marriage, however fortunate, require money — without which the wings of Cupid are clogged; and though Mitford might have relieved himself by an application to his lady-love, whose purse was at her own disposal, yet he could not bear to owe a favor before marriage.

He bethought himself of an expedient. Whenever a man wants money in London, the surest way to obtain it, is by offering to lend it, or by offering some great prospective advantage for the sum required. Many a man parts with what he has, to one whom he thinks will increase his store when he requires it; but no man parts with his money to one whom he thinks has none.

A dashing advertisement graced the pages of the 'Post' and 'Herald' newspapers:

'EXTRAORDINARY FACILITY.—The advertiser, possessing great influence in a certain high quarter, would feel disposed to promote the interest of any gentleman of standing and talent, who has a thousand pounds at his disposal. Address 'A. M.,' Standish's Rooms, Regent-street.

'N. B. No indiscretion need be apprehended.'

We need scarcely say, that our hero answered to the initials of 'A. M.' The applications were numerous. Mitford made a special appointment with one whom he thought likely to answer his purpose. He had chambers for the occasion in Lincoln's Inn.

The applicant had recently arrived from the East Indies, and had some property. The idea of obtaining a respectable post, with a good salary, at once to increase his income and employ his leisure, attracted him. Our hero received him in a dimly-lighted apartment. His back was toward the window. When you are afflicted with a diffidence, over which you have no control, on important occasions, always turn the dorsal vertebræ toward the light.

The business was soon opened. The applicant was anxious to embrace the ideal advantage offered.

'But, my dear Sir,' said Mitford, 'it will be necessary to have some security in hand, before you are inducted. Without at all doubting your punctuality, you are aware that in matters of business, particularity is necessary: beside, I must consult the wishes of my principal.'

The stranger paused! He slowly drew forth his pocket-book, took out a post bill for £1000, and handed it to Mitford.

How may not a man, by false sophistry, tame his mind to the commission of a tortuous act! Honesty in man, is like virtue in woman.

The possibility of violating it must not for a moment enter the imagination. In either case, deliberation is destruction.

Mitford, who would not for any consideration have omitted the payment of a debt of honor; who would have resisted the slightest imputation on his character unto death; thus reasoned with himself: 'I am on the point of marrying a fortune; why should I hesitate to appropriate this money, for a few days, when I shall have ample means to repay it? To be sure, I must endorse the note; but then the certainty of refunding the amount takes away any moral obliquity that might otherwise attach to the act.'

Thus soliloquized Mitford; and, endorsing the note, he committed forgery.

A *SPLendid* party had assembled at Sidmouth-Terrace, to celebrate a bridal festival. Lights beamed far into the park, illuminating all around. Revelry and joy breathed throughout.

Mitford was there. The sanction of the church was about to seal the happiness of our hero for ever, when suddenly three officers interrupted the bridal ceremonies, and seizing Mitford on a warrant for forgery, conducted him to prison.

To describe the distress of the bride—the confusion of the guests—would be impossible. We leave it to the imagination of our readers.

The process of the law was rapid. The day of trial arrived. Mitford pleaded not guilty.

All that the most able counsel could effect, was done for him. The witnesses were brow-beaten; the jury harangued; but he was found guilty.

The judge passed sentence of death.

'*LA!*' said Mrs. Minikin, the haberdasher's wife, 'to-morrow is the day when that there gen'leman is to be hung for forgery. Let's go see him.'

'My dear,' said Mr. Minikin, 'you know I never likes them there sort of things. If it was a reg'lar mill, then I might go; but I never likes to see no one tuck'd up.'

'Oh, but, my dear,' said the gentle Mrs. Minikin, 'it is not entertaining, I grant, to see them there riff-raffs which is usually hung; but this is a gen'leman. Only consider,' said she, in her most endearing manner, 'how delightful to see one of them there 'igh-flyers hung!' And the pliant Mr. Minikin consented.

LET us now turn to the dungeon which contained this ill-fated man. There, on a scanty supply of straw, a dim light glimmering through the bars of his cell, rendering the interior still more desolate, by revealing its wretchedness, lay Mitford—pale, emaciated, and bearing on his countenance the conviction, that the world and himself were now disjointed. Ever and anon the echoing wheels of some patrician chariot conveyed to his ear the mirth and gayety that

reigned without. But what was all this to him? His heart was never more to beat at the sight of beauty; ambition could no longer convey elevation to his mind. A few short hours, and he must be brought forth to satisfy the stern severity of the law, and furnish food to the gaping curiosity of thousands. And was this to be the termination of his career? Was it for this a mother's holy tears had blessed his advent to the world? — that a father's toil had left him reposing amid the luxuries of wealth? All, all was now shortly to terminate in the scaffold's terrors, and worse than the scaffold's terrors, in the scaffold's shame.

While these thoughts passed through his mind, scalding tears coursed down his cheeks, moistening the straw on which he lay; not tears extracted by craven fear, but holy drops of penitence.

From this state of mind he was soon awakened by the reverend clergyman, whose duty it was to prepare him for his approaching awful change. He whispered to him the hope of divine mercy, so unquenchable that the most heinous offences failed to suppress it; that it was true he must suffer a public punishment, at once as an example, and an earthly atonement for his crime; but the benign Saviour of mankind had passed through all the ignominy of a public execution, with a resigned spirit, as an offering for the sins of others; and in virtue of that offering, he must himself hope for forgiveness, and suffer with resignation.

The holy man left Mitford more collected in mind, and resolved to submit to his inevitable fate with piety and courage.

THE morning dawned. The fatal bell had struck; the scaffold had been erected; the gaping multitude, anxious for some horrid show to awaken their morbid sensibilities, clogged up in thousands every avenue to the sacrificial altar. Those whom the doom of the law had fixed that morning to be their last, stood upon the scaffold; but Mitford was not there; and the great unwashed, who had that day gone to enjoy the luxury of seeing a gentleman hung, returned disappointed of half the show.

The mystery must be solved. The betrothed of Mitford had forwarded a petition to the king, and another to the queen, requesting a commutation of punishment; but these documents had to pass through so many avenues of the palace, that they never reached the royal eye. Receiving no answer, and almost despairing of success, she flew to the Secretary of State.

Sir Robert Peel then filled the responsible situation of the Home Department. And here let us pause, to do justice to one of the greatest men of modern times; to one who, at no distant day, is destined to fill a large space in the world's eye. His father, sprung from the canaille, by the aid of the spinning-jenny, left his son in possession of one of the most ample fortunes, even in the wealthiest country in the world. The father, of rank tory principles, was farther recommended to royal notice, by the gift of twenty thousand pounds to carry on a war, which, however unpopular with the nation, a profligate ministry had induced that nation to believe its honor interested in prosecuting. The son was thus introduced to royal favor; and it is well

known, that George the Third entertained great personal partiality for him. He commenced life as a statesman, having, in the outset of his political career, been inducted into the office of Under Secretary of State. His whole public life has been a life of office. His experience is thus greater than that of any man now living. Unfortunately, having commenced his career as an advocate for tory principles, his party have always pursued his leaning toward more liberal principles as a crime, while the more liberal party have always looked with suspicion on his aid, and viewed him as an enemy in their camp. As a debater, he is unrivalled; and if many surpass him in those burning and flowery sentences by which eloquence is distinguished, none equal him as a ready and always a sensible debater. But in our times, it unfortunately happens, that if a man commences his life by advocating bad principles, consistency forces him to adhere to them. The present world of politics, unlike the divine world to come, admits of no repentance. Once take your course in evil, you must adhere to it, if you wish to preserve your reputation. To change for the better, is certain perdition. Thus because Sir Robert Peel advocated Catholic emancipation, which he had all his previous life opposed, every contumelious epithet that rancor could invent, was hurled at him by his old friends; while the advocates of that measure viewed his accession to their ranks, not merely with distrust, as but a late convert, but with jealousy, as tending to rob them of some portion of the merit of carrying it on the very point of their success. And John Bull refused, from the hands of Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues, a greater measure of reform and retrenchment than even the original advocates held forth. Thus it is, a thief may reform, or become a useful member of society, if he will only amend; but a politician must look to nothing but consistency.

THE fair Marguerite found no difficulty in gaining access to Sir Robert. Her beauty, her distress, her tale at once simple and affecting, all conspired to move him. He laid her petition and her woes at the foot of the throne. Majesty was pleased to find extenuating circumstances in Mitford's case, and a reprieve was granted to him.

The bitter draught of grief had been too much for the gentle Marguerite. Her faculties had been too nervously awakened. While her lover required her aid, reason had kept its throne. His safety insured, she became a maniac, and the inmate of a mad-house.

Still farther mercy awaited our hero. After some detention in prison, he was liberated, on condition that he should leave the kingdom, never to return.

YEARS had now elapsed. Mitford's error and his shame had alike been forgotten; and it was supposed he was dead. It was not until the tempest of a new revolution awoke regenerated France to a sense of the wrongs endeavored to be inflicted on her by a Bourbon, whose family a million of foreign bayonets had seated on the throne, and until Paris taught all the capitals of Europe how easily a large

city could resist a well-appointed army, that a ray of light was shed upon his fate.

The barriers of the Rue Richelieu had been erected by the people, and were furiously attacked by squadrons of infantry and cavalry. The Parisians, led by a most intrepid young man, evidently a foreigner, defended it to the very utmost. Three charges had been made, and successfully repulsed. A fourth threatened to carry the barriers. Some of the pickets were overthrown; and already had a few of the light cavalry penetrated within. A few stout hearts strove hand to hand with the military, but numbers had given way. In this emergency, the gallant leader of the people, waving his tri-colored flag, sprang in front of the wavering multitude. His gestures, his example, reanimated them. Again they pressed forward, and bearing with them the tide of victory, they successfully repulsed the military; but their leader had sealed his conquest with his life. He fell, fighting hand to hand and foot to foot with the leader of the hostile soldiery, and their bodies lay close together, in the sleep of death.

The strife of the three days past, honorable interment was awarded the fallen and patriotic brave. Among the latter was not forgotten the youthful stranger, who had so well defended the barriers of the Rue Richelieu. The papers on his person proved him to be an Englishman. That Englishman was FRANCIS MITFORD.

S E R E N A D E .

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.—BY J. J. CAMPBELL.

I.

With song and lyre let sleep now fly;
To song and lyre take bounden heed!
The wakeful minstrel, that am I,
Fair sweetheart! ever true at need.
O, open thou the clear sunshine
Of those blue laughing eyes of thine!

II.

Through night and gloom I hither tramp,
At hour when spirits are in view;
Long since, there glimmers not a lamp
The hush'd-up cottage-window through:
Long since has rested, sweet and blest,
What love and fond desire let rest.

III.

On his wife's bosom cradled keeps
His weary head, the husband dear;
While to his favorite hen close creeps,
Upon the roost, good chanticleer;
And sparrow on the eaves is eyed,
Couching with true-love by his side.

IV.

Oh! when will these dull times be sped,
Until I too creep close to thee;
Until in sweet repose my head
Upon thy bosom nestled be?
When lead'st thou me unto the side
O, priest! of my sweet little bride?

V.

How would I then so heartily,
So dear, so very dear, thee hold!
How would I, oh! how would then we
Each other in our arms enfold!
Yet patience! time, too, slippeth on—
Be thou but true, my darling one!

VI.

And now, dear soul! good-night once more;
God keep thee with his shelt'ring might!
What God keeps, that is well watch'd o'er,
And kept from danger and affright.
Adieu!—now close the sunny shine
Of those blue laughing eyes of thine!

MOHEGAN LANGUAGE AND GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

Michilimackinuck, August 2, 1837.

IN making some inquiries recently of a party of the Mohegan tribe — the remnant of whom have made their way to this quarter within a few years — I find that they have preserved their traditional history for the last two centuries, or more, with a degree of accuracy which is not common to the native tribes in this region. It is very well known, from published data, that this ancient tribe occupied Long-Island and the contiguous main land, on the discovery of the country, whence in process of time they withdrew eastwardly into Connecticut, and afterward went west into Massachusetts. They appear, from the first, to have had the means of instruction, which have been continued up to the present time, with perhaps less interruption than among most of the other tribes. This may account in part for the better preservation of their traditions. Many of them being able to read, could refer to some things in printed documents. Others appear to have retained with tenacity that traditional lore which the aged among the tribes generally employ the leisure of their superannuated days in handing down to the young.

During the long residence of this tribe at Stockbridge, (Mass.,) they were commonly Stockbridges, and after the revolutionary war, when they transferred their residence to Oneida, in western New-York, they naturally retained this name, and finally bore it with them to their present location in Wisconsin territory. I disclaim any intention to sketch their history; and wish no farther to allude to it, than appears to be necessary to bring forward a few facts in the character of their language, and particularly their names for the places of their former residence, on the lower parts of the Hudson. And as this is a matter of which but little is generally known, it has appeared to me of sufficient local interest, to justify the liberty I take in addressing these remarks to you.

The Mohegan is readily recognised as a type of the Algonquin or (as Mr. Gallatin has recently denominated it,) the 'Lenapee-Algonkin' family, and bears a strong resemblance, both in sound and syntax, to the dialects of some of the existing lake tribes. This affinity is very striking in its grammatical structure, and its primitive words. Derivatives, with all our tribes, are subject to interchange their consonants, or drop them entirely, which creates a necessity of being constantly on the alert to detect these exchanges. Moreover, the accent is uniformly moved, or doubled, often creating primary and secondary accents in the same phrase, which, in an unwritten language, is alone sufficient to account for numerous mutations. But what, more than any other principle, affects the *sound* of Indian words, in their concrete and derivative states, is the large stock of (so to say) floating particles, which come into these words in the shape of prefixes and suffixes. These are, in their offices, almost as numerous as the purposes of person, tense, number, quality, position, etc., may require. But while their respective office remains precisely the same, in almost any given number of dialects in a mo-

ther language, it is found that the several tribes pique themselves in giving these auxiliary particles a sound peculiar to themselves, by which something like *nationality* is kept up. Thus in two dialects indicating the least change in the primitives or derivatives, to be found among all the tribes, namely, the Chippewa and Ottawa, these particles, which, in the animate class for plural, are denoted by *ug*, and in the local inflections by *ong*, and *ing*, in the one dialect, are respectively changed to *uk*, *onk*, and *ink*, in the other.

Similar to this process, seems to have been the result of change between the ancient Algonquin and the Mohegan, the latter, like the Ottawa, constantly substituting *k* for *g*, and *p* for *b*, etc., but in other respects, it exhibits numerous gutturals, and some aspirates, which are but rarely found in the liquid flow of the Algic. It also embraces the (perhaps) Gothic sound of *th*, which is wholly unknown (the Shawnee excepted) to the modern lake dialects.

Geographical terms, with the Indians, are found generally to unite some natural quality in the features or productions of the country with an indication of the locality; so that their names are not, as with us, simple nominatives, but (as in all other cases in these peculiar languages) the quality, action, etc., transfers itself to the object, and is expressed in a consolidated phrase. This is one of the most constant and distinguishing traits of these languages. Their nouns and adjectives, therefore, as well as their verbs, are transitives. Even their prepositions take a transitive character, and link themselves, as with 'hooks of steel,' to the objects to which they are applied. Thus their name for the island from which this letter is dated, is Place of the Gigantic Faeries, or, by another interpretation, Place of the Great Turtle. Detroit is, (literally translated,) Roundward, or Rounds-by Place, denoting the sinuosities of the river in its approach. Sault St. Marie, 'At the Shallow Water with Rocks.' In another class of derivative words, the union of the substantive and adjective is without a local inflection, as in their name for Lake Superior, which is simply called, The Sea Waters; Mississippi, The Great River; Michigan, The Great Lake, etc.

This principle is found most fully to pervade the Mohegan. I requested one of the chiefs of the party above referred to, to pronounce their name for Long-Island. He replied, PAUM-NUK-KAH-HUK, signifying, Place of the Long Land. The name of the coast opposite to this island, at the mouth of the Hudson, or rather, across the Sound, he pronounced MON-AH'-TON-UK. Dropping the local inflection *uk*, meaning place, or land, we have the elements of Manhattan, the latter of which preserves the original quite as well as the generality of Indian names transmitted by English enunciation. Philologists will perceive, farther, that the aspirate *h* would be very naturally prefixed to the second syllable, while the sound of *o*, being the sound of *o* in the French word *ton*, might be expressed, nearly as well, by some of the modified sounds of *a*.

Judged by similar means of analysis, Sing-Sing is a corruption of OSIN-SINK, *i. e.*, Place of Stones, or Rocks; Neversink from NAWAISINK, a phrase descriptive of highlands equi-distant between two waters, as Raritan Bay and the Atlantic. Minisink is, literally, Place of the Island. Tappan Sea *appears* to be a derivative from a band

of the Mohegans, who dwelt there, called TAPONSEES, or rather from the name of their village. After getting through the Highlands, names of Mohawk derivation occur. Poughkeepsie, Warwarsing, and Cossackie, are, however, clearly of Mohegan origin. So far as I recollect, the ancient name of Albany, SKE-NEK-TA-DA, is the first term of the Iroquois type of languages, in ascending the Hudson, of which any notice is preserved. In proceeding east, west, or south-west from that point, geographical names of this character universally prevail. But it is to be remarked, that but few sonorous names occur, until reaching the districts of country formerly possessed by the Oneidas, Onondagas, and other western branches of this confederacy.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

A FAREWELL.

FARE thee well ! — the word is spoken,
That makes the past a dream to me;
The long delicious spell is broken —
Yet fare thee well, since thou art free !

Yes ! thou art free ; but oh, how shatter'd
This faithful heart thou couldst not know,
Nor see each crush'd affection scatter'd,
And yet with chilling coldness go !

Perchance unto this bosom's yearning,
Thou 'dst answer with some kindred sigh,
Or seek to quell its secret burning,
With one glance from thy pitying eye.

Yet were it so, how would it cherish
That tender look, 'a death in life ;'
Oh ! better far at once to perish,
Than linger through hope's fever'd strife !

Then fare thee well ! — mid others ranging,
Thou carest not to look on me ;
Nor heedest the true love, unchanging,
That like a beacon, shines for thee.

Yet when the meteor has departed,
That lur'd thee to the world's caress,
When languid, drooping, broken-hearted,
Thou sinkest back in weariness ;

Then come to one, who, though forsaken,
Still loved thee on, through weal and wo ;
Nor would one memory awaken,
That o'er thy path a shade could throw.

Yes, come ! and like the star of even,
My love shall cheer thine earthly way,
And in the blessed light of heaven,
Shine on, an ever-constant ray !

M. E. L.

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER SIX.

'WEAK and irresolute is man.' I record a fault of human nature, as well as my own. I resolved and re-resolved, and am the same. Do I not blush while recording this weakness? Alas! I am dead to feeling, as it regards my fellows. I have no communion with the world, now. I pass by, unnoticed and unknown. Still, I have a love for mankind; and I make these confessions, hoping they may prove of use to others. I daily see others in the same predicament as myself, or, if not so far advanced, yet pursuing a course which will inevitably lead them where I now am. Yes! where I am; and what is that state? Solitariness, apathy, disgust, fretfulness, heart-ache; the absence of all the gentle sympathies of life; the death of all domestic affection; the familiarity of the vulgar and low-bred; the sneer of the foolish prosperous man; the contempt of the small thriving gleaner; the neglect of the busy, and the pity of the good. Oh! yes! one comfort yet remains; the prayers of the pious and truly religious.

But to my story. As hope began to fade from the heart of my dear Alice; as she saw I was beyond the influence of her prayers and entreaties; as she began to be acquainted with the real state of my habits; as she began to see, that not even my love for her availed any thing she began to despair. She had involved herself too deeply to retract. Her feelings had acquired the habit of loving me; and indeed, though an idle young man, I do not think it strange that such devotion and tenderness as I sometimes really felt and bestowed upon her, should have awakened some return.

I was well-bred, had a good person, could sing passably well, by myself, write good poetry, and was passionate and hot in my evidences of affection. I was an enthusiast, and women like decided tastes. They feel an assurance, a confidence in your good, quiet, smooth-faced, unexcitable, sensible man, if he be young, especially; but they love life and animation, even though it lead to slight errors. Women know the difficulty of restraining the feelings within the bounds of propriety; they are most open to impressions; the real creatures of feeling, they love feeling in others. They have many struggles with what they wish, and what they ought to do. They estimate in men the ardor of the temptation, as an offset to the fault. Hence they are forgiving.

Women are obliged to keep a constant guard over themselves. They know their own weakness, and self-protection arms them to the task. Many a high-souled woman knows this. When you do find a well-disciplined character in the female form, what a noble one it is! The labor of the undertaking, the education of self-control, has made her great. She is a whole host. Look at her influence in society; see the majesty of her deportment, the easy assurance of her countenance. How common men quail before her! What respect and attention she exacts from the titled profligate, and the

talented vicious! She is all that is exalted on earth. There is no beauty to compare with such beauty; no wealth with such charms. She is the nicest workmanship of God; and in her dwells a soul that scatters blessings around her. 'The heart of her husband delighteth in her, and he has no need of spoil.'

Reader, if you are a father, and have seen the son of your hopes, the inheritor of your name, the bearer of your form and features, gradually falling a victim to low vices; if you are a mother, and can trace, in those features now bloated with excess, and in that eye now dimmed with sensuality, the semblance to the babe that drew its earliest food from your pure bosom, and remember that eye upturned to your face as the innocent lay cradled in your arms; if you are a sister, and mourn the ruin of your bed-fellow; or a brother, and seen your playmate in prison, you may form some notion of what the emotions of a fond heart are, when it beholds its stay gone, its prospects blighted, and its love thrown away upon an unworthy object. No! not altogether unworthy, but with just enough of good to keep alive the love, while it mocks all efforts to draw consolation, to answer the chord in her own bosom.

Love wishes its object to be perfect. None can or must compare with its choice. How fondly does woman cheat herself, if she can, into the belief that her choice is fortunate beyond human fortune! I weep — even I, who have not wept for years for my own misfortunes — I weep, as I recall the memory of the tears she shed over my irrevocable ruin. She did know my character, at last, and she predicted, even in spite of her love, all that has happened.

Shall I record that these tears were not a source of pain to me then? They satisfied my vanity. I always reserved reformation to myself, and thought she was mistaken; and these scalding tears, as they coursed down her cheeks, told me that I was beloved. Not even the misery of the object of my affection could prevent a triumph that I had over her — *her*, the sought-for by many — that I was preferred among a multitude. Is this nature? Was I hard-hearted? Would not any one feel the same? Let the reader examine his own heart, and answer.

CHAPTER XIII.

At this time, and in this very village, there lived a gentleman, in the truest sense of the term, by the name of Edward Lang. He was a man of high family, of aristocratic notions, and thought literature the chief object worthy of pursuit. At the time I saw him, he bore the ills of poverty, the burden of a broken heart, and disappointed hopes. He possessed a well-stored mind, unwearied benevolence, and a Tremaine-like refinement. He had, in the early part of his life, encumbered a large fortune with debts of extravagance, idleness, and folly; and at a subsequent period, lost the remainder in scheming; for he thought that his preëminence in literature gave him preëminence in every thing.

Every body applauded his plans; they were upon a large scale; they redounded to the good of the place, and ruined him.

Bred a lawyer, the unfairness of country practice, the low and

degraded crowd it brought him in contact with, caused him to throw up his profession. He took to farming; but he only tried experiments, to the advantage of other people, and his own loss. He got up all sorts of useful societies, which cost him his time, and paid him nothing. He bought all the new works for other people to read; subscribed liberally to reading-rooms and schools. He fattened cattle for the agricultural society, at six times their worth in corn and care. Every body in the village improved their own stock by his; but then all this took money from his pocket.

He did not know the state of his affairs, because he hated settlements. He could not bring himself down to the drudgery of life, but did his farming scientifically, in his study, and left the work to hired hands. He failed, and nobody pitied him. He began to be called a 'poor good-for-nothing fellow,' whose chimeras had brought him down. All his neighbors sued him, and he suffered all who owed him to go undunned. He gave up all for lost; sat himself down in wretchedness, disgusted with the world, and tired of himself.

I was quite intimate with this gentleman. Being much my senior, for he was about fifty, and a bachelor, he took it upon himself to give me a word of advice. He had been in love himself, and that desperately; though unfortunate in his love affairs, as well as all others. The father of the lady objected to him, on the score of his being unfit to make money. He possessed hordes of wealth, himself, and could have made two hearts happy. But no; this would not do. His ideas of excellence consisted in the faculty of making money and keeping it. 'As for literature and refinement, he did not care for them. He was not a literary man,' he said, 'and yet he was rich, and respected; a president of a bank; had been an unsuccessful candidate for congress, which was *some* honor, and had it in his power to fill any office in the town he would accept. No; he preferred a man of business for a son-in-law.'

He found one; a coarse, rough, unlettered country-merchant, whose ideas were bounded by the length and breadth of his counter; whose whole soul was given to traffic. A sloven, except on Sundays and courting-days, and then only clean on the outside. This fair, delicate, daughter of wealth, possessed of a mind and education much beyond her family's comprehension, was wedded to this '*respectable*' man. Her heart was broken by this savage act of parental authority. She died during the first year of her wedlock, and Edward Lang was for two years deranged, and woke from this sleep of reason, to find himself without hope, without motive, without sympathy.

He took to his books; he shut out the world, and dwelt upon the beautiful and good in theory; lived in a love for the generous, the exalted, and happy scenes of his imagination. When forced abroad by his friends, he seemed lost and unhappy; he was disturbed from this resting which an unfortunate mind derives from picturing for others what he knows can never be for him.

By the world at large he was said to nourish false views of things, because he had a higher standard than the world generally live by. By these means he unfitted himself for society, and was voted dull, eccentric, and love-sick. Time, however, softened his regrets, and he came out in the scheming life I have referred to, in which, by act-

ing by principle and science, even in the work of agriculture, he lost his all.

When I was introduced to him, he was living with an old aunt, upon his paternal estate. Though poor, they had about them those marks of refinement, which well-educated people will contrive to weave out of common materials. Whether on the farm, in the garden, at his table, in church, or in the street, no one could see Mr. Lang, and not say with certainty that he was a gentleman. The aunt belonged to the old school of ladies, rather prim and stiff; and yet her benevolent face, her self-possession, and quiet dignity, gave her great influence in society. Her reading and good sense, her piety and patience, were proverbial. Every body called her 'madam,' and treated her with marked respect. I was on the most familiar terms at their house; for I believe they felt that I appreciated them. It was the sympathy of people educated in the same way.

This gentleman was of great service to me. From the examination of his own feelings, he had learned much of the nature of passion; from severe suffering, he had become acquainted with misfortune. I used to confide to him all my sorrows, and I told him my struggles. He saw my remorse, and pitied my irresolution.

Alice, too, had confidence in him. They often rode together; and his age and purity of life, and the nice delicacy of his feelings, induced her to open her heart to him. He felt flattered, as well he might, by the trust this noble girl reposed in him. But, beside, he had read so much of love, thought so much of it, and suffered so much for it, that he engaged in the contemplation of our affairs with the *gout* of an epicure over a favorite dish. He lived over again hours of past endearment of his own. He felt young and ardent, as he listened to the recital of conversations and difficulties which I, with the greenness of a boy, always told him.

Things had arrived at a pass dangerous for both of us; and as yet her parents knew nothing. One of our conversations happened to be heard by the lady's mamma, and papa was informed of all. He was surprised, but affected to treat the matter quite coldly; told me I was too young, too unsettled, to think of matrimony, and very politely forbade me his house; 'as,' he said, 'the sooner we forgot each other the better.'

I ought to confess, here, that my habits had got to be quite irregular. I attended horse-races, tavern-suppers, balls, and sometimes drinking-parties, when the society was by no means the most select; and to drown the mortification, and get to the level of my companions, I ran into excesses that shattered my nerves, and made me unfit, for days, for any calm reflection.

I have always felt the consequences of this mode of life. Even the best minds will become tainted by contact with vulgarity and coarseness. The purest taste will get degraded, in a measure, by constant intercourse with low persons, such as young men who have nothing to do usually meet about taverns, stage-houses, and strolling theatres. We even acquire habits of speaking and pronunciation, and of cant terms, which are beneath a gentleman.

When low-bred men engage in pleasure, 'plenty of stuff to drink' is deemed the first essential. We are getting rid, to be sure, of the

character of 'a nation of drunkards;' but when I was a boy, liquors were set out upon all occasions; at weddings, at funerals, dinners, calls, paying money, or dunning-visits. People in the country, of respectability, used to drink at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at four in the afternoon. That was genteel. The class who drank before breakfast then, now drink only at eleven; and those who drank only at eleven, drink not at all.

It was the custom, too, to drink before meals for an appetite; for appetite was considered a mark of health, however produced. Among very good sort of people, this was a common notion, that a man could work in proportion to the food he took into his stomach; so workmen were swilled with drams for an appetite.

It is certainly true, that temperance societies cannot hope for any permanent results in their exertions, unless there is a corresponding movement in other societies. Education societies, peace societies, temperance societies, and religious societies, they all have a common object and common cause, to ameliorate the state of man. They point to a common centre. People will not become temperate, and remain irreligious, and quarrelsome, and ignorant. I have often thought it would be well to turn all our efforts to educating mankind; and I believe all other objects would be protected by the course of events. But it is very questionable whether any benefit can result from taking down names to pledges not to drink spirits, in places where schools are not supported, nor the house of God attended.

In this village, every body drank at times, at parties and balls; and to be a little boosy, was by no means disreputable. Judges, members of congress, lawyers, doctors, mingled in these frolics, for popularity's sake; and the people at large thought, of course, they might go, upon the strength of such examples, to any extent.

If I had, by retirement, escaped the contamination of what are called 'glossed vices' in the city, in the country I contracted habits of a grosser nature. I do not mean to be understood as being a drunkard; but I had frequent 'scrapes;' my selection of associates was less nice; my delicacy less; my sense of honor less accurately defined. I lost, in refinement of feeling, immeasurably.

Taking all these things into view, it is no wonder that my intended father-in-law looked upon me with suspicious eyes. He was a man who had seen the ruin of many a likely young farmer and mechanic, from the same beginnings; and he was by no means pleased with my prospects. So I was forbidden to think of his daughter. She was sent out of town, I could not tell where, and I immediately left the village of N — for a wider sphere of dissipation.

I returned to the city, coarse in my manners, rough in my appearance — thanks to the country tailor! — with large whiskers, and a swaggering bar-room air. I found, upon comparing myself with city appearances, that I was at least ten years behind the age. I blushed, looked ashamed, and avoided former acquaintances, who would greet me with, 'Well, Conworth, where the devil have you been?' or, 'Where the devil did you get those whiskers?' Mind, reader, I had been sentimental for a year, and when I was with gentlemen, was as stiff as country gentlemen usually are. Think, then, how my feelings must have been shocked at such familiarity, when I was

looking as grave as an owl, dressed up in my long-tailed coat, large pantaloons, nicely polished thick boots, and long-napped, broad-brimmed hat, with whiskers covering the sides of my face, and my complexion the color of a coal-heaver.

Tailors and time work wonders; and in a short time my country friends would hardly have known me. I soon settled down into courses of dissolute life. I had no restraints. I imagined myself a martyr to love, and was, indeed, unhappy; persuaded myself that I had no hope, and particularly when about half drunk, I sighed like a furnace.

I spent one year, one precious year, of my youth in this manner. I was desperate; lived away from home, and only visited my friends when I was in want of money.

Sometimes, when my stomach was deranged, and my brain flighty, I meditated self-destruction. I was only at ease when rioting in excitement. I kept all sorts of company, and indulged in all sorts of vices. I cannot imagine a more dissolute young man than I was in conduct, who keeps himself this side of penal crime; though it is worthy of remark, that I never recollect having indulged in any vice, unless under artificial stimulus.

I believe my father thought himself a little in the wrong, by suffering such desertion as I met with from all my friends. He pitied me, and in the most affectionate manner persuaded me to return to his house. A word of kindness was to me like manna in the wilderness. I eagerly acceded to his proposal. He paid me every attention, and actually left his business, and travelled with me for two months, and endeavoured to bring my mind back to pleasant reflections; for I was indeed almost a maniac. This was the balm in Gilead to my sick mind. I came to myself, and with my father's permission I went to spend the remainder of my clerkship at the celebrated law-school at L —.

I have always had the strongest inducements to do well. After all my errors, before I left home, the friends of our family vied in showing me kindness. I was in a constant round of the most refined society. To be sure, I had the *éclat* of having been disappointed in love with the finest girl in the country; and any thing about love is interesting; and to be crazy or drunk for love, is not so bad as to be so for any other cause.

I was grateful for these favors and attentions; and when I left home for the law lectures, I really believe all my friends were firmly persuaded that I was an instance of wonderful reformation. So credulous and forgiving are our friends for the sake of what they know we can and ought to be!

CHAPTER XIV.

I WISH my reader could sympathize with me, upon coming thus far in my history. I am aware that I have written nothing of much importance, so far as incident may be looked for. But, to my view, life is rather a succession of feelings and sentiments, than of actions. It fills me with inexpressible satisfaction, to find that I have mastered

my adversaries, idleness and irresolution, in this instance, and have come to this point. It is the longest and most arduous task I have ever performed, for it is a work of continued exertion. I have never flagged from it; and the idea that some good inferences may be drawn from these pages, by the young among my own countrymen, so that my life may not pass away without one useful act, one deed of positive good, has supported me.

Let every idler, if he wishes to enjoy one happy hour, set about doing something, no matter what. Let him undertake to commit a chapter in the Bible to memory, or copy some piece of writing, or to make any intellectual exertion; but let it be definite; not take a walk, or a journey, or any thing that requires movement of the body, but still, continued, uninterrupted study and attention. Idlers are the veriest busybodies we know, and always flying about in some shape or other. They are idle with the appearance of industry, and deceive every body but themselves. While the world looks on, and wonders at their diligence, they are passing hours, days, years, of the most insupportable care, the care of finding something to do. I know something of the tedium of this life, and confess, that the hours spent in these records have been the happiest of my life, because I have had an end, an object, constantly in view.

My debts all paid once more, my character again reinstated, my purse well supplied, my wardrobe in the newest fashion, and abundant as I could pack, behold the rustic of a year's standing, the lover, whose heart was broken, getting into the stage for L — , the place of the celebrated law-school; while Thomas, dressed in the self-same suit in which I had arrived some year before, is packing the trunks on behind. Alas! the association of that event and those pantaloons! Reader, they did put me in mind of the romantic hills and valley of N — , and then of Alice Clair; though to get to these affecting thoughts, I had to pass through the tailor's shop where they were made. There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and so backward from the ridiculous to the sublime.

But in the height of my satisfaction in being permitted to take a new start in the world, under such favorable auspices, my love-disappointment did not weigh very heavily upon my heart. I had already, as I thought, performed all my promises of being a good student, etc., for I wished to, and I took the will for the deed. I wished it so much, that not a doubt or misgiving disturbed the serenity of my mind. I esteemed it a settled matter, that I was, in the first place, to make myself remarkable as a student; and then, without any trouble, to walk directly to the top of the profession. I was a sanguine — fool!

This confidence inspired my father with golden hopes; and when we parted, he told me he was the happiest man in the city. 'Now, my son,' said he, 'you are old enough (I was twenty) to begin to form a character; all your wild oats are sown; the past is forgotten; you have your destiny in your own hands. Write to me often; tell me all your wishes; and (here the devil jogged his elbow) draw upon me, if you want more money. God bless you, my dear boy!' The tears started in his eyes; mine were wet, too. As I got into the stage, (mark the baseness of my heart!) I dwelt mostly upon the words,

'Draw upon me, if you want more money.' My eyes ceased their weeping. I addressed some gay make-acquaintance remarks to a fellow passenger, and as we rattled over the bridge in the velocipede line of coaches, forgot every thing but the beauty of the morning, and only wondered how long it would be before breakfast.

So contemptible is the *spirit* of youth, in its blind passion for pleasure. All the higher, nobler feelings sink into insignificance, compared with its own selfish enjoyments. Pleasure, love of pleasure, tramples upon the holy influences of home; it steels the heart to filial affection; it saps the juices of youth; and leaves the young body prematurely cold, and lifeless, and insensible, to the natural action of all those relations and sentiments, that reason is intended to draw its moral food from. The mother 'who watched o'er our childhood' is forgotten; the father disregarded, and the sister's face is crimsoned with shame for us, and we ourselves are lost. And for what? For an hour's amusement; a short-lived enjoyment; an empty sound of revelry, and unmeaning mirth.

What inconsistency! Hardly had I got a step from my father's door; hardly had my fingers lost the affectionate pressure of his hand, when the evil genius stepped in, to scatter the impressions which a moment before seemed so fixed.

Since the time of my mother's death, I never had passed the door of the chamber where she died, without thinking of the evening when I visited her corpse, alone — a pure boy, free from all vice, all contamination — and then drawing the comparison between the present and the past. Such reflections always gave me pain, and summoned up all the resolution I was master of. I am convinced, that, if I had had a mother until my mind had acquired strength and firmness, I should have been a better and a happier man.

A father's love acts upon us later in life, but a mother leads us up to God. She bends and moulds our tender minds to her purposes so gently, that we are hardly aware of the pressure; but the father admires, and praises, and waters the more vigorous branches of our growth.

Our reading, our studies, sermons, nature, observation, tend to give to the mother a poetical interest in our hearts, in after years, when she is dead. She is the nucleus about which gather some of the most beautiful associations of our manhood. When we ourselves have children, we find out what is the nature of parental affection, and we look back with regret that we did not know and estimate it better, so that the homage of our love might have been more devoted, for what is so worthy of being repaid.

THE RED MAN.

I LOVE the Indian. Ere the white man came,
And taught him vice, and infamy, and shame,
His soul was noble. In the sun he saw
His God, and worshipped him with trembling awe.
Though rude his life, his bosom never beat
With polished vices, nor with dark deceit.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its wo;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony —
This is a mother's grief.

II.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all be ended with the close —
This is a mother's grief.

III.

To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears:
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth —
This is a mother's grief.

IV.

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think 'My child is there!' —
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

EYES AND LIPS.

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A WESTERN BACHELOR.

AN ingenious friend, who has a saturnine cast of complexion, maintains with great zeal, that dark eyes are indicative of a higher order of intellect than those of other colors. This doctrine meets with great favor from every one whose eyes are black, while those that are blue, hazel, or gray, kindle with indignation at such monstrous absurdity. Our friend borrows a very happy illustration from nature, and says, that as the wildest and most vivid flashes of lightning burst from the blackest clouds, so do the most brilliant emanations of mind glare from the darkest eyes. Whether there be any truth in this doctrine, or not, it must be admitted, that our friend has the authority of the poets on his side. From immemorial time, they have been sonnetizing dark and black eyes, to the almost utter neglect of all others. Your novelists never in painting a heroine, say she has gray eyes; but all their poetical fictions see with those that are large, languishing, lustrous, and dark.

The vividness of an eye's expression is not dependent on its color. The eye is most expressive, whose owner has the most thought and feeling. The eye expresses the language of the mind and heart; and whether light or dark, wherever there is strong emotion, it manifests it. A man is a better reader of the meaning of a woman's eye, than he is of one of his own gender; and a lady discovers more indications in the eyes of the opposite sex, than can the most scrutinizing man.

The eye is the most poetical of features; and ample testimony
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has been borne, in all time, to its superiority in this particular. There is much poetry in the smile of one we love; but there is more in the gleaming kindness of an eye from which the concentrated rays of feeling, thought, and sentiment, are looking forth. Did you never look into the tranquil depths of an eye, and see the shadows of thoughts winging their flight onward? Did you never read whole chapters about the sympathy of souls in them? If not, your observation has not been acute, nor your love very devout.

The sublime science of astrology, which once commanded the faith of the learned, has been laughed at by the wisdom or scepticism of more modern times. The doctrines and the devotion of those old readers of the stars have been discarded; and to the human eye the only relict of astrology now on earth has been confided. Lovers are the sole inheritors of the romantic doctrines bequeathed by elder astrologers to posterity. They do not cast devout looks toward the bespangled firmament, at night; but to them, the brow of a beloved being is a heaven, and the eye is the star that unfolds to them the shadows of their coming destinies. Their ancestors read the decrees of fate in the glittering watchers of the night-season, and they foresee the mysteries of the future in the expressions which shift and play upon the eye. If the eye of his mistress sparkles at his approach, it is the precursor of after joy. If the murky shadow of a frown rests upon it, it is the foreshadowing of the woe to come. To the lover, the eye of his mistress is ever eloquent, of hope or fear, of triumph or defeat. It is the polar star of his hope, the cynosure of his faith; and the complexion of the future changes, as her eye wanes into shadow, or waxes into the light of day.

A WHOLESOME lip is a thing to be loved. People are too much in the habit of regarding lips as mere appendages to the 'human face divine'—ornaments, like ear-rings, to set off its beauty. This is to detract from their true use and excellence. They serve other purposes, and are indices of character.

A wholesome lip is of the complexion of a morello cherry. It pouts like a rosebud, and might lead a bee astray, as the grapes of Zeuxis did the birds. When kissing was in fashion, gallants of taste showed a flattering preference for lips of this kind. There was a flavor about them—ambrosia, on which young Love fed and grew fat. The disciple of Socrates was feminine in the matter of lips, for bees hovered over them; and the judgment of a bee, in this respect, is scarcely inferior to that of a bachelor under thirty.

In general, people are disposed to think their noses of more importance than their lips, and many saucy noses seem to be of the same way of thinking; since we see them turning up with an expression of high disdain, as if the lips were so inferior as to merit scorn. No 'genteel,' well-behaved nose, is guilty of such dastardly effrontery. Such an one, it is true, may at times flap its nostrils, and crow lustily over its neighbors, as if it were 'cock of the walk;' but there is a soft insinuation about an eloquent lip, that cuts the comb of the braggart, and tames the monarch down to a mere republican.

Our maiden aunt Sally wore a lip, which, like her matrimonial

chances, was rather shrivelled. It was a mere streak along the horizon; an indistinct margin along an ocean of mouth; a strip to tell you where her teeth were. My aunt died husbandless. If she had wedded, her bridal kiss would have been interesting. She saluted my cheek once, when, like Fanny, I was 'younger than I am now, and prettier—of course!' I thought the sensation like a gentle bite. Instead of soft, spongy flesh, her lips seemed like scraps of flesh, iron-bound. Sometimes she puckered them up like the orifice of her reticule; and this was an infallible precursor of a coming storm. Xantippe had a thin, bluish, unwavering lip. Beware of such!

My nurse was a grizzly-headed negro woman; and her gift of underlip was stupendous. It poured down, a real cataract of lip. It was without model, although not without shadow. She was deficient in chin, and her lip circled over her lower jaw-bone, in shape and size resembling a half-grown grey-hound's ear. At a distance, you might have mistaken it for an extra allowance of tongue, which her mouth could not contain. It was awful! That is, to think of kissing such a thing! When the old woman bustled about, it shivered like a sheep in shearing-time; and when she jumped, it flapped over her under-jaw like the wing of a squab pigeon.

Among the ladies, there are two orders of lips—the nectarine and the vinegarish. The former swell out like the heave of a deep sigh; the latter are sharp, and make you smack your mouth when you look on them. The first denotes amiability, the second acidity. Everlasting spring lives in the blossoms of a nectarine lip, and eternal winter dwells upon the vinegarish, along which no rill of blood ever strays.

The lips of one's sweet-heart are a volume of poetry. Smiles fling a ray like the flush of morning upon them, and they are glorious in their brightness. They are an oracle, and from them comes the voice of destiny. They are a shrine, and around them the breath of inspiration ever lingers. It would be vain to talk of kissing any thing so sacred, when the mere thought overwhelms one in unspeakable bliss!

T. H. S.

AN ALBUM FRAGMENT.

WHAT is life, but a vision! The forms which have spread
 Their enchantment around us, and gladdened our day,
 Like the vanishing vapors of morning have fled,
 Or like eve's sun-gilt clouds, they are passing away.
 And when Youth's cherished hopes shall have faded and gone,
 And this turbulent dream of existence is o'er—
 When life's sparkling current hath ceased to flow on,
 And the place which now knows me will know me no more—
 Then bright on this page be engraven my name,
 And long may it live, when my being is past;
 Let others contend for a loftier fame,
 No nobler, no dearer, no *other*, I ask.
 Here perchance shouldst thou see it, forgotten, unknown,
 Oh! hallow that name with the dew of a tear!
 Far sweeter the tribute, than tale-telling stone,
 Which Pride, or Ambition, or Folly might rear.

J. H. B.

SONNETS: BY 'QUINCE.'

A B S E N C E .

EARTH owns no smiles in absence of the sun ;
 Dark mourns the night when chambered is her queen ;
 The sweet flowers wither when Sol's spring is run ;
 Nor fairies dance but in chaste Luna's sheen.
 Nothing but mourns from that it loves apart :
 The lone bird sorrows from its sever'd mate ;
 And pines and withers the fond human heart,
 When those it worshipped leave it desolate.
 Thus in earth, night, flower, bird, creation's lord,
 The sweetest, dearest bond, is sympathy ;
 Which sever'd, snaps the close-entwining chord
 That all things binds in some fond unity.
 Life-killing Absence, 'neath thy curse I pine,
 Affection's Upas tree — that name be thine !

A G E .

AGE is the winter season of man's life,
 The last dim flickering of the taper's ray ;
 'T is the last act that closes earthly strife ;
 The latest character that he may play.
 Yet here, 't the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,
 With rev'rend hair, white as the drifted snow,
 We madly mock our fate — play the buffoon,
 And self-deceiving to the dark grave go.
 The withered leaf clings latest to the tree,
 Hope vainly builds itself on dark despair ;
 The shipwreck'd mariner buffets with the sea,
 And vainly strives for life, though death be there.
 So age, with palsied hand, to life doth cling
 Most fondly, as from age life taketh wing.

A M B I T I O N .

THE waxen wing that strove t' empiere the sky,
 The daring hand that fired the Ephesian dome,
 The Spirit's strife with God for mastery,
 Which made the burning depths of hell its home,
 Were fell Ambition's. In that one word lies
 All that is greatly good or greatly ill ;
 'T is best of friends — 't is worst of enemies —
 Honey and poison it doth both distil.
 With vice enleagu'd, it sinks our spirit's down,
 Till lust and murder gorge their fierce desire ;
 But virtue weaves for it a deathless crown,
 Which teaches noble natures to aspire.
 Honor and fame soar on its wing'd breath,
 Hurl'd in its downward flight lie sin and death.

A U T H O R S .

AUTHORS are beings only half of earth —
 They own a world apart from other men :
 A glorious realm ! giv'n by their fancy birth,
 Subjects, a sceptre, and a diadem ;
 A fairy land of thought, in which sweet bliss
 Would run to ecstasy in wild delight,
 But that stern Nature drags them back to this,
 With call imperious, which they may not slight :
 And then they traffic with their thoughts to live,
 And coin their laboring brains for daily bread :
 Getting scant dross for the rich ore they give,
 While often with the gift their life is shed :
 And thus they die, leaving behind a name,
 At once their country's glory and her shame.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON FUNERALS.

——— "Tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death!" SHAKESPEARE.

IN my morning walk in the country, the other day, a common poor-house hearse passed me. It was a long box, painted black, covered with a scant piece of dark cloth of some kind, hardly large enough to allow the tassels to dangle down its sides, in imitation of more gorgeous drapery. The little door at the hind-end of it looked as if it might open into the infernal regions. This dismal box, mounted nakedly on four frail wheels, was drawn along by a pale, lean horse, and the driver sat severe in his shirt-sleeves and tattered hat, like some desperate blackguard driving a night-cart. As he passed the cottages on the road-side, I observed anxious faces following its course; and particularly that of one poor woman, with an infant in her arms, whose poverty-stricken cheek was blanched still whiter, for the moment, as she contemplated the probable picture of her own humble obsequies. I imagined her as thinking of the time when she should leave her unprotected little ones to the chance charities of a heartless world — heartless to her — and herself be carried in this same vehicle to a stoneless grave.

I felt indignant at this unnecessary harrowing up of her feelings, and my own were not pleasantly affected; and then, and since, I have thought much upon the subject of funerals.

What moral purpose is answered in thus thrusting the thought of their dissolution upon the poor and miserable, amid their labors and wants? Is not life hard enough for them to bear, burthened with hunger and no food, with ignorant vice — habitual and early inculcated vice — which, in their view, is almost virtue, and certainly, is second nature? Must they turn horror-struck from the neglect, even to the remains of the poor beings who, like themselves, are not freed by death from the selfish contempt of their fellows? Why must the bell send forth those tones that seem to the sick and weak nerves of the feeble like a summons from the grave? Why this sickening array in musty black, this dressing up a banquet for the worm, with terrific ceremonies? Death is less awful to all, on account of the departure from life, than because of the black badges, the dark and gloomy retinue, that are associated in our minds with the event of it. When we think of dying, it is of being put in a coffin, the white shroud setting off, in loathsome contrast, the yellow palor of the face, and the indescribable expression of the human features without a soul; and then comes the black carriage, and that decaying pall, which has served so many like occasions, and which will itself, though with the sexton it looks as if it had a terrestrial immortality, finally perish, and be cast aside to rot, but with no ostentatious funeral. The motion, too, of this procession is slow; and our torture is felt as lingering and fated. At last, we rest in the dark earth — we are lonely and out of hearing — pinioned for ever! It would seem that human

ingenuity had contrived a tissue of horrors to close the troubles of a human life.

Death is serious business, to be sure, and our passage through its shadows is a fearful journey. Yet it is an entrance to immortality. The entrance to magnificent temples, and brilliant theatres, is through dark portals — necessarily dark to be firm ; and nothing human can add to the solemnity of death ; but we may, by our sympathetic attempts at the terrible-sublime, change what is solemn and salutary into a source of disgust and aversion.

We come into a world of care, and want, and affliction, and our unconscious ears are struck with sounds of rejoicing. We enter upon an immortality of bliss, and around the self-same body there are wailing and lamentation.

I was perplexing myself for a solution of this strange inconsistency in our customs, when chancing to meet a philosophic friend, he relieved my perplexity, by saying : ‘ Oh, people are afraid of going to hell, and that their friends are gone there, and so they make all this sad array. They usher their relations into eternity — for the soul in our associations ever accompanies the body — as criminals are led to execution. Their awful fate thus finds an awful language.’

If these be the true reasons of the gloomy ceremonies of death, it is devoutly to be hoped that the fears of this result may in some cases be unfounded. We do not wish to controvert the idea of rewards and punishments hereafter, for they belong to the nature of the soul, whether in this world or in the next ; but it seems rather extra-judicial, a plain case of supererogation, to bestow upon *all* the marks of divine justice before hand.

In case of executions in human justice, if they take place *in terrorem*, to awe the multitude into obedience, it is very well to dress the hangman in the probable habiliments of the devil, and to ride the culprit through the streets as a show, upon a pine coffin. There should be as little romance, as few flowers in his way, as possible, It is gross inconsistency, certainly, to introduce any softening circumstances into public executions, as well as mistaken mercy to the passions of men. In saying this, we suppose it is not pretended that the execution of human beings is authorized upon any other ground than support of the law. To execute privately, or with as little terror as possible, is to enact over again the trick of Nero to ensnare his subjects : for surely, the penalty is part of the law, and the execution of it should be as open as the condemnation, or the people are robbed of these horrid privileges of assisting their virtue.

But to return to our subject. We dislike our funerals, because they seem to be one of the remains of the many attempts to subject the people to the control of the priests. And now, we blush to write it, we fear the influence of the clergy in some churches is mainly dependent upon a certain idea people have, that their future destiny is somewhat in such hands. It is a poor compliment to our religious nature, to suppose we are most fit to give our hearts to God, when under an abject fear of death ; that

‘ When thoughts of the last bitter hour
Come like a blight over our spirits,
And the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make us to shudder, and grow sick at heart,’

we are best prepared to pay that voluntary homage, to feel that free devotion, which can alone be pleasing to our Creator.

Funeral occasions have been hailed as special seasons for operating upon the nervousness of people. Every poor body is dragged about, and exposed to the public gaze, in the church or meeting-house, upon the same principle that a recruiting sergeant drums his gaily-attired soldiers about a town. Public men, the property of the people, should be buried publicly, for all are supposed to sympathize in the loss; all feel a personal interest in the ceremony. But it is otherwise with private individuals. Then it is death we see, and not a departed friend. But a still stronger objection lies against this display of corpses, and these *very* public burials, and it is, that the poor are encouraged to indulge in mourning apparel, which they often can ill afford. The salutary terror upon the wicked is more than counteracted by the want and criminal shifts induced by this unnecessary extravagance.

Talk with any man who is not a slave to custom, upon the subject of burning the dead, and he will, with few exceptions, express a liking of it for his own body. If we retain the portraits of our friends as sacred treasures, nay, if a lock of hair, even, be held as a precious memento, why not retain their *very* ashes embalmed in fire? Who that has beheld the play of *Virginius* — we are glad to connect a fine feeling with the stage — and seen the urn of *Virginia*, has not felt a thrill of pleasure that so much is left to the fond father to hug to his bosom? (How *Cooper* played *Virginius*!) Who has not felt a wish, then, to have the ashes of some departed friend, to embrace in like manner in his arms? Suppose a father, a brother, a husband, a lover, to return, after long absence; death has cut down his darling child, his saint-like sister, his wife; perhaps, what is hardest to bear, because never thought of as possible, his only love; perhaps pestilence has swept away all of these. He is pointed to their graves, or to the common tomb of his kindred. A slight mound of earth is all that is left him to associate with the loved object; or what is worse, he goes to the tomb, and there is no charm in his sorrow to heal itself, for it has lost all individuality: he looks upon an array of coffins, and they all look alike; he cannot separate his own sacred sorrow from the intrusive presence of that of others. But place in his hands the ashes of those he loved; let him be alone with the embalmed dead. He will kiss the cold urn; imagination will place the cold corse in his arms, and he will take his last embrace, and serenity will begin to dawn upon his mind. As he replaces the urn in its sacred deposit, he will feel, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth!'

The headless trunk of the great *Pompey* was not left to decay upon the sea-shore. How it rejoices us to learn, after following his fortunes to his unhappy death, when he is cast upon the sand, neglected and uncoffined, that his faithful slave gathered a small pile of wood, and burned his body, carefully collecting the ashes. As soon as the task is done, *Pompey* is great again; and we close his history with satisfaction, for he is buried with affection. Far better is such a fate, than the freezing ceremony of a modern funeral. J. N. B.

Y E S T E R D A Y .

I.

And where are now thy sunny hours,
 Fond man, which shone but yesterday ?
 Perchance thy path was rich with flowers,
 That glittered in thy joyous way ;
 Perchance the Day's pure eye of light
 Was one interminable smile,
 And visions eloquent and bright
 Stirred thy wrapt soul with bliss the while.

II.

And where are they ? The sweeping tide
 Of onward and resistless time
 Is strewn with wrecks of baffled pride —
 Conceptions high, and hopes sublime !
 Dreams, that have shed upon the earth
 The gladdening hues of paradise ;
 Their charn is flown, hush'd is their mirth,
 And all their kindling extasies.

III.

It may be that the heart was sad,
 And wrapt in sorrow, yesterday ;
 Perchance the scenes that once could glad
 Thy spirit, passed like spring away ;
 That on the waste of years was seen
 Nought that might cheer the gloomy breast —
 No sunny spot of vernal green,
 On which the thoughtful eye could rest.

IV.

What recks it now, that then a cloud
 Was dimly brooding o'er thy head ;
 That to the tempest thou hast bowed,
 When joy's ephemeral beams had fled ?
 That day hath gone — its care is o'er —
 Its shadows all have passed away ;
 Time's wave hath murmur'd by that shore,
 And round thee now is but TO-DAY.

V.

Then what is yesterday ? — a breath,
 A whisper of the summer breeze ;
 A thing of silent birth and death,
 Colored by man's fond sympathies.
 It had its buds — they all are gone ;
 Its fears — but they are now no more :
 Its hopes — but they were quickly flown —
 Its pure delights — and they are o'er !

VI.

Look ye not back, save but to glean
 From the deep memories of the past —
 From the illusions of each scene,
 The thought that time is flying fast :
 That VANITY on things of earth
 Is by a pointed diamond writ ;
 Its hours of wild and transient mirth
 Are midnight skies by meteors lit.

VII.

Oh, what is yesterday? — a ray
 Which burst on being's troubled wave;
 Which passed like a swift thought away
 Unto eternity's wide grave!
 A star whose light hath left the sky —
 But for a little moment given;
 Scarce gleaming on the gladdened eye,
 Ere it hath left the vault of heaven!

VIII.

TO-DAY! — how in its little span
 The interests of an endless state,
 Beyond the feverish life of man,
 Are crowded with their awful weight!
 Prayers may ascend — the soul may pour
 Its trembling supplications here,
 That when time's fitful hour is o'er,
 Its hopes of heaven may blossom there.

Philadelphia.

W. G. C.

EDITING AND OTHER MATTERS.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

THE 'LITERARY GAZETTE' created a great sensation. Frank was congratulated by his friends on the excellence of his hebdomadal. His editorial brethren bestowed liberal commendation; and he was bespattered with praise, where he expected to be flattered by criticism. To be sure, there were some croakers, who thought it a little too light, and some blithe hearts thought it a little too heavy; but generally, great satisfaction was expressed with its contents. Subscribers flocked in, and every thing went on swimmingly.

But however lightly Frank's bark danced at first, he soon found that there were clouds, storms, and rough waters, to be encountered, as well as sunshine and soft winds. An author whom he reviewed with deserved severity, was sure to regard what was said as an emanation of jealousy. Rejected fipenny rhymists reported him unfriendly to the 'infantile efforts of genius.' Bilious moralists condemned him for what their evil-seeking imaginations tortured into profligacy. In this way, his judgment and goodness of heart were underrated; and although he won more smiles than frowns, yet he sighed when he thought of the goodness of his motives, and the abominable constructions which were frequently put upon them.

In addition to these grievances, the drudgery of preparing matter for his paper soon became sickening. At times, heavy demands were made on his exhausted brain; and then the ungentle efforts to lash his mind into a fury; to spread the wings of an imagination borne down by lassitude; to wake up reluctant thought; were most unpleasant. And yet he knew it must be done, and that his readers would judge him by his weakness rather than his strength. This knowledge, with his desire to please, placed him often in a dilemma which nothing but kindred experience can appreciate. When he

was in the mood, composition was an agreeable occupation ; but when draft after draft had been made upon his labors, a sense of fatigue would come over him, and he knew that the stream of thought yet in motion under such cloudy auspices, would reflect but little brilliancy on the vision of his readers. The misery of editorship is, that one dull article will receive more reprobation than a score of successful ones can remove. Men are prone to judge of things by the worst lights. The virtue which one practices, will seldom be considered expiatory of his vices ; the day is judged of by the minute of cloud, rather than the hour of sunshine ; and a line of dulness will condemn a page of vivacity. We look at the specks on the sun, the mole on the cheek of beauty, and the blemish on the statue otherwise perfect in its symmetry.

Often, while revelling in visions of happiness, Frank would be recalled to his earthly duties, by the entrance of the boy from the printing-office, y'clept, *par excellence*, the devil. Every editor is aware of the felicity which these intrusions into his sanctum afford. Fixed in his arm-chair, with a horizontal line of leg before him, while his fancy is with his sweet-heart, or his wife and little ones, as the case may be, he feels quite comfortable. At the next instant, all his glistening thoughts and fairy fancies are 'knocked into pi,' by the entrance of the imp of the printing-office, with a face streaked with ink, roundaboutless and vestless, and having on a pair of inexpressibles hitched up on one side by a twine string, who shrieks out, in a merciless tone, 'I'm come for copy, Sir !' Cowper said that the bray of an ass was the only unmusical sound in nature ; but the poet had never experienced the discord occasioned to an editor's mind, by an inopportune demand for 'copy,' or he would have made one more exception.

Often did Frank hold with the dirty-faced urchin such a dialogue as the following :

Devil. 'They want more copy, Sir.'

Frank. 'What's become of that I sent before ?'

Devil. 'It's used up, Sir.'

Frank. 'Is n't it enough ?'

Devil. 'Not by a jug-full, Sir.'

Frank. 'How much more is wanting ?'

Devil. 'Three columns, Sir.'

Frank. 'When will it be wanted ?'

Devil. 'Why, I've been here twice before this morning, and I could n't get in. The foreman 's mad as b—ll, and says how as that the paper can't be got out in time.'

Frank. 'Well, be off. I'll have some copy ready in an hour.'

Devil goes off, with a sunken aspect, muttering, as he goes, 'I gets more kicks than coppers. The foreman kicks me for not getting copy, and the editor kicks me for coming for it. Deuce take 'em both ! As to the paper, she may be late, for me ; and as to the press, I wish she was blow'd to the mischief !'

The 'devil' talks upon the common principle, when he speaks of the paper and the printing-press as belonging to the feminine gender. Your statesman, speaking of the country's prosperity, says, '*Her* commerce, *her* manufactures, and *her* arts, are flourishing, and

will soon advance *her* high in the respect of nations.' The backwoods-men say of Cincinnati, '*She* is the western *queen*.' A Kentuckian will pet his rifle, and say, '*She's* leetle the slickest bore in these parts, and her voice is sweet as Nannie's, and that's saying a heap for *her*.' Some go so far as to sex learned bodies, and to say of congress, 'The constitution does not confer such powers on *her*, and beyond those delegated *she* cannot rightfully act;' thus flinging a petticoat over this venerable body of gray-haired bachelors, husbands, and orators.

The fact is, it is quite difficult to understand the reason why the neuter gender is not applied to all things neither male nor female. Every vessel that skims the billow, in common nomenclature, belongs to the feminine gender. There is not a steam-boat that ploughs the river, however hoarsely it may bark, or however it may fling volumes of smoke above, like streamers, that belongs to the masculine gender. Every rickety yawl or skiff that is battered to pieces by the tides, belongs to the lovely and ever-to-be-beloved sex. If a pleasure-boat, with its white sail kissing the wave which its prow proudly *apuras*, wins a compliment, it is sure to be uttered after this wise; 'See how finely *she* sails!—and

'*She* walks the water like a thing of life.'

Is not the male sex somewhat scandalously neglected in this matter? Why should not a noble ship, daring and adventurous—a merchant-*man*, perhaps an India-*man*—belong to the masculine gender? If it be female, why not be grammatically consistent, and talk of merchant-*woman*, and India-*woman*? If it be necessary that inanimate structures be sexed, why not do it with some reference to their qualities? Let a ship be called *she*, by all means; for a lady is beautiful, and a ship bearing steadily away over the waters, is beautiful to look upon, too; and a lady, though not freighted down with bales and packages by the ton, yet is she burthened with those articles in the dry-goods line which are worn by *the ton*. Streamers wave from the flag-staff of the one, and ribbons flutter gaily from the main-top of the other. Therefore, let a ship and a woman be of the same sex. But let there be some limits to the license. We take it, there is nothing that floats, which looks less like our own dear sweet-heart, than an old worm-eaten canoe, scooped out of a dead trunk; and yet, when a paddle is applied to the ugly thing, you look at it and say, '*She* moves!'

We admit and feel the romance and propriety of sexing 'the poetry of heaven.' Blessings be yet again on benighted Egypt, for she taught us to speak of Osiris and Isis; instead of the sun and moon! Blessed for ever be the spirit of him who first conceived the idea of sexing the starry hosts, from the Cynosure to Sirius! How much more poetical is night in consequence—especially such as Moore speaks of in the Epicurean:

— 'Sweet nights,
When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream'

All who have been in love, feel that the soft influence which comes down from the face of Isis is feminine in its witchery. She is

friendly to love affairs, although Miss Diana, when in Greece, would have nothing to do with the masculine deities; and although she banished Calisto, and transformed Acteon, yet did these same Greeks scandalize the virgin, by reporting that she forgot her fastidiousness when she was smitten by the charms of an Endymion on the Carian Mount. To return. We are glad that the poets of the olden time sexed the stars pretty much as their fancies thought proper, and that we Christians still perpetuate these beautiful fictions of their mythologies; for there is a charm in the classical association which now comes upon the mind, when viewing the heavens, that we should regret to part with, however heathenish and anti-utilitarian it may be.

The owners of bright eyes have astronomy enough to recognise Venus, the beautiful star of evening; and yet they perversely and anti-mythologically call her *it*, when they should know that *she* is all that is now left of that beautiful being of the cestus, who, like a wreath of foam, was born of a billow near Cythera. Let us be consistent, and call Venus *she*, even as we call the moon *she*, and her lord and master, 'the eye of the universe,' *he*. It is proper to speak of Saturn, and *his* rings, of Mars, and *his* belligerent front; and we should, to be consistent, *she* Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, every one of them. Let us also call this great heap of dirt and water which we tread on, and sail over, and speak of, as our *mother* earth, feminine. Our wretchedly-abused planet is spoken of as belonging to no sex in particular, now-a-days, although she was once called Terra and Titæa; and then she was a beauty, and a charming one, too, as we should judge from some of her heart-stealing, bright-eyed daughters.

Poetry demands that we still continue to sex the stars. Let us regard Jupiter as a great big lubberly fellow, making love to the shy and bashful Vesta, and waking up jealousy in the bosom of his elder sweet-heart, Juno. Let us have Mars getting up assignations with the all-loving Venus, as of old; and Saturn and Pallas felicitating each other in the manner becoming two heads, the one so full of justice, and the other of wisdom, as are theirs. How delectable it would be, to fancy Madame Earth flirting with the long-yearred Herschel, to the utter astonishment of her neighbor Mercury, who would either have to live an old bachelor, or look up a mistress in some of the systems which revolve in the far-off regions of space!

Our imagination has run riot long enough through the heavens; and we therefore return back to our starting-place, the earth. We were speaking of the incongruity of the sexual designations now in vogue. Why is it, that once introduced, the system of sexing things was not carried out farther? Why not give sex to a tree, a carriage, a wind-mill, and our pantaloons, as well as to a yacht, a watch, and every scrabbling village in the land? We love to think upon the Mississippi as the 'Father of Waters,' and the Ohio as '*La belle Riviere*'; for to the masculine strength and stature of the one, we offer our admiration, and to the feminine beauty and grace of the other, we have yielded up our heart.

We were speaking, before we got on this mad-cap digression, of the miseries in which the editorial fraternity in general, and Frank Thornton in particular, were sometimes plunged, by ill-timed demands for that bane of the craft called 'copy.' At such times, Frank would

disenchant himself of his fond visions, pick up his pen, arrange his paper, and—think, or try to think, of a subject. He would look over the newspapers for topics; whip up his brain for a suggestion, or look out at the window, and seeing his friend James Summers, who prided himself on being a man of the world, he would conclude to write an article on men of the world in general, much after the manner of the fragment below.

'FIELDING says, that in order to understand men, it is necessary that one should be born with a genius for that purpose.' Your men of the world think so too; hence, they are the favorites of nature, and as such, are superior to ordinary mortals, and have a right, in consequence, to look down on inferiority. We are not going to upset Fielding, Bulwer, *et id omne genus*; we only say, that we detest the boast and swagger which your men of the world take upon themselves as a natural right, peculiar to those who come into the world with an extra eye to read that volume of mysteries, the human heart, locked up, like the ark of old, from the vision of the vulgar.

'Your man of the world is the most bustling of bodies, and looks like Atlas with the globe incumbent on his shoulders. His lips form an oracle of human wisdom, and it is rank profanity to question aught that emanates from so holy a source. His contempt for inferior understandings is most supreme; and his humor, like a foaming cataract, flows and boils with sublime rage, if impertinence dare question his profundity, or contest his right to monopolize the gleams of knowledge which light up the human mind. He is the greatest and most orthodox of bigots, and takes good care that the stultified head of heresy be scathed by the lightnings of his indignation. He uses old saws with a wink; and if he chooses to bless you with a squint, you are unpardonable, if you do not cheer him with a smile. He is a stickler for antiquity, and hates smooth chins and black heads, for their greenness and folly. He is the repository of all the fragments of wisdom that are left of shipwrecked ages, which have floated down on the stream of time. He gathers together the bits and ends of sayings which go to make up the traditionary lore of a country; and this unbooked knowledge renders him sager than a man of much reading. In fine, your man of the world is a very great man, and is to be respected, whether he discourses of the evangelists at a horse-race, or flourishes political eloquence, and that Helicon which inspires it, a beer-mug, in the unquiet recesses of some venerable ale-house.

'This may be called an 'outline in pencil' of a man of the world, when the shadows of fifty years or so are upon him; when he has exhausted the fountains of his wild blood, and turned out sage and philosopher. A man must run a long and labyrinthine gauntlet, under the scourge of the vices, before he can aspire to the character. Of course, it is right that such an one should usurp the throne of wisdom, as his shoulders have been legitimately invested with the purple of sin. The right to rule can only be predicated on a youth of prostitution, a manhood of degradation, and an old age of impenitence.

'Perhaps you may have seen a man of the world, under the shadow of a tavern sign-post, discoursing wisdom to the simple-hearted villagers. He has the infallible marks of a truly great man legible in his face; bloated veins, and an indented excrescence surmounting his nose, and flaming like a fiery beacon with the condensed heat of unnumbered barrels of all 'proofs.' His libations to Bacchus have given a remarkable clarification to the emanations of his intellect, as is discoverable in the vividness with which his wisdom glares on the understandings of all who hear him. A flippant attorney is, perhaps, at his side; and the worthy twain discuss national policies, while the unsophisticated lookers-on stand mute, admiring the prodigious display of genius. The village magistrate imbibes ideas which astonish his natural stock of well-behaved ones, that never strayed beyond the hill-top in the distance, or flew off on a wild goose-chase after the phantoms of knowledge. The man of the world lays down his positions, and fortifies them with the maxims he learned from his predecessor, who sleeps in the church-yard. The pettifogger capitulates to his invincible adversary, and acknowledges in him one whose dogmas it were irreverent to doubt.

'Your man of the world never goes to church. His own experience furnishes principles for the government of men, vastly superior to all that Christianity ever dreamed of. He has an intuitive perception into the minds of children, and can predict, to a nicety, the amount of power their intellectual machinery will be able, in time to come, to generate. He believes that scarcely an honest man, beside himself, lives; and as to women, they are not a whit better than they ought to be. Lastly, your man of the world is the chief light of the world, and when he dies, the heavens will be hung in gloom, and the edifice of society will fall into dilapidation; as he, while living, was its chief prop and support.'

On the afternoon of the day on which the above article appeared, Mr. James Summers, who sat for the portrait of the 'Man of the World,' ordered his paper to be stopped, as he could not 'conscientiously patronize one devoted to Billingsgate interests, and edited by a person who had evidently received a diploma for his proficiencies, from the college of Saint Giles!'

This is a specimen of one class of miseries to which editors are subject. They rack their weary brains for subjects; and when they dissect them properly, it frequently happens that some subscriber, who fancies himself aggrieved, says, with poor Dennis the critic, 'That means *me*!' — and forthwith sends in a peremptory order to have 'his paper discontinued.' And thus the editor not only loses some one's friendship, but, what is of more importance, his subscription.

Subscribers! one word to you. Support your editor through his difficulties; and whatever else you neglect, be sure you do not forget to pay for your intellectual provant; that is, if you would pass decently through this world, and reach heaven at last!

THE SEA - ROVER.

'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !'

I HAVE no ties to bind me
To any spot on earth ;
I leave no love behind me,
No warm familiar hearth ;
But I roam with the changeful wind
Upon the changeful sea,
Mid isles that shed their fragrance forth
Like the blessed Araby ;
And in the deep and cloudless night,
We watch each dewy star,
And our fancies rove through that shadowy light,
Where the gentle spirits are :

Nor while upon the deep
We wander far and free,
Are we mariners without
Our own wild minstrelsy ;
And the night-breeze seems to catch the song,
And bear it on its wing :
And the laughing waves seem to echo far
The voice of our carolling :

And then we see the unwelcome shark
Gliding beneath our lee ;
Gently he looketh up, but we
Trust not his love of harmony ;
Strange playful fish are gambolling
Around our white-winged bark,
All harmless, gladsome things are they,
Except that soft-eyed shark.

When the foam, torn from the billow,
Flies furious and fast,
And the good mast, like a sapling,
Bends to the mighty blast,
With steady heart and ready arm,
Fearless, unmoved, we stand —
(Our bright bow flashing through the sea,)
My own, my gallant band !

O ! who would be a man
Fettered, instead of free !
A sluggard at his hearth,
With a bantling on his knee !
While there are seas to pass,
While there are winds to blow,
O ! who would be content
With tales of long ago !
While there is knowledge waiting,
As fruit upon a tree,
Which we for others gather,
Over the mystic sea !

I like not traveller's stories,
Told at the blazing hearth,
Of wild and wondrous wandering
On ocean and on earth ;
When the wine foams in the goblet
With its glorious ruby light,
Imagination sparkles
Proportionately bright.

I loathe to see the simple eye
In wonder opened wide,
At hair-breadth 'scapes from shot and steel,
From rock and tempest tide.

As each adventure wilder grows
Of the traveller's bold career,
The listeners gather closer round,
And cross themselves for fear;
And many an anxious glance is cast
Around the shadowy room,
As if some horrid spectacle
Lay lurking in the gloom.

But I love, in my own good bark,
And with my gallant crew,
To wander free where fancy leads
Over the waters blue:
To speak with new-found people,
Of the world a fresh-turned page;
O! grateful bounds my spirit,
That I live in a gallant age!

O! if the tame ones of the earth
Could taste the deep delight,
Of feeling free upon the main,
Whose sway is the bold man's right,
The sea would swarm with rovers,
Whose zeal would never sleep,
While anxiously they gathered
The treasures of the deep!

Montreal, August, 1837.

A. A. MACNICOL.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER FOUR.

PARIS, AUGUST, 1836. — After due deliberation respecting the various routes, viz: first, by Southampton to Havre, and up the Seine; second, by Brighton and Dieppe; third, by steam-boat direct to Calais, or Boulogne; fourth, (the older and most frequented,) by Dover and Calais, or Bologne; I chose the latter; and in order to be in Paris before Saturday evening, (to-day is Wednesday,) took my outside seat in the night coach to Dover. It was a fine evening, and as we rode out of London through 'the main artery of the right hand of the world,' Charing-Cross, down Whitehall and Parliament-street, over Westminster bridge, and through the villages of Deptford and Greenwich, I had the finest sunset view of the great metropolis, which I had yet seen. A glorious full-moon rose soon after we took leave of the more dazzling luminary, and of course the ride in such an evening was most agreeable. We passed through Gravesend, a bustling and noted town on the Thames, and our course lay for some distance along the margin of the river. At eleven, we stopped for supper at Rochester. The night which looked so promising, was not to be very delightful; a change came over the face of it, in the shape of a cold, thick fog; moreover, that useless and annoying ani-

mal, y'clept 'the guard,' kept us awake by a hideous bellowing with a long tin-horn; and altogether, I was abundantly satisfied with my first experiment in riding all night. Day-light came at last, just as we were entering the ancient and honorable town of Canterbury, as weary pilgrims as ever went there in the days of worthy old Chaucer. The cathedral is entirely surrounded by ordinary dwelling-houses, and the massive entrance was at this hour of course closed. We could only get a glimpse of its fine towers. At six A. M., we were set down at the 'Ship Hotel,' at Dover, and only had to pay five shillings more than the regular fare, beside three shillings to the guard, etc., for keeping us awake, and two shillings more for porters, ladders, etc., to the boat, a pigmy affair, y'clept the *Britannia*, on board of which we *descended*, after a poor breakfast at the hotel; and in a few minutes we were rapidly receding from the 'white cliffs of England.' The hills along this coast appear to be entirely of chalk, and from a short distance, the shore looks as if partly covered with snow. The castle and heights tower above the town, and the latter give it the appearance of our Brooklyn. The morning was brilliant and cloudless, and the sea scarcely ruffled. So we glided over this far-famed and much-dreaded channel as gently as we should cross from New-York to Jersey City, only taking somewhat longer time to do it. Before we had lost sight of Dover, the coast of 'La Belle France' was very distinct; indeed the two coasts may always be seen from each other, in clear weather. We had three or four baskets of carrier-pigeons on board, which were liberated at intervals, to announce our progress. They are used to communicate important intelligence, and never fail of arriving at their destination in about ten minutes.

The distance from Boulogne to Dover is forty miles. After a voyage of three-and-a-half hours, we made the bustling town of Boulogne, which is prettily situated on the open sea-coast, at the head of a small bay. On an eminence near the town, is a conspicuous monument, commenced by Napoleon to commemorate his (intended) conquest of England, (!) and completed by Louis XVIII., to commemorate Napoleon's downfall!

We sailed up between two long and excellent wood piers, filled with expecting friends, porters, police, soldiers, custom-house officers, etc., and stepping for the first time on the soil of Europe, at least of the continent, I was escorted by a companion through the eager crowd, amid the clamorous calls of the commissioners, 'Hotel du Nord? Hotel D'Angleterre? Hotel D'Orleans? Portmanteau, Monsieur?' and all in a strange tongue. What a jabbering! At a little bureau on the quay our passports were received, and we were permitted to proceed without any personal examination, the commissioner of our hotel (D'Orleans,) taking charge of our luggage, which he 'passed' in an hour, without giving us a word of trouble; but we soon found we were not to escape vexations, for the seats in the diligences had been engaged for four days to come! This is especially provoking, in such a place as Boulogne. But repining avails not.

This is the second of 'Le Trois Jours,' and the tri-colored flags,

are displayed from every house in town, giving the streets a gay and lively face. This is a remarkably clean and orderly place, and in this respect forms a strong contrast to its rival, Calais. It is a famous sea-bathing place, and during the summer, English residents and visitors form one third of the whole population. Indeed, the town is very *à la Anglaise* — more so, they say, than any other in France. But still there is enough to remind a novice that he is really in another country, in the old world. The military on the docks and in every street; the poor women, bare-footed and bare-headed, performing the labor of beasts of burthen, being in fact the public porters, and thankful for the chance of carrying your luggage for a few sous; the incessant jabbering in a strange tongue, (strange, alas! to me,) for even the children here,' as one sagely remarked, 'talk very good French;' the streets without side-walks, and the picturesque figures in them; the immense clumsy diligences, arriving and setting off in cautious pace; the street harpists and music-grinders, (of which we have abundant specimens,) etc. The hotels form about one-fourth of all the buildings of the town, and are all crowded. Mine host has a summer pavilion on the banks of the sea, commanding an extensive view of the English coast, etc., and very similar to that at Rockaway, (L. I.) and to this we are sent in a barouche to dine at the *table d'hôte*, in a large airy hall, which accommodates one hundred or more. The company, being mostly English, seemed rather awkward in this novel mode of dining; and there was no general conversation at the table. My neighbour stared with astonishment when he found I was not English, and still more so that I was an American, 'the first he had ever seen;' and he looked as tickled as if he had seen an ourang-outang. The shore before the pavilion is covered with little bathing-cars, which are drawn into the water by horses, and there is a handsome assembly-hall near by, for the bathers. After dinner, walked up to the 'barriers,' or ramparts, which surround an elevated part of the city, and serve both for fortification and a public promenade. The view from them is very fine.

FRIDAY.— A rainy day, and the review and ceremonies in the church are given up. Strangers at the hotels have been invited by the mayor to a grand ball at the 'Salle du Spectacle,' or theatre, this evening. A band of music at the pavilion at dinner. Went to the theatre; great crowd, nine-tenths spectators; much like our Masonic Hall balls, except that there is no room to dance. The élite of the town displayed their best, but the majority were English. It was to be *très selecte*, and has been the town-talk for a week; yet my companion said, with great surprise, that of one of the prettiest of the dancers he had bought his gloves. Made an appointment to meet him at Amiens cathedral, at five A. M.

SATURDAY.— A most vexatious mistake of my own has lost me my seat again, and I must endure idleness and ennui, in this purgatory, twenty-four hours longer. Horrors! What *shall* I do? Wandered into a museum, and killed an hour. Bought 'Diary of Desennuyée.'

Miserable trash! Changed it for Mrs. Trollope's 'Paris and the Parisians;' precious little better. The longest day I have known this two years.

AUGUST 31ST.—Found myself actually mounted on the *rotonde* of a French diligence, and proceeding, at the pace of six or seven miles an hour, toward Paris. Splendid morning; and the roads are thoroughly sprinkled by the late rain. The diligence has been recently much modified, à l'Anglaise, and I perceived but little difference in the mode or rate of travelling. This one has two outside rear seats, or the *rotonde*; the *banquette*, over the conducteur's seat in front; and the interior, divided into three apartments. The front is called the *coupé*, and is the highest price. The conducteur is a respectable personage, who overlooks the whole team, delivers the passports, etc., and the fee to him, and the postilion, is always regular, and paid in advance. (The fees to waiters at hotels in France are always charged in the bills; so there is one annoyance well rid of.)

The road to Paris, by Montreuil, Abbeville, and Beauvais, is flat, stale, and unprofitable. There is little to be seen but wheat-fields and pastures, and here and there a bit of a hut, with the philanthropic announcement, 'Loge au pied et un cheval;' which is equivalent, I presume, to the similar English establishments' sign, 'Entertainment for man and horse.' Montreuil is an antique and strongly-fortified town, entirely surrounded by a high wall, and several out-posts. Here we stopped to dine. Abbeville, the next, is the largest town on the route, and quite *continental* in its appearance. It was a fête-day, and the whole population were amusing themselves in the streets, some with a dancing monkey, others listening to a buffoon, or improvisatrice. Then we passed through Airaines, Granvilliers, and Marseilles to Beauvais, famous for its siege in 1472 by the Duke of Burgundy, which was raised by the heroic Jean Hanchette, whose memory is still honored by an annual festival. Here we took a good breakfast, for which our night ride had created an excellent appetite. Passing then through the small villages of Puiseux, Blaumont, Sur-Oise and Marseilles, we came to Saint Dennis, the burial-place of the kings of France, and from thence proceeded through a broad, straight, dusty avenue, to the capital, without having any general view; and were set down at the bureaux of the Messageries Royal, where our luggage was slightly examined, and I was then escorted, by a young companion, to the Hotel De Lille et d'Albion, opposite the Palais Royal. Dined at the table d'hôte, with a company of thirty, all English. Got a cab and rode over one of the bridges to find my quondam yankee doctor. Find it necessary to be in earnest now about learning French. My ignorance is rather awkward, but still it is not impossible to make myself understood; and 'necessity is the mother of invention.'

AUGUST 2ND.—Hired a guide, or interpreter, to show me the localities, and assist me in my business. In the city in general, I am disappointed. The narrow, filthy streets, with gutters in the centre,

and without side-walks, and the antique and irregular buildings, do not realize my notions of gay, elegant Paris. But the extent and magnificence of the *public* buildings, palaces, gardens, parks, boulevards, etc., are enough to atone for the dirty streets. The general view of the city, from one of the centre bridges, (the atmosphere being wonderfully clear and transparent,) is grand and imposing in the extreme. The luxurious and superb architecture of the Louvre, Tuilleries, Luxembourg, and Palais Royal, and the *immense extent*, as well as the great beauty and elegance, of the gardens and parks, connected with these places, must astonish even the most sanguine.

AUGUST 4TH. — Took lodgings with Dr. — in Rue D'Enfer, opposite the garden of the Luxembourg, for three objects, namely: to have a guide to the city; to learn French from him and the talkative landlady, and for economy's sake, for I pay but seven and a half francs a week for a snug room with attendance, in a good situation, and can have breakfast (such as it is) for fifteen sous.*

6th. Having disposed of most of my business, I commenced '*lionizing*.' First, I walked over Pont des Arts, through the Louvre and the Tuilleries, to the Garden of the Tuilleries, which, I need not say, is laid out on a scale of great extent and magnificence, and is profusely adorned with fine statues, and groups in bronze and marble. The number and variety of the noble walks in this garden are truly astonishing. And it is not less so, that the finest statuary should be so liberally exposed to the public, without the least guard or protection, and yet none of it is ever injured. Passed through Place de la Concorde, (late Place Louis XVI.;) and the Champs Elysées, where they were removing the lamps, etc., used in the late fête of the three days; and walked up the broad and noble avenue to the Arc de Triomphe, which was completed a few days since, and is one of the most conspicuous, and most admired ornaments of the capital. I will send you a printed description, which will save me a great many words. Suffice it to say, that the most extravagant epithets will not give you too high an idea of it. It is of white marble, adorned with exquisite bas-reliefs, and is so immense in extent and height, that from the Pont Neuf, about three miles distant, it is conspicuous far above the tall trees of the Champs Elysées, and all the surrounding objects.

RETURNED to the Louvre, and spent the forenoon in its celebrated Musée and Gallery of Paintings. This gallery is one thousand three hundred and thirty feet long, and would reach from Broadway to Wooster-street! The ceiling is oval, and is elegantly gilded and adorned. The perspective of the gallery is much like that of Thames Tunnel, and the farther end appears to be only three or four feet high. As to the paintings, I have marked in the catalogue those which particularly struck me, and no farther description would be

*I am particular in the mention of these pecuniary facts, believing that they will be useful to American readers, who may contemplate going abroad.

worth while. The gallery of ancient sculpture is of course intensely interesting, and contains one of the finest collections in the world. (See Madame Starke.) Walked up to the Boulevards, which, with Rue Rivoli, Rue Castiglione, and perhaps two or three others, are the only streets which do credit to the city. The Boulevards are quite modern; and when the trees are matured, and the building finished, they will be much more beautiful than now. The Boulevard des Italiens is the handsomest. In the Boulevard Conti, is the superb church of *St. Madeline*, the interior of which is not yet completed. It is like the *Bourse*, or Exchange, on the model of a Grecian temple, and is built of white marble, surrounded with exquisite Corinthian pillars, and ornamented with bas-reliefs. In the Place Vendome, near by, is the celebrated column (on the model of Trajan's,) erected by Napoleon to commemorate his victories. What a gigantic mind was Napoleon's! It is displayed as much in the monuments, edifices, and public works, which he planned and executed, as in his ambitious projects for the conquest of Europe. This column is made of cannon taken in his battles, and you must see it, in order to understand the difficulty as well as grandeur of such a project.

Returned to my room before dark; for recent examples have shown, that it is not quite safe to be out alone, late in the evening, in the streets of Paris. Several persons have been attacked and robbed, and one or two killed, in this neighborhood, within a few days.

SUNDAY. — Went to St. Sulpice, which is ranked as the second church in Paris, next to Notre Dame. It is Roman Catholic of course, for there are but four or five Protestant churches in all Paris! The front of St. Sulpice is very grand and imposing, but the rest is not particularly so. The interior is spacious and lofty, but far less elaborately finished and decorated than the cathedrals of England. There are large niches around the walls, enclosed with a railing, and adorned with fine paintings, an altar etc., which seemed to be private or family chapels. Several companies of children, apparently belonging to schools, were led into the church by priests in black cloth robes. These priests were reading the service in various parts of the church, and in the niches, to groups of ten or twenty; but the principal one was before the grand altar, which was richly adorned, and contrived for effect, which I cannot describe.

7TH. — Went to Versailles, where there was to be a grand review, etc. The Doctor, a medical student, a New-Orleans gentleman, and myself, took a hack together, and started off about eleven o'clock. All the world had gone or were going; the vehicles of all sorts, from the superb barouche of the nobility, to the go-cart of the market folks, were innumerable. Rode along the Quai des Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées. Passed Saint Cloud, the favorite residence of Napoleon, and the scene of the bloodless revolution which gave him the government of France. Near the palace, is a column for telegraphs, by which Napoleon communicated with Paris. A certain light was a signal that he would see nobody. Neither lord nor lady must approach.

ARRIVED at Versailles at one. Review just over ! The palace here is immensity personified. It can hardly be comprehended. From the magnificent gardens, the view of it is superb. These gardens will more than realize the most brilliant fairy scene of the Arabian Nights. They extend *several miles* in each direction ; laid out with the most perfect neatness and order ; and this is their only fault. There is too much trimming — too much exactness. If they were a little more like the wild beauty of nature, they would please my eye as well. Statuary, of all sorts, is liberally disposed throughout these vast grounds ; noble avenues intersect each other at half-angles in the gardens and park ; and in these the trees are so placed and trimmed as to form a grand triumphal arch ; while the squares between are occupied by fountains, curiously devised, or by a bed of flowers.

‘All the world and his wife’ were there. Suddenly, there was a pressing toward one of the grand avenues. It was to see the King of Naples, who is now here on a visit to his aunt, the Queen of the French. The king and the French queen were in an open car, accompanied by two good-looking youths, about sixteen and eighteen, (the Dukes of Nemours and Orleans,) and the two princesses, rather pretty, and dressed with taste and marked simplicity. An elderly gentleman, next to the King of Naples, was said to be his minister or guardian, and he looks as if he needed one. He is a mustachoeed, dandyish-looking fellow, and stared through his quizzing glass in a style quite amusing. The people took off their hats, as the car passed, but there was not a whisper of applause or enthusiasm.

On our return, just as we stopped at the park of St. Cloud, the French king’s carriage came up, kept as close as a prison ; and in a few minutes, the queen and he of Naples arrived, and stopped in the park to change horses ; so we had a chance to scan them all very closely. The queen might have been handsome once, but she certainly is not now. She bowed repeatedly to some one by the carriage ; but not a word was uttered, which appeared very strange.

10TH. — My way to Galignani’s reading-room, every morning, is through the portico of the hall of the celebrated French Institute, over the Pont des Arts, and through the quadrangles of the Louvre and Palais Royal. What a world in miniature, (and not on a very small scale either,) is this Palais Royal ! A palace that would *cover two or three of our squares*, in the heart of the city, was converted by its proprietor, the late Duke of Orleans, into an immense bazaar ; the entrance from every part being from the interior court, which is a long promenade of itself, adorned with rows of trees, fountains, and gardens. The lower floor of the palace is divided into stores, in the arcade fashion, in which are displayed every article, almost, which can be imagined or desired, for use or ornament. The jewellers are the most numerous. There are, I should think, at least three or four hundred of these shops on the first floor, and they each rent for four thousand francs per annum. The second floor is occupied by cafés, reading-rooms and by gambling-establishments, or ‘hells,’ and the upper stories by characters of all sorts, male and female. In short,

there is a specimen of every thing, good and bad, in this Palais Royal; and even the bad is made so alluring and dazzling, that altogether, it is no very difficult matter for an unwary novice there to rid himself of his superfluous cash. The imposing *coup d'œil* of the palace and gardens you can imagine better from the prints, than from any description.

Near the Bourse, is the Halle au Blé, an immense circular building, the dome of which is nearly as large as that of the Pantheon at Rome.

IN my ramble to-day, I dropped into a church which I found to be that of Saint Roch, one of the most beautiful in Paris. Like Saint Sulpice, it has numerous private altars in the enclosures around the walls, which are adorned with fine paintings. Near the main altar, there is a representation of the sepulchre, made with real stones, and roughly placed in the supposed manner of the original, and a group of statuary, as large as life, representing the entombment. It is so well done, that the credulous devotees who were kneeling before it seemed to think it was reality. Near it is a representation of Mount Calvary and the Crucifixion, not painted, but contrived to produce a most singular effect.

In the aisle of Saint Roch, I met an English lady, and her three daughters, whom I had seen at Boulogne. Having travelled with the lady's husband, but not having been formally introduced, I passed without speaking to them. The lady turned and spoke to me, and politely invited me to call at her hotel. I mention this, as proving that the English are not always so tenacious about formal introductions as they have been represented.

TUESDAY, 9TH. — Walked before breakfast to the Jardin des Plants, where botanical students have the privilege of studying all the immense variety of specimens which are there displayed, in a garden of three-fourths of a mile long. A small hill in the centre is surmounted by a little bronze temple, from which there is a good prospect. On this hill are two or three *Cedars of Lebanon*, which are esteemed very rare and valuable; it is a beautiful tree, and quite *oriental*. Beside the plants in this establishment, there is a *menagerie*, a museum of botany and natural history, etc.

Visited the gallery of the Luxembourg, which is appropriated for paintings and sculpture by living artists. It was a rich treat. See catalogue. The garden of the Luxembourg is a beautiful promenade, but not equal to that of the Tuilleries. Nothing can exceed the gayety and brilliancy of the scene in these gardens at sunset, and early in the evening, when the thousands are enjoying the cool refreshing air, or admiring the fountains and statues. In the Tuilleries, a sculpture in bronze has been lately put up, representing a lion crushing a viper or serpent. It seems to attract much attention, as being emblematical of a strong government putting down all insurrectionary vipers.

Visited *Notre-Dame*. The interior architecture will not compare

with that of York Minster, and other English cathedrals, but it has a lighter and more cheerful appearance. It is abundantly decorated with paintings, some of which are very superior. A company of priests were chanting in the choir, in the most doleful manner imaginable. Ascended by four hundred steps to the top of the towers, from which there is a fine view of Paris and the environs. The clearness of the atmosphere renders the view much better than that from Saint Paul's. The *Palais de Justice*, where the courts, etc., are held, is near Notre Dame, on the Ile de Cité. The Court of Cassation are now engaged in the trial of persons lately arrested for supposed treasonable plots. Poor Louis Phillipe! thine is a throne of thorns! Thou darest not show thyself in public, lest thy life should be forfeited! Who does not envy thee! And yet, I have never learned that the king has merited these attempts on his life. The government, in spite of some severe laws, has been as liberal as the character of the people would justify.

The *Bibliothèque du Roi* contains eight hundred thousand volumes, the largest library in the world. I noticed a work on the topography, etc., of France, alone, in two hundred and nine large folio volumes! Connected with the library, is an immense collections of prints, and of antique medals, cameos, gems, etc. I saw the armour of the Duke of Sully, Henry IV., and several of the French generals; manuscript original letters of Racine, Molière, Bossuet, Boileau, Voltaire, Fenelon, Rousseau, etc.; manuscripts written in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, beautifully illuminated; manuscripts in Turkish, Arabic, Coptic, Egyptian, etc., and paintings from the ruins of Thebes, probably done before Christ.

THE papers announced a review of the troops before the Tuilleries, by the king, and the King of Naples, but it was changed to the Champs Elysées, and the King of France was not present. He is said to be very courageous himself, and it is only the urgent entreaties of his family and his ministers which keep him so close. He wished to have the review on the 29th, but they would not permit him. Just as I was leaving the Garden of the Tuilleries, the king arrived in a coach-and-six, preceded by a courier, and escorted by a party of dragoons. He looked out of the carriage and bowed, and I had a good opportunity to see him. The face was quite *natural*, and very much like the prints.

This afternoon I visited one of the most curious and interesting sights in Paris, the manufactory of the celebrated *Gobelin Tapestry*, where those copies of the Cartoons of Raphael, exhibited in New-York, were made. The operation appears perfectly simple, and yet I cannot understand it. The picture to be copied is hung on the wall behind the loom; the weaver sits with his back to it, and works on the *back of the tapestry*. It is done entirely by hand, and of course it is very slow work, six years being spent on one piece. There are about ten or twelve rooms, some of them containing two or three looms. Several of the pieces now on the looms are very beautiful, and they are, therefore, very expensive. None but kings and *millionaires* can afford them. Annexed to the tapestry rooms, there is a

manufactory of carpets, of a most princely description, uniting the thickness and durability of the Turkey carpets, with the softness and elegance of the Wilton. The colors and patterns are really superb. The carpets are always made in one piece. These, also, are such as the most wealthy only can buy.

THE PANTHEON, once called the Church of Saint Genevieve, is a sort of national monument. It is an elegant building, in the form of a cross, supported within and without by Corinthian pillars. The dome is particularly lofty and beautiful. On the walls, are four gilt tablets, on which are inscribed the names of two hundred and eighty-seven citizens, killed in the revolution of 1830. The crypt is fitted for the purpose of receiving monuments of distinguished persons. Our guide, with a lantern, escorted us to this subterranean region, where we 'meditated among the tombs.' Suddenly he came to a statue, and raising the lantern to the face, discovered to us features expressing a scornful sneer, which made me start. It was a statue of Voltaire. While there, another party came in, preceded by the guide and lantern, and dodging every now and then from behind the pillars of the crypt, it seemed like being in the regions of the dead. In the evening, went to see the celebrated *Taglioni*, at the Académie Royale de Musique, being her first appearance for some time. The house was as full as it could be packed, and I could hardly get a peep; but I saw such dancing as I never beheld before. It is most appropriately called the 'poetry of motion.' Visited an exhibition of Sevres porcelain; should like to send home a set, but it rather exceeds my purse. *The Hotel des Invalides*, is the largest building in Paris, if not in the world. It is an asylum for maimed and superannuated soldiers. The chapel connected with it, and especially the dome, is much admired, and is considered the finest thing of the kind in Paris. The old soldiers of Napoleon are here to be seen in their cocked hats and military dress; some with one arm, others minus a leg. They are all well taken care of, and have nothing to do. Near the Invalides, is the Ecole Militaire, and the Champs de Mars, where one hundred and fifty thousand men have been paraded.

On the banks of the river, facing the Place de Concord, is the Palace of the *Chamber of Deputies*, or Palace Bourbon. The Hall of Sitting is in the form of an amphitheatre, the seats raised above each other. It is very elegant, and even gay, in its decorations. The front benches are inscribed *Ministres*. The session of the chamber does not commence till winter. We were also shown the other apartments of the palace. Next to this is the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and farther on is the Hotel des Monnaies, or Mint. This afternoon, at five o'clock, stepped into an omnibus, in order to be at Père la Chaise at sunset. It is on an eminence near the barriers of the city. The street which leads to it was filled with women, who were making and selling those yellow wreaths, (of which I send you a specimen,) for the visitors to decorate the tombs of their friends,

Great numbers of these were placed on the tombs, some fresh, and others faded and dried. The cemetery is on the same plan as that at Mount Auburn, or rather Mount Auburn is on the plan of this. There are no less than thirty thousand tombs here, displaying every variety of taste and whim in the style and pattern, and filling a space of some hundred acres, the walks through which form quite a labyrinth, insomuch that the guides charge three francs to go through it, which I did not choose to pay. I found the tombs of Abelard and Heloise, Molière and La Fontaine (which are side by side, and very simple, and covered with names of visiting scribblers,) Rousseau, La Bruyère, La Place, (the author of *Mécanique Céleste*,) Moreau, Volney, (a plain pyramid,) and several other distinguished names. Many of the monuments are very splendid, particularly that of General Foy, and others which I cannot recollect. The inscriptions are as various as the monuments. Some are very simple: 'à mon père;' 'à notre cher ami;' 'à notre petite Julie,' etc. Many of the monuments are little chapels, with altars, candles, chairs, etc., and some even with paintings; having an iron door, of open work, so that you can look in and see the taste and superstition of the founder. It requires a whole day, at least, to take even a passing view of all the monuments. The view from the highest ground in the cemetery is very fine.

12TH. I had sent a note to Prince Czartoryski, desiring to know if it was his pleasure that I should call on him. This morning I received a polite and elegantly-written note, in French, saying: 'Le Prince Czartoryski présente ses complimens à Mr. —, et s'empresse de le prévenir qu'il aura le plaisir de l'attendre chez soi, demain à 11 h. dans la matinée.' Ce 10 Août, 1836. 25 Faubourg du Roule.'

I did not receive it till the day after that designated, but still I went. There did not seem to be even a porter or a servant on the premises. An old man escorted me up stairs, and knocking, the door opened where a good looking gentleman was writing. I was at a loss to know whether he was the prince or not, but he seemed to expect me. 'Monsieur — ?' 'Oui, Monsieur.' He escorted me to the next room, and took my card into another. In a few minutes, a noble-looking man, about fifty-five, came out, and taking my hand, was 'very glad to see Mr. —;' 'walk in;' and so I was seated on a plain gingham-covered sofa, with the Prince Czartoryski. The apartments, furniture, etc., are plain almost to meanness, and the prince's pantaloons themselves looked as if they had been washed five or six times; a fact which I consider highly creditable to him. He has decidedly one of the finest, noblest countenances I ever saw. It is expressive at once of dignity, energy, and benevolence. It indicates a contempt of every thing mean.

I must confess I felt rather awkward in this my first tête-à-tête with a prince. It was so hard to have to say 'your highness' at every sentence, that I finally dropped it entirely, and answered yes, Sir, or no, Sir. He evidently expects this form, but does not insist upon it. He inquired about the condition of his countrymen in the United States; if they had obtained employment; if they conducted them-

selves well; what gentlemen had interested themselves for them. He had not heard of Mr. Wilder, and told his secretary to take down his name. He asked if any association for the Poles existed in New-York, and if one could not be formed; if the Americans were not rather partial to Russia, and thought she had done right. This I answered very warmly, and said that, on the contrary, our country had watched with astonishment the conduct of the other powers of Europe in not interfering in behalf of Poland. That the wrongs of Poland were a favorite theme for our school-boys and school-girls.

After a conversation of half an hour or more, I took leave, the prince inviting me very cordially to call on him when I returned to Paris. The morning papers state that 'the government (of France) yesterday made an application to Prince Czartoryski for three hundred Poles to go to Spain' — for which 'party,' I did not notice.

'L A Y .

I.

A LAY of love! — ask the lone sea,
 For wealth its waves have closed upon —
 A song from stern Thermopylæ —
 A battle-shout from Marathon!
 Look on my brow — reveals it nought?
 It hideth deep rememberings
 Eternal as the records wrought
 Within the tombs of Egypt's kings.
 Take thou the harp! I may not sing:
 Awake the Teian lay divine,
 Till fire from every glowing string
 Shall mingle with the flashing wine!

II.

The Theban lyre but to the sun
 Gave forth at morn its answering tone;
 So mine but echoed when the one,
 One sun-lit glance was o'er it thrown.
 The Memnon sounds no more! — my lyre,
 A veil upon thy strings is flung;
 I may not wake the chords of fire —
 The words which burn upon my tongue.
 Fill high the cup! I may not sing;
 My hand the crowning buds will twine:
 Pour, till the wreath I o'er it fling,
 Shall mingle with the rosy wine.

III.

No lay of love! — the lava stream
 Hath left its trace on heart and brain;
 No more! no more! the maddening theme
 Will wake the slumbering fires again.
 Fling back the shroud on buried years —
 Hail, to the ever blooming hours!
 We'll fill Time's glass with ruby tears,
 And twine his bald old brow with flowers.
 Fill high! fill high! I may not sing —
 Strike forth the Teian lay divine,
 Till fire from every glowing string
 Shall mingle with the flashing wine!

THE CHIEF OF HIS TRIBE.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN THOMAS TUMBLER, JR.

'AND here let me charge you, my son, that you consider nothing which bears the image of God beneath your notice, or unsusceptible of valuable lessons. The beggar imploring alms at your hands, the unhappy victim of vice, or the prey of evil passions, may speak with a voice so loud, that during your whole life, the monitory tones shall not wholly die away in your ear.'

MAGNUS GONCALVES.

THE primary study of all mankind ever has been, and ever will be, the end by which they may attain happiness. All our energy, all our reason, and all our ingenuity, are directed to the prosecution of this one common object; but with what success, we leave those to answer who have grown old in the game of human life. Our existence is commenced and continued in its pursuit. We toil in its chase, from birth until death, with the most assiduous and unceasing application. But do we obtain it, at last? Go ask the worn-out debauchee, or the chartered libertine. Go ask the rich man in his castle, or the poor man in his hut. Ask the faded beauty, or the blooming girl. Ask the monarch, the mendicant, the world, if they have yet enjoyed one hour of real happiness — one hour, unalloyed by the remembrance of the past, or the fears of the future. It is, in truth, a shadow as intangible as our own; an *ignis fatuus* of our being. But ah! we cannot discover this until too late. When death is about to drop the curtain upon the closing scene of the drama of life, we may become sensible of our error; until that moment, we are in chase of a gilded phantom, that often drags us through paths of guilt and sin, and repaying us nothing in the end.

Real happiness is far from being an attribute of existence. It is, in fact, a moral impossibility that they should coëxist; and Reason never deceives herself so much, as when she deems it is within the pale of our enjoyment. Do we not know, by actual realization, that the jewel for which we have labored for years, loses its value with possession, and becomes scarce worth the purchasing? And though we may cast it aside, recognising in some other object the El Dorado of our hopes, does not that too, when obtained, like the fruit upon the shores of the Dead Sea, resolve to ashes in our grasp?

We may be partially contented, but never perfectly happy; and oh! if man but knew this, how much of sorrow and remorse would it not spare him, when the hand of Age is heavy upon him! How much alleviation would it not bring to the bed of sickness — how much of hope to the departing spirit!

Yet, although it is written in the book of destiny, that the principal aim of our lives shall be for ever perverted, it is not to be supposed that this disappointment will render us miserable. The evils of existence act differently upon mankind; and where you will find one who is made unhappy by the operation of some untoward circumstance, you will find a second whose equanimity would scarcely be disturbed by a much more aggravated misfortune.

Among those so happily constituted as to confront adversity with indifference, may be numbered the hero of this sketch; an indivi-

dual whose age was probably three-and-twenty, and whose name was universally admitted to be John Thomas Tumbler, Jr., his sire bearing the like Christian appellatives.

Mr. Tumbler, Jr., was an individual whom those in a more elevated sphere would term a 'loafer.' Now why one body of the human family should classify another by so impolite a distinction, may be, to the uninitiated in the ways of the world, a matter of surprise. To us, however, it is perfectly explicable, since it serves to carry out one of the immutable principles of our nature, which is — But no matter; we will not animadvert; for as well might the wave that foams at the foot of Gibraltar, essay to destroy the mountain rock, as we to change, by censure or deprecation, that gigantic and inveterate evil.

John Thomas Tumbler, Jr. was not rich; on the contrary, he was very poor, and, indeed, but little versed in the knowledge of the coin of his country. But John Thomas had that opulence of feeling which supplies the place of wealth, and which wealth itself cannot at all times supply; that internal independence, which buoys up the spirit, and defies adversity. In his youth, he had been industrious, and no boy was more persevering and successful in researches for old copper, nails, bits of lead, and such little valuables; but as he verged into manhood, his ideas expanded, and those pursuits were abandoned, as vocations too insignificant for one who bore the image of the universal Creator. In fact, Mr. Tumbler, Jr. considered it undignified to labor at all, and so determined to lead a life of ease and relaxation.

When first our gentleman came to this resolve, he was tolerably well attired. His coat, though thread-bare, and somewhat greasy in the vicinity of the elbows, looked, nevertheless, partially genteel; and though many parts of it were preserved in a state of adhesion by divers pins, it was still without that symptom of poverty, a patch. His breast, at this interesting period of his life, was defended from the inclemencies of the weather, by a double-breasted velvet vest, which had been manufactured some twenty years before for the comfort of some corpulent citizen, and which now hung about Mr. Tumbler with the graceful foldings of a Roman toga. Of his pantaloons and hat, we shall say little, save that they were somewhat venerable; and of his shirt, we can have *nothing* to say, he having long since repudiated that garment, as an article of dress totally superfluous.

It was customary with Mr. Tumbler, Jr., in those halcyon days, to drop (or rather, as he expressed it, 'happen') in the coffee-houses, at about eleven o'clock, every day, that being the hour when the lunch was set out for customers. At such times, Mr. Tumbler was frequently known to make some very odd mistakes, such, for example, as drinking the liquor of some other individual, who might have been so negligent as to put his glass down for a moment, while he helped himself to a mouthful of the eatables. But these little errors are incident to an absent-minded man, and might have been passed over unnoticed, had not Mr. Tumbler, on a later occasion, been discovered in the act of abstracting a handkerchief from the coat-pocket of a gentleman who was standing at the bar; for which offence he was very unceremoniously ejected from the premises, with an invitation from the keeper to call, in future, 'once in a great while.'

Mr. Tumbler was, happily for his circumstances, not a particular man. He dwelt any where and every where, and might justly be termed a 'promiscuous' lodger. He had, it is true, a particular stall in the market-house, which he sometimes occupied at night; but Mr. Tumbler had serious objections to sleeping there. 'The flies' he said, 'made it inconvenient in the morning, and the benches was werry often left dirty, by the negligence of the butchers:' beside, he was 'roused out, o' market mornings, at early day-light, vich was uncommon uncomfortable!'

He was a constant attendant upon horse-races, and the like gatherings. He usually repaired thither with a small capital of two or three dollars, and a 'sweat-cloth,' 'merely,' as he said, 'to occupy his mind, and turn an honest penny or two.' He was, moreover, an accomplished thimble-player, and would bet 'twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five cents, that no gentlemen could tell where the ball was!' At a certain cock-fight, Mr. Tumbler was exceedingly vociferous in his encouragement of a certain white bantam, engaged in the combat.

'Go it my darling!' exclaimed he, looking exultingly upon his favorite. 'That's the way to tell it, my bully! Give it to him, my little whitey!'

'Hurra for dat red cock!' said a colored gentleman, looking sideways at Mr. Tumbler, in a species of defiance.

'Hurra for the white cock!' again ejaculated Mr. Tumbler.

'Hurra for de red cock!' responded his sable adversary.

'A dollar on the white cock!' exclaimed our hero.

'Done! I take dat bet!' answered the colored gentleman.

The stakes were accordingly produced, and deposited in the hands of a gentleman of rather inelegant appearance, in a rough bell-crowned hat, who by-the-by was one of Mr. Tumbler's particular friends.

'Hurra for the white cock!' again shouted Mr. Tumbler.

'Hurra for de red cock!' again shouted the colored gentleman.

Presently the red cock gave his white adversary a thrust with his gaff, which put out one of his eyes, and nearly closed the engagement. As soon as Mr. Tumbler perceived this, he thrust the spectators aside, and going close up to the ring, he sung out: 'Hurra for the red cock, as I said before.' 'What you hurra for *dat* cock for!' exclaimed Sambo; hurra for your *own* cock, 'f you please!'

'Hurra for the red cock, as I said before!' exclaimed Mr. Tumbler, unheeding the remark of his opponent — 'Hurra for the red cock!'

At length the white cock was fairly defeated, and Mr. Tumbler turned to the holder of the stakes, and demanded the money, which was given him, in spite of the remonstrances of the 'gen'leman o' color,' who claimed to have won the bet. The conduct of Mr. Tumbler in this affair appeared certainly not very honorable; but it would be unjust to censure him, without knowing whether or not he was in error as to the cock he bet upon. At all events, the subsequent coldness and self-possession which he maintained, under a strain of abuse showered upon him by the colored gentleman, was commendable in the extreme. He listened to it all as mildly as if it had been a glowing eulogium upon the excellence of his character; and when the enraged Ethiopian had finished, he turned leisurely upon his

heel, and walked away. This was perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of Mr. Tumbler's mental superiority. It was indeed a feature of real greatness; for he who conquers his passion, as Mr. Tumbler evidently did, does more than he who commands armies; at least so said, I believe, the sage Socrates; an authority which none of us moderns have presumed to dispute.

There are many inclinations of our youth which are even strengthened with our years; and a slight tendency to a particular object in our boyhood, often becomes with us a passion in after life. Mr. Tumbler had, at a very early age, evinced a particular affection for saccharine substances, which affection had grown with his growth, until it became a leading disposition of his character. And even so late as the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, John Thomas Tumbler, Jr. might be often seen in the interior of a sugar hogshead, assiduously scooping out with his thumb-nail, and appropriating to the gratification of his palate, such small quantities of the article as had been left by the improvident grocer in the crevices of the staves. But, on the other hand, there are predilections far more dangerous, which we sometimes suddenly conceive, and of which we become totally unable to divest ourselves. Among these evils, the greatest is undoubtedly the love of stimulus. Mr. Tumbler at length became fond of his toddy; and from that moment we may date his decline. There were, however, palliations to be admitted for Mr. Tumbler — excuses which many who plunge into the vortex of dissipation sadly lack. His was a monotonous life, void alike of excitement, object, and interest. It was, then, a matter of course, that he should seek artificial means to supply a natural deficiency. In fact, this was almost necessary to existence. But alas! the gratification of this propensity brought on his ruin; and in the small space of six months, so complete a revolution was effected in the appearance of our hero, that he could scarcely be recognised as the same individual who was wont to frequent the market-house but a very short time before.

One day he was leaning against a post, reflecting upon the expedient he should next devise to obtain a 'horn,' when his forlorn appearance attracted the attention of a gentleman, who stopped a moment to observe more completely his wretchedness. John Thomas perceived this, and thought it a moment and an opportunity not to be disregarded. So, crossing the street, he addressed the stranger, informing him, in moving accents, that he was 'a poor miserable cre'tur,' 'at had n't had nothing to eat for upwards of some time, and 'at had n't seen a bed, for God knows when!' The stranger, in consideration of his distressing situation, gave him a small piece of money; and the mendicant, after satisfying himself of its value, very politely invited his benefactor to go and take a drink with him!

It may not be amiss here, to describe the habiliments of John Thomas, in contrast with the appearance they presented some months before. The article which adorned his head, would not, at first sight, have been taken for a hat. The crown and body were not as closely allied as they had once been. The former now hung back, attached only by a slight ligament to the latter. Interesting pieces of rim were here and there observable; and its original color had long

since been changed to a greasy brown. His coat, the donation of some charitable Falstaff, might have been altered to have fitted better, infinitely better. The body hung down some three or four inches below the hips, while the skirt, as he promenaded, almost swept the ground. The sleeves were rolled up at the elbows, much to the prejudice of the appearance of the lining; and the collar behind formed an admirable barricade for the preservation of the latter part of Mr. Tumbler's head. In truth, that gentleman himself was once heard to remark, that 'it was vastly convenient as a pillow.' Of his vest we have already spoken; and it needs but to add, that time had somewhat impaired it, and that although but one button graced its ample front, it was still a garment not to be deemed entirely valueless. His pantaloons could not have been derived from the same source as the coat, for they fitted him with a tightness which absolutely jeopardized them at every movement, and gave to his person, as he moved along, the appearance of a huge penguin. His boots were likewise very venerable; and but for the sake of appearances, as John Thomas himself very truly observed, he might as well be entirely bare-footed. The sole of one of them, however, though but partially attached to the upper, was perfect of itself; although the big toe protruded from the breach with an obstinacy truly mortifying to the sensibility of the wearer, who would sit upon a fire-plug, and contemplate it with that humiliation which we are all apt to feel on similar occasions. The sole of the other boot had 'long since vanished,' as Count Rhodolpho sings in '*La Sonnambula*;' and the upper, which was immensely capacious, would sometimes slew so far round, as to disclose to observation the whole of his right foot. This was a matter of more vexation to him than the imperfection of its fellow; for he was often obliged to confine its sides with pieces of twine, in order to keep it in its proper place; an occupation extremely irksome, and but ill adapted to his easy propensities.

Mr. Tumbler was not only a lover of music, but was likewise a professor of the divine art. During the delightful summer evenings, he would sit for hours on some cellar-door, producing strains from a jews-harp, whose melody floated enchantingly upon the air, adding still more to the witchery of the time, and causing a secret wish to arise, that it might be evening all the year round. There is a sympathy in music not to be withstood; and when a particular chord is struck, if it find a unison in human feeling, the sternest heart must melt at its thrill. Upon a particular moon-light night, our hero established himself upon a door-sill, and taking out his instrument, commenced the beautiful and pathetic ballad of '*Lord Lovell and Lady Nancy*.' For a while he played on with no more interest than a performer usually exhibits in the execution of a piece. At length, however, he began to revert to the sorrows of the *Lady Nancy*, and the tears were seen stealing, one by one, down his countenance. Thought begat thought, and sympathy begat sympathy, until Mr. Tumbler, overpowered by his feelings, took the jews-harp from his mouth, and commenced sobbing like a child. For a full half hour he continued to weep, and might have kept on for an hour longer, had not a hard-hearted servant girl emptied a bucket of ancient soap-suds upon him,

from the third-story window. This libation at once cooled his sorrows. Shaking the unpleasant liquid from his garments, he crossed over to the market-house, in order to seek that repose which always waits upon innocence and self-approbation.

We come now to one of the darkest passages of our hero's life; an event which we chronicle with a tear; and which nothing but an imperative sense of duty, as faithful biographers, would compel us to narrate. There breathes not the man, no matter where you may seek him, whose career has been, in every instance, one of purity, who can look back upon his past life, without remembering *some* action that brings a feeling of remorse, and who can declare upon his honor that he has done nothing but what has been perfectly justifiable in the eyes of God and his fellow-men. Why then should it be expected that Mr. Tumbler should prove an exception to all mankind? It is not to be — it ought not to be.

Mr. Tumbler was one day passing along the street, when his attention was arrested by a stone jug, which he observed beside an awning-post. He stopped, looked a moment at the vessel, and then at the pavers who were working in the street, and to whom the jug evidently belonged. Mr. Tumbler then reflected a moment, turned about to satisfy himself that no one observed him, picked up the jug, shook it, reconnoitred again, hesitated an instant, and placing it under his coat, leisurely walked on. Unfortunately, however, for his success, the jug was missed. He was seen, suspected, pursued, caught, and taken by the collar before his honor the mayor. That dispenser of justice was induced to believe that he was an old offender; and accordingly ordered his pockets to be examined. But however Mr. Tumbler might have erred, in regard to the abstraction of the jug, he was nevertheless innocent of other crimes of the kind; and nothing rewarded the search, save an onion, and the fragment of a Bologna sausage. He was, however, in consequence of the affair on hand, imprisoned in the city gaol for the space of thirty days; which confinement, we have been informed, he bore with the resignation of a Christian, and the fortitude of a hero. At length he was released; but he came out an altered man. His spirits had been broken down by the disgrace he had suffered, and he now plunged deeper than ever into dissipation, seeking in its excitement to drive away the memory of the past. Happy, indeed, would it have been, had his sensibilities been less refined; but, like the flower which shrinks from the touch, he avoided all intercourse with his fellow-men, wrapping himself up in the gloom of his own thoughts, neglecting his jews-harp, neglecting himself, and neglected by the world.

Not a great while after our hero's release from incarceration, he might have been observed strolling leisurely along the wharf, with the manner of one who has no definite object of pursuit, and who is willing to amuse himself with whatever the time and place might present. As his eye rolled onward, he espied a cask, upon the head of which was written, in large black letters, the word '*Cogniac*.' But he little thought that fatal word was to him what the handwriting upon the wall had been to the mighty Belshazzar. He little thought that the simple word '*Cogniac*' was applied to him, at that moment, in as terrible a warning as was the '*Mene, mene, tekel*,

upharsin !' which foretold to the Chaldean king the destruction of his life and empire.

He regarded the cask for a moment, and then throwing his right leg over, he mounted it. Seating himself firmly, he looked briefly about him. Satisfied that he was unobserved, he very deliberately drew a large gimlet from his pocket, and commenced boring a hole in one of the staves, gazing over the river the while, as if attracted by some interesting object on the opposite shore. When the perforation was complete, he returned the instrument to his pocket, and took an additional survey of the premises. Seeing that he was not watched by any one, he produced the end of a tin tube — manufactured expressly for such occasions — from beneath his vest, and inserting it in the hole, applied his mouth to the other extremity of the conductor, which protruded from the upper part of the garment, and in this manner commenced extracting the contents of the cask. For the space of an hour, he remained in one position, not even stirring a limb. At length the curiosity of a passer-by was excited by his appearance ; and going up to the cask, he was surprised to find a man, as he thought, asleep. The stranger shook him for a moment, as if to awaken him ; and when he relaxed his grasp, our hero tumbled to the ground. Astonished that the fall did not rouse him, the stranger stooped down to examine his features. They were fixed and rigid. He took his hand ; it was cold as marble. He felt for his pulse ; but it had ceased for ever. To make use of a novel phrase, ' the vital spark was extinguished.' Mr. Tumbler had gone to a land of ' pure spirits ;' a place which he often said he longed to visit ; since the spirits he was in the habit of imbibing here were generally any thing but pure.

Thus died, in the prime of life, John Thomas Tumbler, Jr., a man whom nature had endowed with many excellent qualities, which were, however, all perverted by one vicious and unconquerable propensity. Under more favorable circumstances, he might have proved an ornament to society. Avoided, on all occasions, by the respectable of his species ; treated with broad indifference, if not contumely ; a subject of jest and ridicule for every body ; how can we suppose he could burst these shackles, and soar to distinction ? Emulation withered beneath the persecution which attended him through life, and which, we blush to say, did not cease with his death ; for the papers, in noticing his demise, merely remarked, with cruel brevity : ' A loafer was found dead upon the wharf this morning.'

DEATH-BED REMORSE.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells one by one his thoughts and deeds of shame ;
How wild the fury of his soul careers !
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack, the wrestling of his frame !

J. G. PERCIVAL.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part Second. pp. 198. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

IN a notice of the first part of these Memoirs, we expressed an intention of renewing our broken intercourse with them, as they should appear, at intervals. The publication of two additional parts gives us ample scope for selection; and indeed this is all that a reviewer, not inclined to iterate, or 'bestow his tediousness' upon the reader, will be disposed to do. The pages before us are crowded with incidents, and with characteristic sketches of the personal and literary every-day life of their subject; and these, in themselves abundantly attractive, are rendered still more so, as we have already elsewhere remarked, by the pleasant style of the biographer, who will win enduring fame by this contribution to a literature which he had before not a little enriched.

Before entering upon our extracts, we cannot avoid remarking, that throughout the minuter history of the illustrious poet and novelist here presented, we are enabled to see the great secret of a literary career, unparalleled since the era of Shakspeare, if he who wrote for all mankind may be said to have had, or to have, an era. He stands forth, in these volumes, a shining example to all authors who would win a permanent hold upon the public regard. He *studied* humanity, and the works of nature. He did not content himself with portraying the invisible and non-existent, and with *conceiving* scenes and personages which have no counterparts in nature or in common life. He held rapt intercourse with the mountains, rivers, and vales of Scotland; and he sought the teachings of those natural instructors, the green fields. His ear was ever open to the 'silent voice of Nature, speaking in forms and colors.' The humblest peasant was a picture, and his qualities a study; and the lightest shade of character, in high or low, was not beneath his scrutiny. To this careful perception of nature, in all its forms and phases, he added a course of reading more various and extended, we cannot doubt, than any contemporary on the globe. But, unlike the many who lard their lean books with the fat of other authors, he read only to digest, and to *fuse* his mind; hence, his resources were never exhausted, even when he was a gray soldier in the literary field, wherein he had borne arms so nobly and so long. How numerous the chaotic fictions, how many the trumpery novels, how large the amount of still-born poetry, now sunk into waste paper and oblivion, which might have been saved to the world, had their producers but followed the example of the author of *Waverley*! How much worse than useless labor might have been saved to the thousands who, unable to inform have striven to please, and have borne their ponderous loads into the literary mart, and expanded them on the stalls of their hapless publishers! We cannot but hope that, primarily, the publication of these Memoirs will be widely beneficial to novelists and poets, and secondarily, to

the reading public; that they will improve the taste of those authors who are content to indulge in superficialities merely; to amuse the imagination, and convey infection to love-sick damsels, without satisfying the judgment, or touching the heart. So mote it be!

We commence our extracts with a brief history of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, a poem 'which has now kept its place for nearly a third of a century.'

"It is curious to trace the small beginnings and gradual development of his design. The lovely Countess of Dalkeith hears a wild rude legend of Border *diablerie*, and sportively asks him to make it the subject of a ballad. He had been already laboring in the elucidation of the 'quaint Inglis' ascribed to an ancient seer and bard of the same district, and perhaps completed his own sequel, intending the whole to be included in the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*. He assents to Lady Dalkeith's request, and casts about for some new variety of diction and rhyme, which might be adopted without impropriety in a closing strain for the same collection. Sir John Stoddart's casual recitation, a year or two before, of Coleridge's unpublished *Christabel*, had fixed the music of that noble fragment in his memory; and it occurs to him, that by throwing the story of Gilpin Horner into somewhat of a similar cadence, he might produce such an echo of the later metrical romance, as would serve to connect his *Conclusion* of the primitive Sir Tristrem with his imitations of the common popular ballad in the Grey Brother and Eve of St. John. A single scene of feudal festivity in the hall of Branksome, disturbed by some pranks of a nondescript goblin, was probably all that he contemplated; but his accidental confinement in the midst of a volunteer camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle; and suddenly there flashes on him the idea of extending his simple outline, so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult, and all earnest passions, with which his researches on the '*Minstrelsy*' had by degrees fed his imagination, until every the minutest feature had been taken home and realized with unconscious intenseness of sympathy; so that he had won for himself in the past another world, hardly less complete or familiar than the present. Erskine or Cranstoun suggests that he would do well to divide the poem into cantos, and prefix to each of them a motto explanatory of the action, after the fashion of Spenser in the *Faery Queen*. He pauses for a moment — and the happiest conception of the frame-work of a picturesque narrative that ever occurred to any poet — one that Homer might have envied — the creation of the ancient harper, starts to life. By such steps did the '*Lay of the Last Minstrel*' grow out of the *Minstrelsy* of the Scottish Border."

"A word more of its felicitous machinery. It was at Bowhill that the Countess of Dalkeith requested a ballad on Gilpin Horner. The ruined castle of Newark closely adjoins that seat, and is now indeed included within its *pleasance*. Newark had been the chosen residence of the first Duchess of Buccleuch, and he accordingly shadows out his own beautiful friend in the person of her lord's ancestress, the last of the original stock of that great house; himself the favored inmate of Bowhill, introduced certainly to the familiarity of its circle in consequence of his devotion to the poetry of a by-past age, in that of an aged minstrel, 'the last of all the race,' seeking shelter at the gate of Newark, in days when many an adherent of the fallen cause of Stewart — his own bearded ancestor, *who had fought at Killiecrankie*, among the rest — owed their safety to her who

"In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

The profits, to Scott, from the several editions of this poem were £769. The sales are given as follows:

"The first edition of the *Lay* was a magnificent quarto, 750 copies; but this was soon exhausted, and there followed an octavo impression of 1500; in 1806, two more, one of 2000 copies, another of 2550; in 1807, a fifth edition of 2000, and a sixth of 3000; in 1803, 3550; in 1809, 3000 — a small edition in quarto (the ballads and lyrical pieces being then annexed to it), and another octavo edition of 3250; in 1811, 3000; in 1812, 3000; in 1816, 3000; in 1823, 1000. A fourteenth impression of 2000 foolscap appeared in 1825; and besides all this, before the end of 1836, 11,000 copies had gone forth in the collected editions of his poetical works. Thus, nearly forty-four thousand copies had been disposed of in this country, and by the legitimate trade alone, before he superintended the edition of 1830, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. In the history of British Poetry, nothing had ever equalled the demand for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*."

Subsequently to a very interesting account of Scott's partnership with Ballantine, and of his entering actively upon numerous literary projects — including his editions

of the British poets, Ancient English Chronicles, Dryden, commencement of Waverley, etc., — we find the following account of his personal habits of industry:

"He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire, when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation — for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcomberies of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labor incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favor, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness.

"It was another rule, that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communications that in the sequel put his good nature to the severest test; but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he included attention to them among the necessary business which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or, as he phrased it, 'to say out damned spot, and be a gentleman.' In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have almost invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry or deliberate consideration."

In illustration of the correctness of the remarks which introduce these extracts, we give the following passage from a letter of an early friend of Scott to his biographer. It is unnecessary to say, that it is kindred with numerous others which might be selected:

"One of our earliest expeditions was to visit the wild scenery of the mountainous tract above Moffat, including the cascade of the 'Gray Mare's Tail,' and the dark tarn called 'Loch Skene.' In our ascent to the lake, we got completely bewildered in the thick fog which generally envelopes the rugged features of that lonely region; and, as we were groping through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down went horse and horsemen pell-mell into a slough of peaty mud and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farm-house below, and borrowed hill ponies for the occasion, the result might have been worse than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bog, covered cap-à-pie with slime, to free themselves from which, our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge eagle heaved himself from the margin and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders; and altogether it would be impossible to picture any thing more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye; thick folds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the inky waters, but rent asunder now in one direction, and then in another — so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land, or island, bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine — and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of Old Mortality was drawn from that day's ride.

"It was also in the course of this excursion that we encountered that amusing personage introduced into Guy Mannering as 'Tod Gabbie,' though the appellation by which he was known in the neighborhood was 'Tod Willie.' He was one of these itinerants who gain a subsistence among the moorland farmers by relieving them of foxes, pole-cats, and the like depredators — a half-witted, stuttering, and most original creature."

The subjoined extract will serve to show the great humility with which Scott bore his literary honors, at a time when he was beleaguered by the importunities of fashionable admirers. His bearing, says Mr. Lockhart, when first exposed to such influences, was exactly what it was to the end. The Border Minstrel is writing from London, whither he had proceeded upon business connected with an important

prospective situation as Clerk of the Edinburgh Sessions, a lucrative and desirable station :

"It will give you pleasure to learn that, notwithstanding some little rubs, I have been able to carry through the transaction which your lordship sanctioned by your influence and approbation, and that in a way very pleasing to my own feelings. Lord Spencer, upon the nature of the transaction being explained in an audience with which he favored me, was pleased to direct the commission to be issued, as an act of justice, regretting, he said, it had not been from the beginning his own deed. This was doing the thing handsomely, and like an English nobleman. I have been very much fettered and caressed here, almost indeed to suffocation, but have been made amends by meeting some old friends. One of the kindest was Lord Somerville, who volunteered introducing me to Lord Spencer, as much, I am convinced, from respect to your lordship's protection and wishes, as from a desire to serve me personally. He seemed very anxious to do any thing in his power which might evince a wish to be of use to your protégé. Lord Minto was also infinitely kind and active, and his influence with Lord Spencer would, I am convinced, have been stretched to the utmost in my favor, had not Lord Spencer's own view of the subject been perfectly sufficient.

"After all, a little literary reputation is of some use here. I suppose Solomon, when he compared a good name to a pot of ointment, meant that it oiled the hinges of the hall-doors into which the possessors of that inestimable treasure wished to penetrate. What a good name was in Jerusalem, a *known* name seems to be in London. If you are celebrated for writing verses or for slicing cucumbers, for being two feet taller or two feet less than any other biped, for acting plays when you should be whipped at school, or for attending schools and institutions when you should be preparing for your grave, your notoriety becomes a talisman — 'an Open Sesame' before which every thing gives way — till you are voted a bore, and discarded for a new plaything. As this is a consummation of notoriety which I am by no means ambitious of experiencing, I hope I shall be very soon able to shape my course northward, to enjoy my good fortune at my leisure."

Elsewhere, a friend thus describes his bearing, in the presence of his London entertainers :

" 'Scott,' his friend says, 'more correctly than any other man I ever knew, appreciated the value of that apparently enthusiastic *engueuement* which the world of London shows to the fashionable wonder of the year. During the sojourn of 1809, the homage paid him would have turned the head of any less gifted man of eminence. It neither altered his opinions, nor produced the affectation of despising it; on the contrary, he received it, cultivated it, and repaid it in his own coin. 'All this is very flattering,' he would say, 'and very civil; and if people are amused with hearing me tell a parcel of old stories, or recite a pack of ballads to lovely young girls and gaping matrons, they are easily pleased, and a man would be very ill-natured who would not give pleasure so cheaply conferred.' If he dined with us, and found any new faces, 'Well, do you want me to play lion to-day?' was his usual question; 'I will roar, if you like it, to your heart's content.' He would, indeed, in such cases, put forth all his inimitable powers of entertainment; and day after day surprised me by their unexpected extent and variety. Then, as the party dwindled, and we were left alone, he laughed at himself, quoted, 'Yet know that I one Snug the joiner am — no lion fierce,' etc., — and was at once himself again.

"He often lamented the injurious effects for literature and genius resulting from the influence of London celebrity on weaker minds, especially in the excitement of ambition for this subordinate and ephemeral *reputation du salon*. 'It may be a pleasant gale to sail with,' he said, 'but it never yet led to a port that I should like to anchor in.'"

In relation to the delightful introductory epistles to *Marmion*, we find the following :

"He frequently wandered far from home, attended only by his dog, and would return late in the evening, having let hours after hours slip away among the soft and melancholy wildernesses where Yarrow creeps from her fountains. The lines,

'Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake,' &c.

paint a scene not less impressive than what Byron found amidst the gigantic pines of the forest of Ravenna; and how completely does he set himself before us in the moment of his gentler and more solemn inspiration, by the closing couplet,

'Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly is the solitude.'

But when the theme was of a more stirring order, he enjoyed pursuing it over brake and fell, at the full speed of his *Lieutenant*. I well remember his saying, as I rode with him

across the hills from Ashestiel to Newark one day in his declining years: 'Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of Marmion, but a trotting canny pony must serve me now.' His friend, Mr. Skene, however, informs me, that many of the more energetic descriptions, and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were struck out while he was in quarters again with his cavalry, in the autumn of 1807. 'In the intervals of drilling,' he says, 'Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him.' As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."

We should be glad to follow the biographer through his account of the production of 'Marmion,' and to present some of the numerous criticisms which were received from the various personal friends of the author. Our space, however, will not permit. The popularity of the poem may be estimated from the fact, that more than fifty thousand copies of the work were subsequently sold in Great Britain alone.

Scott's personal appearance, at this period, is thus described by Miss Seward:

"'On Friday last,' she says, 'the poetically great Walter Scott came 'like a sunbeam to my dwelling.' This proudest boast of the Caledonian muse is tall, and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face, nor yet his features, are elegant; his complexion healthy, and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eye-lashes, with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing, or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are rather of a lightish gray, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath them. An upper lip too long prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome; but the sweetest emanations of temper and heart play about it, when he talks cheerfully, or smiles; and in company, he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation—an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusion, and playful archness—while on serious themes it is nervous and eloquent; the accent decidedly Scotch, yet by no means broad. On the whole, no expectation is disappointed which his poetry must excite in all who feel the power and graces of human inspiration."

We pass the details of his extraordinary literary labors and successes, to present two or three extracts, which serve to show us the *man*. A friend of the biographer's thus compares Scott and Jeffrey, whom he met at a dinner-party in Edinburgh:

"'There were,' he says, 'only a few people besides the two lions—and assuredly I have seldom passed a more agreeable day. A thousand subjects of literature, antiquities, and manners were started; and much was I struck, as you may well suppose, by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in our way. Nothing could surpass the variety of his knowledge, but the easy rapidity of his manner of producing it. He was then in his meridian. Scott delighted to draw him out, delighted also to talk himself, and displayed, I think, even a larger range of anecdote and illustration; remembering every thing, whether true or false, that was characteristic or impressive; every thing that was good, or lovely, or lively. It struck me that there was this great difference: Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms. Scott took up the matter where he left it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had been allowed, and by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor victim on his legs again."

Here is a picture of his fine feeling of domestic attachment:

"Mr. and Mrs. Morritt reached Edinburgh soon after this letter was written. Scott showed them the lions of the town and its vicinity, exactly as if he had nothing else to attend to but their gratification; and Mr. Morritt recollects with particular pleasure one long day spent in rambling along the Esk by Roslin and Hawthornden,

'Where Johnson sat in Drummond's social shade,'

down to the old haunts of Lasswade."

"'When we approached that village,' says the memorandum with which Mr. Morritt favors me, 'Scott, who had laid hold of my arm, turned along the road in a direction not leading to the place where the carriage was to meet us. After walking some

minutes towards Edinburgh, I suggested that we were losing the scenery of the Esk, and, besides, had Dalkeith Palace yet to see. 'Yes,' said he, 'and I have been bringing you where there is little enough to be seen — only that Scotch cottage' (one by the road side, with a small garth); 'but, though not worth looking at, I could not pass it. It was our first country-house when newly married, and many a contrivance we had to make it comfortable. I made a dining-table for it with my own hands. Look at those two miserable willow-trees on either side the gate into the enclosure: they are tied together at the top to be an arch, and a cross made of two sticks over them is not yet decayed. To be sure it is not much of a lion to show a stranger; but I wanted to see it again myself, for I assure you that after I had constructed it, *mamama* (Mrs. Scott) 'and I both of us thought it so fine, we turned out to see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the door, in admiration of our own magnificence and its picturesque effect. I did want to see if it was still there: so now we will look after the barouche, and make the best of our way to Dalkeith.' Such were the natural feelings that endeared the Author of *Marmion* and the Lay to those who 'saw him in his happier hours of social pleasure.'"

A brief paragraph or two, descriptive of Scott's feelings when he first called the now classic grounds of Abbotsford his own, must close our quotations for the present:

"As my lease of this place is out, I have bought, for about 4000 pounds, a property in the neighborhood, extending along the banks of the river Tweed for about half a mile. It is very bleak at present, having little to recommend it but the vicinity of the river; but as the ground is well adapted by nature to grow wood, and is considerably various in form and appearance, I have no doubt that by judicious plantations it may be rendered a very pleasant spot; and it is at present my great amusement to plan the various lines which may be necessary for that purpose. The farm comprehends about a hundred acres, of which I shall keep fifty in pasture and tillage, and plant all the rest, which will be a very valuable little possession in a few years, as wood bears a high price among us. I intend building a small cottage for my summer abode, being obliged by law, as well as induced by inclination, to make this country my residence for some months every year. This is the greatest incident which has lately taken place in our domestic concerns; and I assure you we are not a little proud of being greeted as *laird* and *lady of Abbotsford*. We will give a grand gala when we take possession of it, and as we are very *clannish* in this corner, all the Scots in the country, from the duke to the peasant, shall dance on the green to the bagpipes, and drink whiskey-punch." * * *

"The same week he says to Joanna Baillie: 'My dreams about my cottage go on; of about a hundred acres I have manfully resolved to plant from sixty to seventy; as to my scale of dwelling, why, you shall see my plan when I have adjusted it. My present intention is to have only two spare bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which will, on a pinch, have a couch-bed; but I cannot relinquish my Border principle of accommodating all the cousins and *duntwastles*, who will rather sleep on chairs, and on the floor, and in the hay-loft, than be absent when folks are gathered together; and truly I used to think *Ashestiel* was very much like the tent of *Paribanou*, in the Arabian Nights, that suited alike all numbers of company equally; ten people fill it at any time, and I remember its lodging thirty-two without any complaint.'"

Speaking of a species of his visitors at this time—"the go-about folks, who generally pay their score one way or other"—he says:

"I never heard of a stranger that utterly baffled all efforts to engage him in conversation, excepting one whom an acquaintance of mine met in a stage-coach. My friend, who piqued himself on his talents for conversation, assailed this tortoise on all hands, but in vain, and at length descended to expostulation. 'I have talked to you, my friend, on all the ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandise—gaming, game-laws, horse-races—suits at law—politics, and swindling, and blasphemy, and philosophy; is there any one subject that you will favor me by opening upon?' The wight writhed his countenance into a grin: 'Sir,' said he, 'can you say any thing clever about *band-leather*?' There, I own, I should have been as much nonplussed as my acquaintance; but upon any less abstruse subject, I think, in general, something may be made of a stranger, worthy of his clean sheets, and beef-steak, and glass of port."

We shall resume our notice of these admirable Memoirs, as they appear in the successive 'parts' of the American edition. 'Part Four' is in course of publication, and will soon be issued.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'SISTE 'VIATOR!'—But a little while ago, we published in these pages a brief tribute to the memory of a gifted and distinguished female contributor to the poetical department of this Magazine; and it now becomes our painful duty to record the recent demise of another child of song, with whom our readers have not unfrequently held pleasant communion. We gather from a letter before us, from an attentive literary friend, now in Massachusetts, that J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, Esq. died recently at Manchester, (Miss.,) at the early age of thirty-three. He was the only son of JONATHAN BRIGHT, Esq., of Salem, (Mass.) Early in life he came to this city, where he resided until the death of his parents, when he removed to Albany, and subsequently to Norfolk, (Va.,) where he married. Last autumn he sailed for New-Orleans; and, soon after his arrival, was induced to ascend the Mississippi, to take part in an important mercantile interest at Manchester, a new town, hewn but recently from the forest. Here, undue exposure to the night air brought on the fever of the country; and in this cheerless frontier region, away from his kindred and friends, after an illness of a few hours, he yielded up his gentle spirit. There is an irrepressible melancholy in the thought, that one so open to all the tender influences of affection, should breathe his last far from the endearments of home, and lay his bones among strangers. Yet, to adopt a stanza of a charming fragment written by him for the KNICKERBOCKER:

'Yet it matters not much, when the bloom is fled,
And the light is gone from the lustrous eye,
And the sensitive heart is cold and dead,
Where the mouldering ashes are left to lie:
It matters not much, if the soaring mind,
Like the flower's perfume, is exhaled to heaven,
That its earthly shroud should be cast behind,
To decay, wherever a place is given.'

Mr. BRIGHT, under the signature of 'VIATOR,' has contributed many gems of pure feeling, imbued with the true spirit of poetry, to the fugitive literature of the day. The 'Albany Argus' gave to the world many of his choicest effusions, previous to his appearance before our readers. Of his later efforts, it is unnecessary to speak. They will recommend themselves to every affectionate and sympathetic heart, not less by the graces of composition, than the spirit which pervades them. When the depressing influences which have so seriously affected the book-market shall cease to be operative, we hope to see a volume of poetry collated from the literary remains of Mr. BRIGHT; and we cannot doubt that it will be well received by the public at large, as it will certainly be most acceptable to his numerous friends and admirers.

We are confident that Mr. BRIGHT was capable of even higher and more sustained flights than characterize any of the fine productions which he has given to the public. There was promise of *varied* endowments, too, of which we had scarcely deemed him possessed. Parts of the 'Vision of Death,' published in these pages, would have done no discredit to our best poets. The reader will recall its wild, German-like air, from the opening stanzas:

'The moon rode high in the Autumn sky,
The stars waned cold and dim,
While hoarsely the mighty Oregon
Pealed his eternal hymn;
And the prairie-grass bent its seedy heads
Far over the river's brim.

'An impulse I might not defy,
 Constrained my footsteps there;
 When through the gloom a red eye burned
 With a fixed and steady glare,
 And a huge misshapen form of mist
 Loom'd in the midnight air.'

Upon what tender filaments the fabric of existence hangs! Death, an unseen spectre, walked by the far-travelling poet's side; and when he deemed the journey of life but just begun, '*Siste Viator!*' rang in his dying ear. Well did Sir Thomas Browne exclaim, 'Our life is indeed but short, a very dream; and while we look about, eternity is at hand!'

Mr. BRIGHT has left an amiable and accomplished wife, with two pledges of an affectionate union. May the blessing of the widow and the fatherless be theirs, in full fruition!—and may consolation in bereavement be found in the reflection, that, to use the beautiful language of the dear departed,

'Though his bowed head be with Death's blossoms decked,
 Warm in the smile of God his spirit walks erect.'

THE DEBUT OF MISS HILDRETH.

'And smooth success be strew'd before thy feet'—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

At the close of the late summer season, at the Park Theatre, a young lady from Massachusetts, of about the age of eighteen years, made her 'first appearance on any stage,' as the play-bills phrase it, in the character of 'The Wife of Mantua.'

We learn from authentic sources, that this was by no means the ordinary case of a stage-struck-heroine, gratifying a long-indulged desire to dash upon the boards, with the fond anticipation of achieving immortal renown at a stroke. Nor was it necessity which drove the *débutante* to the choice of a profession, in which every department is so full of toil, and often of unrequited labor and suffering. Of good family, and having an excellent education, she was early smitten with the love of poetry, especially that of the better and the elder bards; and contracted a habit of reading aloud, which developed, gradually, the talent of expressive and forcible recitation, to a degree which astonished and deeply interested her friends. This talent, strengthened with her increasing knowledge of books and its exercise, led her to think of the histrionic profession as one congenial with her feelings, and enabling her to give such utterance to her appreciations of her favorite poets, as would gratify her own ambition, and that of her friends for her. But of the stage she knew literally nothing, even when this idea found a place in her imagination. She had seen only two or three plays performed, and had gleaned no lessons in the art from any fields but those of her own mind and fancy; and from these, we are happy to predict, she will yet reap an abundant harvest of success and renown.

Having taken some lessons in 'stage business' of one of the most accomplished actresses on the Park boards, and recited some passages, as a specimen of her powers, in the presence of the manager, she was permitted a trial, and chose the night of Mr. Chippendale's Benefit for her *début*. She had never seen the character she was to appear in performed, and never fully rehearsed the part, until the very day she came out: and even then, it was hastily rehearsed, and with reference less to the language than the positions, attitudes, etc., of the different characters. Thus, and thus only prepared, she came before a crowded house, to make her first attempt.

Her fine figure, expressive face, and tasteful attire, joined with her modest mien, and graceful, dignified carriage, struck the audience very favorably, and she was received with cheering applause. Soon, to these recommendations she added a clear, distinct

and well-modulated voice, the first articulations of which, though low and somewhat timidly tremulous, proved the signal for a repetition of the plaudits of the audience. As the play proceeded, she gained more confidence, though still somewhat constrained, as was quite obvious, by the novelty of her situation, and soon began to give abundant evidence of her right to claim still higher praise, in the fine appreciation of the character she was personating, and in the truth to nature which marked her readings.

Miss Hildreth's performance of Marianna was of course purely an original one. She had been no play-goer, had seen no acting of any consequence, and had never witnessed the representation of 'The Wife.' Her faults were only those which the judicious advice of experienced friends, added to careful study, and a close but not servile observation of good models, will be found fully adequate to remove. These are simply, ignorance of stage-business, and of the magic art of by-play, a knowledge of which comes slowly, with the gradual growth of confidence, and that experience of the stage which a long acquaintance with it gives, and which enables the histrion to think not of the audience, but of the character he is personating. In her perfect understanding of the language set down for her, in the appropriateness of her gesticulation, attitudes, and articulation, while actually reading her own part, she evinced the possession of all the primary and fundamental materials of an actress of the first order; and she has only to work them judiciously, to convince the world, ere long, that ours has not been an erroneous estimate of her abilities.

A contemporary critic has objected to Miss Hildreth's performance of 'Marianna,' that she stood with her arms by her side until her cue was given, when, he concedes, she went through the part allotted to her creditably. This objection, it will be seen, refers to her 'by-play.' We have already touched on this point; and in support of the criticism, would instance the interview of 'Marianna' with St. Pierre, when they discourse of their own native Switzerland. There was none of that exquisite aside-play, (so to speak,) representing the enthusiastic interest which the Swiss girl is supposed to feel in the eloquent descendant of her countryman upon its beauties; a feature which gives such a fascinating charm to the personation of the character by Ellen Tree. And was this to be expected, under the circumstances? The whole scene was new to the young *débütante*. Like ourselves, she too was a looker-on, during that beautiful apostrophe, (never better uttered than then, by Charles Mason,) and in short, was interested, as we were, in all the progress of 'the swelling act,' seemingly forgetting that she was to act while he was acting, and listening even as we were listening, until her cue was given; and then, wherein did she fail?

Certainly, not in the modest yet firm narration of her love-prompted journey from her mountain-home to Mantua, nor in the trial scene before the usurping duke, when, to save herself from brutal violation, she awes the assembled court by threatening 'the slightest motion of her little hand,' as it held the poisoned vial to her lips. Nor in the scenes with her confessor, when she so indignantly spurns the imputation of disloyalty to her lord, and creeps, child-like, to crave accustomed kindness from her ghostly friend, whose mind has been poisoned by a villain's arts against her; nor in the interview with St. Pierre, while she is giving utterance to the heart-felt joy which fills her bosom upon meeting with her countryman; nor, lastly, in the camp scene, where she so nobly refuses to go back to the trusting bosom of her lord, until he had proved that trust well-founded. We might give more particular citations of natural and striking points in her performance of all these scenes, but we forbear. Certainly, we repeat, in none of these was there aught that looked like failure, so far as her reading and action were concerned; and in this opinion we are confirmed by the concurrent testimony of many of the most distinguished members of the profession, who witnessed the *début*.

With great confidence, then, do we predict a brilliant career for this young lady, in the profession she has adopted, if she be only true to herself, and uses aright the talents she possesses. Careful study, observation, experience, and 'careful study,' after all, and with all the rest, will realize the fondest hopes of her friends, and the proudest of her own most ambitious anticipations.

J. F. Q.

PARK THEATRE.—If an exception to the influence of that mighty incubus which has borne so heavily upon all trades, business, corporations, and professions, were demanded, the Park Theatre, in its undisturbed prosperity, would be selected as the most prominent. Whether from their old love of the drama, or from a desire to divert their thoughts from the misery that surrounded them without, they have sought a refuge in the gay illusions of the mimic scene within, the theatre has, through the entire period of this pecuniary pestilence, met with constant support from a suffering public. And it is well that such has been the case. It is far better that the mind, depressed with care, and racked with continued anxiety, should seek, in such rational recreation as the Theatre affords, a healthy relief, than by shutting out, in gloomy despondency, all amusement or relaxation, make its great grief to grow by what it feeds upon. Varied attractions have, during the past season, followed each other in quick succession. Bright and particular stars have shot their glories across the theatrical horizon, to the wonder of many, and the admiration of all. New plays, of every variety of the drama, have been brought forward, some to receive the stamp of approval, and others of condemnation. Débutantes have strutted their hour, some giving promise of growing excellence, and others of quick oblivion. So far, so good. The establishment has been growing rich, and the public have been satisfied with these prominent evidences of its desire to maintain its old renown.

It would be well, if it were in our power, in looking back upon the past season, to find that *all* things had been done, which justice requires to be done, by an establishment so flourishing as the Park Theatre. But unluckily, there is more left undone, than any excuse which the management can produce can palliate. We can affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is no theatre in the world, whose immediate support, from the public, can bear comparison with the Park Theatre. No theatre in this country, it is well known, pretends to boast of the immense and constant patronage of the Park. The successive bankruptcies of almost every manager who has attempted to direct the concerns of the principal English theatres, is notorious, and is quite sufficient proof of their want of support from the public; and among the uncounted and uncountable theatres of the gayest and most theatrical nation in the world, those that depend upon their superior attractions for their great names, depend also upon government for their principal support. In Germany, there is the same dependance; and in Italy, the land of song, the very hot-bed of musical genius, opera itself does not find its support in the public alone, but is fostered and encouraged, both by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Such being the enviable situation of the Park Theatre, it is no more than reasonable to expect from it a just acknowledgment of its incomparable obligations, in the *perfection* of every thing belonging to its management and direction. A very brief examination of its present qualifications, will show whether or not this acknowledgment has been, or is likely to be, promptly awarded. There is in the stock company of this theatre, *one* good comedian, unequalled in America, we *know*, and unexcelled in any other country, we *believe*; *one* comic actress, without a superior, in the characters of the veteran dowagers, venerable and doting nurses, ancient spinsters, and old women generally; *one* tolerable *farceur*, who would be a comedian, if he would be content to be natural, and had a sufficient knowledge of the eccentricities of character to be aware that extravagance is not *always* their prominent trait. *One* second comedian for old men, country-clowns, talkative, officious servants, such as *Pedro*, in 'Cinderella;' *one* 'actress of all work,' especially good in chambermaids, and never bad in any thing which the paucity of talent among the ladies of this company *obliges* her to undertake; two good light comedians, one of them always sufficient for second characters in tragedy, and the other particularly effective in the heavy villains of opera and melodrama; *one* interesting and sensible actress for the ladies of comedy, and never at fault as a hoyden, or the spoilt miss of a boarding-school; * *one* third-rate singer among the

* We regret to state, that the lady here alluded to has taken her farewell of the American public and that the company has thereby suffered a loss it cannot soon repair.

men; one 'ditto ditto' among the women; one infatuated youth, whose pretty face is regularly disfigured with the paint that goes to make up the faces of 'scape-grace nephews' or interesting 'lovers' in sentimental farces; one good reader, who plays second parts in tragedy; one bad reader, and worse actor, who rolls through Shakspeare and Sheridan with equal effect; one man who does the dukes, and plays the kings, because he is *fat*; these, with sundry female chorus-singers, who appear constantly as 'walking ladies,' and do occasionally a bit of heavy business in tragedy, and several individual supernumeraries, who are constantly sent on as 'gentlemen,' and being so addressed by the other characters, endeavor, by all sorts of awkward graces, to stultify the audience into the belief that they *are* so—these, and these alone, constitute the stock-company of the most liberally-supported metropolitan theatre in the world! Ask where is its single tragedian, either male or female; its duplicate comedian; its additional actor or actress, of any character; its capacity, in short, to enact any one tragedy or comedy in all its parts, and 'echo answers where!' And to *manage* this inefficient company, seek for the 'stage-manager,' and if we are not mistaken, he will be found among the things 'that were, but are not.' There are the materials in this city alone, sufficient to furnish forth a *corps dramatique* worthy of the Park Theatre. We have shown that the company *needs* replenishing, and it should be so replenished that every character in the drama might have a fitting representative. As the company at present exists, its best members do double duty; playing both tragedy and comedy, as dire necessity requires; while its subordinates are constantly forced into characters utterly beyond their ability even to comprehend, and to shape them even into an outward resemblance of which, all the efforts of tailors and stage-dressers must prove totally abortive. It is not proper that Mr. JOHN MASON should play both *Macbeth* and *Jeremy Diddler*, unless for his own amusement. It is not reasonable, that the same person who officiates as tragedian, should be compelled, after 'doing the terrible' in a five-act tragedy, to assist in executing the comicalities of a broad farce; nor is it more in keeping with the illusion of theatrical displays, that the identical lady who does the 'heavy business' of tragedy, should throw aside her robes of dignity, and immediately thereafter come tripping on in the after-piece, as a coquettish chambermaid. Yet such incongruities have been repeatedly practised, and must of necessity continue to be so, until the management see fit to supply their establishment with a full complement of forces.

There are many other things which need reform. The 'wardrobe wants replenishing.' The orchestra needs both addition and subtraction, as well as the company on the stage. The police are worse than useless; being notorious for creating more disturbance than they ever quell. When all these matters are brought to their just propriety, the Park Theatre will be worthy of the liberal encouragement which the public have shown themselves disposed to exhibit toward it, and not before.

SINCE the above was penned, the Park Theatre, after a brief intermission, has reopened, to commence another, and we hope a prosperous season. The interior of the house has been much improved, in the decoration and thorough painting which it has undergone. The new drop-curtain, painted by Mr. EVANS, is the most prominent addition to the local ornaments of the house. It represents the well-known picture of the court, as convened for the trial of Queen Catharine, and is well worthy of the high reputation of the artist. The likenesses, according to the original picture, by Harlowe, are generally well preserved. The figure of Mrs. Siddons is perhaps somewhat large and masculine, but the bold, commanding dignity of her look and action is perfectly maintained. The portrait of Charles Kemble is true and familiar, even to those of us who have only seen him when time had somewhat wrinkled his noble front. The face of John Kemble seems to us, in the copy, more full and round, and the features more massive, than in the original. Our own lamented Conway presents a figure on the canvass at the Park, which is hardly justified by Harlowe. His face and person are not as

we remember them. They are too muscular and broad in their proportions. Conway, as we knew him, was of a tall figure, but rather delicately than strongly put together. The other personages do not differ materially from the pictured originals, and are certainly far superior, as figures, to any that we have ever before seen from the hand of Mr. Evers. We think, however, that the artist has committed the common fault of crowding his figures too closely. The frame seems too small for so many tall persons, and all of them *prominent*. If the space within the frame were larger, or the figures smaller, and placed at more reasonable distances, this production would be almost faultless. The draperies are naturally and gracefully drawn; the coloring, perhaps, a little too bright and glaring for the chaste and subdued white and gold in which the interior of the house is dressed. Of the good taste displayed in the coloring and decorations of the pannels of the boxes, and of the whole interior, from pit to gallery, with the splendid dome which crowns the regenerated arena of our 'Old Drury,' too much cannot be said in commendation. A rich propriety characterizes the painting, and ornamental devices, and the whole reflects abundant credit upon the improved taste of Mr. Evers and his assistants.

Mr. HUGHES, from the London theatres, has taken the leader's chair in the orchestra; and from the exhibitions which he has already made of his skill, seems destined to fill it worthily. Our space will not allow us to speak of our old favorite, MRS. SHARPE, who made her first appearance here for some years on the opening evening. She was greeted with a most hearty welcome, and played with all the spirit and vivacity which formerly characterized her efforts in comedy. MRS. CHIPPENDALE also made her courtesy; and her efforts to please, as Isabella, in the 'Wonder,' were well received.

c.

PATHOS.—True pathos is not only one of the most striking but the most durable attributes of real eloquence. It will live in the heart for years, recurring ever and anon to the memory, 'mournful and yet pleasant to the soul.' There is nothing so difficult to feign, as pathos. It is the language of the heart; and while the orator can 'pump up a feeling' of grandeur or sublimity, and wreak it upon expression, and the bard, under the influence of an imaginary afflatus, can excite a reader's *pity* for fanciful misfortune, yet neither can affect a pathos, which an intelligent auditory or reader will not at once detect. Of the many scenes or events which have aroused this emotion in our bosom, since childhood, there is not one which may not be called up from the dark backward of the past, with the vividness of an occurrence of yesterday.

These thoughts have been awakened, by meeting the following exquisite example of pathos in an ancient common-place book. Simple as it is, we venture to say there is not one under whose eye it will fall, who can read it for the first time, or re-peruse it, without emotion:

"MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.
But then, there came a fearful day—
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead!"

"It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed away; and with them had passed my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she so often kissed in her excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday—as if the blessed sound

of her voice was then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it, even now, agonizes my heart — and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

"My mother had been ill a long time; and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face, and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently — for they told me she would die; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

"One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong-side-outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual — but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it.

"She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, 'And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?'

"I went and brought her the water; but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I sat the glass down very quick, and left the room.

"After playing a short time, I went to bed, without bidding my mother 'good night;' but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her faint voice trembled, when she said, 'Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?' I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber, to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me; but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

"The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

"She was dead! She never spoke to me more — never smiled upon me again! And when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will 'bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.'"

Near this beautiful fragment, in the time-honored receptacle of literary 'things lost upon earth' to which we have alluded, we find a kindred specimen, in the affecting 'Lines written by an East-India Officer on his Return from India.' They are as old as the hills, and as lasting; and we still sympathize as deeply and sincerely with the

— 'Stranger in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock his ear,'

as when we first read of his desolation of heart, we know not how many years ago. There is a melting tenderness in his musings, amid the sights and sounds now strange to his eye and ear, and among the graves of the friends of his youth, who have long since been 'followed to the house of mourning, and forgotten in the dust,' which is to us irresistibly touching. We feel the holy sadness of his blighted affection, when he wakes from dreams of departed years, and the loved ones who blessed his childhood — dreams which come to him in a sleep finally won to his bed in the late and troubled night-watches — and in alternate joy and bitterness of soul, exclaims:

'I see each shade all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills mine eye!'

We shall never forget a scene in which deep pathos was a principal characteristic, which we once beheld, at a country church, in one of the thinly-populated, humble towns of western New-York. A pious clergyman, of the Baptist denomination, whose 'three-score years and ten' had turned his hair to snow, and given to his limbs the tremulousness of age, was to preach his farewell discourse to his little congregation, over whom he had presided for nearly half a century. The place itself, and the time, were accessaries to the 'abiding effect' which was left upon the minds of all who were

present. It was the afternoon of a mild October day, and the sere leaves of the trees which shaded the church were falling in slow eddies by the open windows. After recapitulating his long labors among them—his teachings 'publicly, and from house to house'—his attendance upon the marriage festivals of those whom he had afterward consigned to the grave with bitter tears—the christenings and funerals he had celebrated—after these affectionate reminiscences, which touched an answering chord in the bosom of every hearer—he adverted to that day wherein all the actors in the drama of life must enter at the last scene, to complete and make up the sublime catastrophe, and warned them to prepare for its momentous solemnities. 'For myself,' said he, 'I can say—standing upon a narrow point between two eternities, and looking back upon a world imperfect and fading, and upon friends dear indeed, but more fleeting still—that I account myself as nothing, until I was my Saviour's, and enrolled in the register of Christ.' And raising his trembling, attenuated hands to heaven, his dim eyes streaming with tears—for, though he had struggled against emotion, his feelings now overcame him—he repeated these lines, in the most melting cadence:

'Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave!

The look which followed these touching stanzas—the subdued emotion, the pious hope, which beamed in the countenance of the venerable father—will never fade from the memory of those who heard him. The heart of the speaker was poured forth; he was embodied Pathos.

NEW-YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. — We hear, with sincere pleasure, of the continued success and improvement of this widely-useful institution. A large increase of its already extended list of members; additions of new and valuable books; accessions of magazines, and the higher order of periodicals; and ample preparations for a series of lectures from some of the best minds of the country, are some of the more prominent indications of the 'high and palmy state' to which we have alluded. Let but party disaffections be religiously avoided—let the members but strengthen each other's hands in the advancement of the great interests of the association—and the institution, for whose original foundation we are mainly indebted to the benevolent efforts of WILLIAM WOOD, Esq., of Canandaigua, will become one of which both our city and state may be justly proud.

LAPLACE. — We have received a small and handsomely-printed pamphlet, containing 'An Historical Eulogy of M. Le MARQUIS DE LAPLACE, pronounced in the Public Session of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, June 15, 1829. By M. Le BARON FOURIER, Perpetual Secretary.' Translated from the French, by R. W. HASKINS, Esq., of Buffalo. We regard this as an excellent and compendious history of one of the most eminent scientific men France has ever produced. It is the tribute of a mind capable of appreciating the labors of one 'who enlarged the domain of thought, and taught man the dignity of his being, by unveiling to his view all the majesty of the heavens,* and whose name the world will not 'willingly let die.' A clear and forcible style assures us that the original has lost little in the hands of the translator.

. The reply of SAMUEL KIRKHAM, Esq., to the extract from Mr. GOULD BROWN'S 'Grammar of English Grammars,' will appear in the October number. Having 'redeemed the time,' it may not be amiss to state, 'in this connection,' that the KNICKERBOCKER will hereafter be issued with punctuality on the first of every month.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER THREE.

'EVEN in thy desert, what is like to thee ?
Thy very weeds are beautiful ; thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility ;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruins graced
With an immaculate charm.'

If, as has been stated in previous numbers, this continent is distinguished by the remains of great cities, magnificent structures, and innumerable other ingenious specimens of ancient art ; and if, as has likewise been shown, these things existed at a period of time unknown to history or tradition, the inquiry, ' Who were the people that inhabited these cities, who constructed these edifices, and who executed these varied arts ? ' becomes of intense interest to all men of curiosity and of learning. The inquiry is also inseparably connected with the description of these arts ; and, as a consequence, demands attention, as we proceed with the subject of American Antiquities.

For a long time, the majority of men were satisfied with the reputed discovery of this continent by Columbus, even though they were acquainted with the fact that he found the ' new world ' thickly inhabited by different varieties of mankind, and though subsequent researches proved these inhabitants to have existed ages before, and from one end of the continent to the other. So little reflection is still manifested upon this subject by many, that they blindly assent to the opinion, that Columbus was, indeed, the first European discoverer of America ; forgetting, seemingly — to say nothing of its repeated discovery by the ' North-men,' and probably by others, from the ninth to the twelve century — that, according to the same popular idea, the primitive inhabitants must themselves have been the discoverers, time immemorially past, and, like Columbus, have sailed from the eastern continent, across a wide and trackless ocean, to *our* far-famed ' new world.' The truth is, men are too prone to consider that which is new to themselves, as actual discovery ; and, during the novelty of the occasion, and in their love of praise, are very little inclined to reflect upon the evidences of antiquity, though they stare them full in the face. Should we concede the correctness of the common opinion, as to the origin of these inhabitants, the discovery of America by them must have been a much more eventful circumstance in the history of man than that by Columbus. How many and how exciting must have been the incidents attending that dis-

covery ! How bold the enterprise, how long and how perilous the voyages ! How startling the hair-breadth 'scapes, and how imposing to them must have been a '*new world*' indeed ! What strange objects, animate and inanimate, must have been presented to them, on first reaching, and while traversing, the great continent of America ! How little knowledge, in fine, did Columbus possess of this continent, compared with that acquired by the observations of the millions who had occupied it for time unknown ! These were men, reasoning and feeling men, like ourselves ; why, then, should we not reason upon the times and the events which marked *their* discovery of the 'new world ?' We might imagine, perhaps, something like those events, or conceive of the records to which they might have given birth, when, without the compass that guided Columbus, or the means which safely protected him against the fury of the elements, they made successive discoveries of, and peopled, so vast a continent. It is not impossible that the African, the Malay, and the Tartar, found here by Columbus, '*monarchs of all they surveyed,*' possessed such a knowledge of the arts and sciences as to have enabled them to navigate the boisterous ocean with equal security, as certainly they had done with equal success. History, in fact, informs us, that the remote knowledge of many of these people was of a superior order. It might have equalled that of the Caucassian, at the time of *his* discovery of America. The event proves that it even did, in many important particulars, notwithstanding our boasted preëminence. Let the records of the ancient Chinese, Arabians, and East Indians, the monuments of Asia, and of the Peloponnesian Islands, and the arts of Palenque, speak for the early condition of the human intellect. But a long night of darkness has intervened ; and, like men at all ages of the world, '*we reason but from what we know.*'

It cannot be inferred from evidences derived from the relics hitherto discovered in the United States, that the primitive inhabitants of our country were not, for centuries, contemporaneous with the Tultecans. That they were, indeed, will appear extremely probable, in solving the question as to their ultimate destiny. It is a very common and a very important question, '*What became of the numerous people who once populated our western valleys ?*' Though we may not give a conclusive answer to the inquiry, yet it may be shown that, in the final overthrow of the Tultecan nation, and synchronous with the desertion, and perhaps destruction, of the city of Palenque, the barbarous northern nations of Aztiques and Chichimecas, before alluded to, were none others than the primitive inhabitants of the Mississippi valley ; who, in the order observed in the rise and fall of nations, were expelled from their country by hordes of a still more northern and warlike nation of Tartars.

We find, to begin with the human family in Central America, and the earliest arts which are at present revealed to us, that the Tultecan people, or a people analogous in their arts, customs, etc., inhabited, at the period of their glory, the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapa, and Guatemala. Which of the two first named portions of that delightful country was the scene of their primeval history, does not clearly appear. Should it be determined that this people actually traversed the great Atlantic, agreeably to the somewhat plausible

and ingenious story of *Votan*, of which we shall hereafter speak, the province of Yucatan may be supposed to have been the spot where they first established themselves, and reared their stone edifices; and, indeed, if the fact goes for any thing in illustrating this position, the ruins of their architectural monuments are actually found strewn along the province, from near its eastern point, toward the famous city we have mentioned. But if the Tultecan metropolis, situated on an elevated paradisiac plain, far removed from any other similar ruins, was *de facto*, the first residence of man in America, we shall be at a loss to assign any other than an indigenous origin for the Tultecan people. On a question thus undecided, there can be no cause of wonder, if there are those who are conscientiously *Pre-Adamites*. But, without designing to favor one opinion more than another, independent of the evidence actually offered, it may be confidently affirmed, that there does not appear any satisfactory proofs adduced by those who have attempted to trace the origin of that people, that they partook more of the character of one eastern people than another. There has been, in truth, no distinguished nation of people with whose ancient history we are acquainted, who had not manners and customs resembling those of the Palencians. It is not strange, therefore, that men, influenced by preconceived opinions, should have assigned various reasons to account for the commencement of human population in America, and that, in the height of their zeal to reconcile all things with those opinions, they should have propounded their own imaginings, and the sheereast inventions, as sober matters of fact. Such, melancholy as is the fact for moral truth, has too often been the case, whenever favorite theories have been in jeopardy, or have stood in need of opportune evidence to render them plausible or reconcilable with popular dogmas. The story of *Votan*, though ingenious, and though accredited by many, for the same reason, is indebted, we may believe, to the same ideal source for its origin. This story, however, claims notice, and a mention of the circumstances on which it is founded, in speaking of the beginning of our race on this continent. With history, as with science, there have been at all times those who have stepped forth, and gratuitously proposed theories, probable and improbable, in aid of opinions involving individual interests and sectarian views; but, in the case before us, we are left alone with facts and probability to establish our conclusions, which we are not at liberty to warp by prejudice, or the favor of others' opinions.

There are found among the ruins of Palenque, of Copan, and of several places of ancient grandeur in Central America, specimens of arts so closely resembling the Egyptian, the Carthaginian, the Romans, the Grecian, and the East Indian, that many have thought the people of each have, at different times, visited America, and instructed the Tultiques in useful and ornamental knowledge. Some suppose that the Romans remained just long enough to afford the Tultecans the knowledge of building their dykes, aqueducts, bridges, etc., and then to have returned to the eastern continent. The Hindoos must also, for the same reason, have instructed these American people in their religion and their arts; and so with those of some other nations. Thus it was, according to this hypothesis, but a

trifling affair for the people of transatlantic fame to make visits to this continent for the purpose of giving its ancient inhabitants the requisite information for the construction of their edifices, etc. A singular difficulty would seem, however, to stand in the way of this supposition; and this is, that the ruins of these arts themselves indicate a greater antiquity than those of the eastern world, in the execution of which these sage school-masters are supposed to have acquired all their skill. May it not be equally probable, from this view of the subject, that the Americans instructed the people of Asia in a knowledge of the arts, sciences, and mysteries, of which their history so much boasts? The fact is conclusive, that the Tultiques, were highly proficient in both the arts and sciences, at an immeasurably distant period of time; even more so, as far as we are enabled to learn, than most nations of men on the other continent. The science of astronomy, by which this people was enabled to calculate time with a precision, which, as is thought, it is the pride of modern science alone to claim, need only be cited as evidence in point. Their knowledge of the useful and ornamental arts was not behind that of any other people of the earliest times, as we shall see by reference to the ruins which, for thousands of years, have survived them. Were we, in fact, to compare that knowledge, as indicated by those ruins, with that of the Chaldeans, and other remote people, as evinced by theirs, we could not hesitate to return a uniformly favorable decision for the great antiquity of the Tultiques. It is unhesitatingly admitted, that the Mexicans derived all their knowledge of art and of science from these people, whom they succeeded; and it is equally certain, that they were a barbarous and ignorant race of men, long after the extinction of the Tultique nation. Admitting the Mexican people, then, to have had their origin in the northern nations, existing, as we have reason to suppose, within the vast extent of country between the ancient Tultiques and the present south-western boundary lines of the United States, the lapse of a long period of time must be supposed necessary for their acquirement of that extraordinary proficiency of which they were found to be possessed by the tyrant invader, Cortes.

The Tultecan people, it has been observed, were completely isolated on a mountainous plain, more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, where they enjoyed a climate more temperate and genial, an air more salubrious, and natural productions more rich and abundant, than it has been the lot of any other people of the earth to enjoy. It is therefore from this paradisaical location that we are to date our knowledge of this people, since we are provided with no facts which prove them, or any other people, to have had an anterior existence on this continent. The ruined arts of Yucatan and of Guatemala do not satisfy us that those provinces were inhabited previous to that of Chiapa, and the delightful vale upon the Cordillera mountains, where we now find the astonishing remains referred to. On the contrary, their present condition shows them to have been constructed long posterior. The people whose they were, should be considered as *colonists* from the great Palencian city, which must have overflowed with population. The arts and customs of these colonists are seen to have been precisely those of the parent

city, as well also as their religion. So late, in fact, was the origin of Copan, that we are led to believe it to have been a city built subsequent to the destruction of the Palencian capital. Some of the edifices, and many of the monuments, still remain : the coloring matter used in the drawings upon the obelisks is also as fresh and as bright, apparently, as it was when first put on ; notwithstanding the materials of which the buildings, etc., are composed are more exposed to moisture, and consequently, more liable to disintegration, than those of Palenque. In these obelisks, we have a novelty among the arts preserved for our admiration, as relics of the ancient American people. Nothing resembling them has yet been found at Palenque, though it is possible such may have existed, both in that city and in the province of Yucatan ; but they long since crumbled in the general wreck of ruins. It may be in place here to introduce a notice of some of these ancient structures, now existing in a state of tolerable preservation in the city of Copan, in the Province of Honduras, and on a river of the same name.

From the bay of Honduras, the traveller proceeds up the river Matayua, two hundred and fifty miles, when he arrives at the mouth of the river Copan, a tributary to the Matayua. Entering this river, he ascends it for about sixty miles, when the ruins of an ancient city are presented to his view on its banks, and running along its course for several miles. Masses of stone fragments and crumbling edifices stretch along the river as far as it was explored. One of the principal objects of attraction, is a temple of great magnitude, but partially in ruins. This magnificent building stands immediately upon the bank, one hundred and twenty feet above the river. *It is seven hundred and fifty feet in length, and six hundred feet broad !* Stone steps conduct from the base of the rock on which it is situated to an elevation, from which others descend to a large square, in the interior of the building. From this large square you pass on and upward through a small gallery to still higher elevations which overhang the river. A splendid view of the extended ruins is here presented to the admiring observer, traversing the banks as far as they can be followed by the eye. Excavations were here made, in order to lay open passages which had been blocked up by the crumbling fragments of the building. At the opening of the gallery into the square, a passage was discovered which led into a sepulchre, the floor of which was twelve feet below the square. This vault is ten feet long, six high, and five and a half broad, and runs north and south. It contains great numbers of earthen dishes and pots, in good preservation. Fifty of these were filled with human bones, closely packed in lime. Several sharp and pointed knives, made of a hard and brittle stone, called *itzli*, were also found ; likewise a head representing *Death*, the back part of which was perforated with small holes ; and the whole wrought with exquisite workmanship, out of a fine green stone. There were also found in this sepulchre two other heads, numerous shells from the sea-shore, and stalactites from a neighboring cave, all of which indicated the superstition of the people who placed them there. The floor was of stone, and strewed with mouldering fragments of bones.

Great numbers of other rooms were entered, all of which, as far

as they could be traced, showed the most singular customs of the people, and the most grotesque specimens of sculpture. Many monstrous figures were likewise found among these and neighboring ruins. There was one representing the head of a huge alligator, having in its mouth a figure with a human face, and paws like an animal. Another was discovered of a gigantic toad, in an erect position, with claws like a tiger, on human arms! Numerous obelisks were seen in various directions, both standing and fallen. These were generally about ten feet high, and three feet thick. One of them, still standing, is covered with representations of human figures, sculptured in relief, all presenting a front view, with their hands on their breasts, sandals on their feet, caps on their heads, and otherwise richly adorned with garments. Opposite to this, and ten feet distant, were stone altars, which are likewise covered with sculptured designs. The sides of the obelisks contained numerous phonetic hieroglyphics. There was one of these curious obelisks in the temple before mentioned, the top of which was covered by forty-nine square tablets of hieroglyphics. The sides were occupied by sixteen human figures in relief, sitting cross-legged on cushions, carved in the stone, and holding fans in their hands. On a neighboring hill stands two other obelisks, which were also covered with hieroglyphics. These were painted red, with a paint made of a rich deep-colored stone, obtained from a neighboring quarry. Unlike any other pyramidal monuments of the kind among the antiquities of the eastern continent, these were both broader and thicker at the top than at the base; and the colors with which they were richly ornamented, were still of the brightest hues.

Among the mountainous piles of stone ruins which are to be seen in the country round about, no very great difference is observable in the style of workmanship or of architecture, so far as could be observed, from that noticed among the relics at Palenque. This similarity is a striking feature, and is calculated at once to induce the opinion, as we have before suggested, that the first inhabitants of this city were colonists of the Tultiques, or that they fled thence on the fall of their metropolis.

The name of *Palenque*, it would seem, had, long before the conquest, passed into oblivion, while a part of the city of Copan, then offering a shelter for the natives, was occupied by them at the time of Columbus' discovery of America, three hundred and forty-five years ago. The materials of the Copan edifices, were, however, evidently much less durable than those of Palenque. The former, being constructed of sand-stone, disintegrated by exposure to the action of the atmosphere, though not more readily, perhaps, than ordinary building stone, of the same geological character, yet obviously more so than the materials of which Palenque was built, which are remarkable for their indurated quality. Hence our astonishment is increased, on reflecting, that *neither the Palenquans nor the Copanians, had any knowledge of the use of iron tools*, but nevertheless quarried, shaped, and planted, those massive blocks and pillars of stones, which composed their magnificent *Teóculi*, and all the great works which adorned and defended their cities. But one solitary hut, beside the fabrics mentioned, now stands on the ruins of Copan! The present

natives deserted it only about seventy-five years ago. Many of them, hereabout, were engaged in the cultivation of tobacco, for which the soil was very good; and this ancient place was celebrated as a *dépôt* for that article, under the Spanish conquerors. It is worthy of notice, that the water of this place is remarkable for its great purity, and the climate is equally distinguished for its healthfulness; circumstances which the primitive inhabitants of America would seem to have considered of primary importance in the location of their cities.

We have already said that the people of whom we are speaking enjoyed a felicity unequalled by any other. This is attributable to their peaceful character, their simple yet effective government, their industrious habits, conjoined with their choice location, uniting as it did almost every natural advantage of situation and production. But the present period exhibits their successors the most wretched of the human species. The Indian race, once the most happy and numerous of mankind, may be traced from the vigor of youth through the strength of its manhood to the present decline and decrepitude of old age. Total extinction, in the usual course of events, will soon follow. It is indeed fast approaching at the present moment urged on as it is by the mad ambition of the Caucasian, who, in *his* turn, is rapidly approximating the zenith of his power and numbers. Throughout the world this may now be seen at a glance. The native of India is rapidly falling before the gigantic power, the cunning, and the oppression of England, now herself at the acmé of her strength and numerical force. Ignorance, superstition, and imbecility, press the Indian forward to his last hopes. Availing itself of these inevitable results of old age, the power that is slowly but effectually crushing him, rises elastic and buoyant upon the dead body of the old native. The free Indian of United America, in like manner, is fast closing the scene of his glory and the fulness of his manhood. He too is declining into old age; and already are the marks of death observable upon his withered visage. He too was flushed with the hopes of youth, and spread out his vigorous energies like the green bay tree. He too realized the measure of his glory, and proudly exulted in his power and possessions. But, alas! he too is fast wasting in the last stages of decline and death. So it is with the Indian of Central America. From the fruition of his hopes and numbers, and the full consummation of his glory, he has sunk to the deepest degradation, to numerical insignificance, and to the most abject wretchedness. A stronger contrast in the relative condition of a people can nowhere be found. Turning from the period of which we have been speaking, that saw the Tultecans the happiest people of the earth, to the present, that reveals their miserable descendants tamely bowing their necks to the galling yoke of their Spanish masters, and how forcible are the marks of distinction! Take this people, amalgamated with the reputed barbarous Aztiqnes, or Chichimecas, and constituting the Mexican nation at the time of Cortes' mad invasion, and how deplorable is their present situation, contrasted with what it then was! Where are the promised blessings of the 'Christian,' the boasted charms of civilization, etc.? Away with the idle and superstitious fantasies,

and the base schemes of the selfish and ambitious, under the garb of reason and of philanthropy! Let truth and justice speak for themselves. How much better, we would ask, is the poor Indian of Central America, how much more rational and how much more numerous is he now, than when the proud Caucasian, 'the most honored of the free,' first essayed his renovating influences? Let the past and the present answer! Suffice it to say, that like his native compeer of our own states, he is rapidly disappearing under the operation of these causes, and oblivion, meanwhile, closes over his history. Like the ill-fated Indian, it will be in turn for the oppressor to yield to the force of recurring circumstances. Yes! time, too, will bring along *his* destiny, and it will be that of the oppressed, the cheated, the extinct Indian!

Civilization, as some one has observed, is and ever has been travelling westward. We believe it. The relics of America go far to prove it; and those of the Pacific Islands, if possible, still farther. Giving then to America an indefinite antiquity, its earliest monuments should have mingled with the soil on which they were erected. They should have crumbled before the all-crushing power of time. And such is the fact. Its people should have passed onward to Asia; and they should have left other monuments by the way. Such appears also to have been the fact. Remains of magnificent structures are still to be seen on the islands which intervene, even those of great and splendid cities. These, too, defy the scrutinizing inquiries of mankind, at this so distant date. The arts are those of ancient America. To one conversant with the specimens now to be found in some of those islands, the inference will appear conclusive. It belongs to the geologist to prove, that the intervening land has undergone extraordinary revolutions. We are prepared to say, that he is enabled to prove that many of those islands are of recent geological epocha, and that most of them are of volcanic origin.

By the way of these islands, then, it was both easy and natural to have peopled India, China, and those nations claiming with them the most distant antiquity. The arts of those times are nearly the same in execution and design. The Chinese Tartars, those wandering hordes that stretched along the Pacific, in time again found their way to this continent, by means of the continuous chain of the Fox Islands and Alaska, and across Behring's Straits. Farther notice of this fact will accompany some remarks on the present race of North American Indians, for they are the Tartars referred to. If we are to do credit to a recent philological work, published in London, displaying great research and learning, we shall be struck with the general proposition, that man had a common ancestry, far east of the hitherto reputed source of his origin. The evidence adduced from the analogy of the Arabic, the Chinese, the Tartar, and generally the Asiatic languages, with the Greek, etc., throws much light upon the subject of our inquiry. Late researches, also, among the Pacific Islands, and those more particularly bordering on the Asiatic coasts, are replete with interest touching the antiquity and former character of their inhabitants. Ruined walls, monuments, and sepulchres, of antique and massive masonry, of which tradition has preserved no memorial among the descendants of the people, clearly prove the existence of a different

state and character of people at some very remote period. But recently there have been discovered the buried walls of an extensive city, and also a strange race of people in New Holland. A colony hitherto unknown, speaking the English language, with European countenances, manners, etc., has quite lately been discovered in the interior of that yet unexplored continent. These facts are exciting no little inquiry and astonishment among the curious of Europe. Still farther, and it is hoped and presumed still more important, discoveries will, ere long, reveal new truths upon this subject, and tend, in a striking manner, to enlighten mankind in relation to their early history. To effect this, means more effective could not be devised than 'exploring expeditions.' That now contemplated by this government, if conducted in part with reference to this subject, cannot fail to be highly fruitful of discovery.

The ancient Aztec cities, on the vast and beautiful plains, and upon the southern banks of the *Rio Gila*, in New California, with numerous other remains of arts, and evidences of former civilization, now to be seen among what have been denominated the 'Independent Indians,' on the north-west coast of America, from the thirty-third to the fifty-fourth parallels of latitude, will be seen to throw much light on the original people, both of Mexico and of our own country. For the present, attention is still farther called to the origin of the Tultiques, the first and the most remarkable people, ancient or modern, that have inhabited the American continent.

In reflecting upon the period at which the Tultiques flourished, one cannot but smile at the determination of some to give comparatively modern dates to the Palencian city, and its ruined arts; as if it were impossible that it should have preceded a certain time to which previously supposed data had limited their faith or comprehension. Some give its origin but about two hundred years anterior to the conquest by the Spaniards. Others, again, extend their views several hundred years beyond this; but such are careful, at the same time, to circumscribe their belief within a definite period, viz: the Christian era. The majority, perhaps, derive their dates from the dispersion at the tower of Babel. Again, there are those who place entire confidence in the theory given by Cabrera, derived from another source, and paraded with the utmost assurance as having been obtained from some 'precious documents,' found in a cave, where they had been hid by Votan himself! From the tenor of the facts in this case, but more particularly from the language used by the Bishop of Chiapa, Don Francisco Nunez de la Vega, whose book was printed at Rome in 1702, we are forced to think that many, very many, important memorials, and those which would have afforded us the means for discovering the history of this people, were destroyed by the bigots of his sect. In this superstitious crusade, he himself gave the most distinguished example, by destroying, according to his own confession, the 'precious documents' in question. It is important that the truth or falsity of this 'memorial for future ages,' as Cabrera calls it, should be inquired into; as it is either to be considered hereafter as settling the great question, 'Who were the Tultiques,' or it is to be thrown aside as an

idle and credulous story, got up by the bishop himself, for the purpose of giving himself eclat, and of confirming those who otherwise might be sceptical upon so interesting a point in history, or, perhaps, in his own peculiar faith.

The evidences already presented of the antiquity of the Tultecan monuments cannot, we must suppose, but destroy all the statements, (for they are mere statements, without one clear and rational fact to support them,) which have been made, giving a comparatively modern date to the Tultique nation. It is true, that the monuments of Tultecan greatness bear a striking resemblance to those of the Egyptians and Romans, not to say several other eastern nations of people. But what does this prove? Just nothing at all. If the relics which so much astonish us at Palenque, give evidence of age cœval at least, if not greatly anterior, to those of Egypt, from which, it has been affirmed they were copied, the Cyclops cannot be supposed to have been their authors. A long period of time should have elapsed from that in which these 'wandering masons,' for such it is said the Indian traditions of Central America style the builders of their ancient edifices, were exterminated from Egypt, wandered to the Atlantic coast, prepared themselves for a long voyage — totally unacquainted, as they were, with marine navigation — and actually traversed the unknown sea for three thousand miles! How long, will it be supposed, they were engaged in thus acquiring a taste so unsuited to their habits, and in contriving suitable vessels, which, in Upper Egypt, they never could have seen, to embark on the trackless sea for America, without a compass to guide them, and without the possibility of their knowing whither they were going? Is it to be presumed, that vessels of theirs, at that time, if they built any at all, or were, in fact, in a situation to build them, if they had a mind, were furnished with the requisite materials, provisioned, etc., to navigate the Atlantic ocean? Should we admit all this as probable, for the sake of speculation, it would appear remarkable if they, first and fortunately, touched upon the coast of Yucatan, and located, at once, in the finest country on the globe, and that, too, in sufficient numbers to have built and peopled even one of its large cities. We shall not venture to name the time required at that stage of man's history to have accomplished all these things, or attempt to explain how the mouldering arts which this people have left from unrecorded time, could exhibit still greater antiquity than those of the Egyptians. This discrepancy between supposition and fact is better referred to those who, rather than doubt what they have previously believed, adopt as truth the most inconsistent theories.

The Carthaginians, although more adventurous, and more accustomed in their belligerent prowls to the dangers of the sea than any other ancient maritime nation of people, are as little entitled to the credit of having first peopled America, as the native Egyptians, so far as positive evidence is concerned. The latter will not be supposed to have inspired their successors with the requisite information and skill, nor will it be presumed that they were so far the masters of navigation themselves, as to have accomplished voyages to this continent. The reasons which apply to these people, are equally applicable to all others during the early conditions of society. Nei-

ther the Greeks nor the Romans, ambitious as they were of fortune and of fame, can be conceived capable of having executed voyages of three thousand miles on an unexplored ocean. Nor will the colonies of the Carthaginians and Romans, said to have been established by them upon the sea-coast and on neighboring Islands, be imagined to have afforded the parent nations the necessary impetus to embark in quest of discovery on an ocean, ever considered by them of boundless extent, or have prompted them to plant colonies at the distance of four thousand miles, admitting them to have conceived the existence of another continent. Were we so credulous as to believe this, we should be driven to the admission, that they not only made one, but numerous voyages across the Atlantic; and eventually reared a great nation under their auspices. And if so, why, we might very naturally inquire, is all history silent upon the subject, and without even a hint of its truth, or the possibility of the performances?

The wreck on our shores of some solitary vessel, a circumstance dwelt upon by all who have attempted to get over the difficulties in accounting for the origin of the American people, is equally unsatisfactory; for it is but a bare supposition at best. We might as reasonably suppose any other means of peopling this continent. It is even less probable that a female was upon such a wreck, and survived the catastrophe, to constitute an American Eve. Yet supposing even this to have been the case, how long a time would have been required, from the earliest history of Carthaginian or Roman prow navigation, for the luckless navigators of their craft, with each a surviving partner, a circumstance still less probable, to have explored Central America, built numerous cities — one containing at least two millions of people — reared the most stupendous and durable edifices, and other monuments, and then to have become extinct, or identified with other species of men, and all their monuments of 'eternal rock' to have crumbled into one general wreck of matter? Could all this have happened, we ask, even supposing, for the love of conjecture, that all the rest actually did happen? We leave reasonable men to answer for themselves. But there is another reason why the Tultiques are derived from no such reputed stock, and one which every scientific man will deem conclusive, if his prejudices preclude all other sources of evidence. There are physical peculiarities, we all know, by which species of men, as well as all lower animals, are contradistinguished. These in the Tultique have so little resemblance in common with other species of mankind, ancient or modern, that no effort of the physiologist can give him, according to distinctive criteria, a homologous arrangement. He is completely alone in this respect, and consequently could not have been indebted to the people in question, from whom he most of all differed, for his origin.

The fact also, if it needs be, that the Carthaginians visited parts of the United States, either from choice or necessity, as is believed by many archaeologists, would go far to prove that they were not the people of Tulteca. If this be still supposed, where, we would inquire, are *their* descendants? They would have been as likely to have peopled this country as any other. The reasons why they

did not flourish here, would answer alike for their not peopling Central America. The same remains of great cities would appear here as in Chiapa, Guatemala, etc., had they or their descendants been the authors of those in the latter places. Faint evidences do exist, of the presence of a peculiar people in this country, at some distant period of time, other than those who raised the tumuli of the western states, the Tartars, the Scandinavians, or Welch. The most remarkable of these — perhaps these are the only evidences worthy of note — are inscriptions on rocks in various parts of the United States. The characters are believed to be Carthaginian. In not less than twelve places are they to be seen at the present day. But whatever others may think, in relation to the authors of these blind, though curious inscriptions, we are ourselves little inclined to believe them Carthaginian. It is quite as probable, in fact, that they were the work of the original inhabitants of the western valleys, as of any other people, for they are there to be seen, as well as upon the Atlantic coast. Similar characters have been discovered on specimens of arts left by that people. Confidence may have been obtained for the supposition that they were Carthaginian, from the fact that the remains of a vessel, clearly Carthaginian in form and style, are said to have been discovered imbedded in the soil not far distant from where inscriptions are now to be seen on rocks, near our Atlantic coast. But at that time, these were supposed to be the only inscriptions to be found in our country; many others, however, are now known to exist, as far distant even as Georgia, and in the interior.

The walls of cities lately discovered at the west, in Wisconsin, Arkansas, etc., prove nothing in respect to the ruined cities of which we have been speaking in Central America, except that they are entirely unlike in every particular, and were built by people as different in their character and knowledge, as our present Indians and ourselves. They prove much, however, in relation to the remains of cities on the north-west coast, heretofore noticed, and also to the temples, cities, etc., of the valley of Mexico. These with others equally remarkable, will be fully discussed in subsequent numbers.

N A P O L E O N .

He won the laurels, and with them renown,
But lost them both, to shape them to a crown;
And, sworn to conquer kings, self-conquer'd fell,
When he himself the royal list would swell;
And, with the fasces, for the sceptre made
A sorry change — the substance for the shade:
Untaught what madness to the million clings,
Who forms to facts prefer, and names to things:
Triumphant for a space, by craft and crime,
Two foes he left unconquered — Truth and Time:
Oh! had he for true glory shaped his course,
He'd 'scaped repentance living — dead, remorse!

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

Give me the bowl !

The boon of freedom to my weary soul
Hath come at last ; the hour of calm release,
When all the restless storms of life may cease,
And time's dark billows, as they onward roll,
Shall sweep above my silent grave in peace.

Long, long in sadness hath my spirit yearn'd
For freedom from the heavy bonds of flesh ;
And earthly hopes and earthly pleasures spurn'd ;
And while the quenchless fire within it burn'd,
Hath sighed for streams immortal, to refresh
Its drooping wings, that it might upward soar,
Beyond the curtains of the vaulted sky,
Within the veil that hides Eternity ;
And drink the tide of bliss, and weep no more !

* * * *

It is a bitter draught !

Meet emblem of Death's cruel bitterness ;
To those who love life more, or loathe it less ;
Yet in its mingled poison have I quaff'd
The fountain, whose undying strength shall waft
The heir of life immortal to those shores,
Where the full tide of its bright glory pours !

Yet may this be a vision ! I have dream'd
Of future time — of years beyond the grave ;
Of brighter worlds far o'er the whelming wave ;
And on my raptur'd fancy there hath gleam'd
The image of a thousand hidden things,
That reason may not trace ; and wisdom brings
No clue to read ; and weary thought-turns back,
All hopeless from the dark, bewildering track.

* * * *

'Tis drain'd ! and mingled with the streams of life,
The vehom pours through every swollen vein :
The race is run — fought is the field of strife ;
And bleeds the vanquish'd now upon the plain,
No more the conflict to essay again !

* * * *

Oh, Source Eternal ! Being Infinite !

To whom — though blindly, from this darksome prison,
Where doubt and error reign in ceaseless night —
The worship of my spirit long hath risen ;
No more I doubt — no longer wavering,
I offer incense to a God unknown,
But, from the altar of my bosom, fling
Its fragrance at the footstool of thy throne ;
And as the film of death obscures my sight,
The vision of thy presence grows more bright !

* * * *

'Tis almost o'er ! My wilder'd senses roam —
A thousand harps the balmy air are filling !
A thousand angel voices wildly thrilling,
Are calling, 'Kindred spirit, haste thee home !'
Speed, speed, my ling'ring soul ! — 'I come ! I come !'

NOTES OF A SURGEON.*

NUMBER TWO.

THE INCENDIARIES.

I WAS aroused from my sleep one morning about three o'clock, by the alarm of fire. A bright light was shining into my room, and casting its tinted rays in flashes over the wall, pallid by the beams of a December moon, like the flickering glances of hectic over the consumptive cheek of beauty. On going to the window, I discovered that the fire was but a short distance from the hospital, and in broad view. A brilliant fire so near me, overcame my natural apathy, and packing on some extra habiliments, I sallied out to see what havoc this mighty element was making among the time-worn and thickly-tenanted buildings of the purlieus of L — street.

The engines were already at work, when I reached the spot. A dwelling-house was on fire, and the flames were shooting merrily up from the roof and windows, tinged or obscured for a brief moment by the occasional flood of water which the bounteous hose lavished upon the most fragrant portions of the enkindled domicile — a powerful and efficient *antiphlogistic*, as it struck me at the time. I made my way, with others, into an alley which led to the rear of the house, with some faint hope that I might be of service in arresting the flames, or at any rate, enjoy a fair and near view of the fire, without the danger of being trodden under foot. The whole back part of one wooden building was in a blaze, and the persons in the yard were pointing to it with evident marks of interest and agitation. I did not have long to wait, to be informed of the subject of their solicitude. Presently, a figure shot through the second-story window, sash and all, and bounded to the ground. He rolled and plunged about, and endeavored to tear off his burning garments; for, singularly enough, he was dressed in pantaloons, boots, and vest, as if he had not been in bed; his hair was entirely singed off, and his shirt was fast consuming from his arms. In a moment, another one similarly dressed, but without shoes, rushed down stairs, and tumbled into the middle of the yard, uttering most pitiable cries. Astonished at such a sudden apparition, the spectators scarcely knew what to do; and I was equally at a loss, for an instant; but running up to the one who lay prostrate on the ground, where he had just pitched from the door, with the aid of some of the more wakeful beholders, I extinguished the fire about his neck and shoulders, as effectually as was practicable. He would hardly permit any one to touch him, but kept thrusting his burning arms up to his face, and thus adding unconsciously to the mischief. Having smothered the flames, and put him in charge of some of the by-standers, who had now generously volunteered their assistance, I went to take a view of the other. I found him lying in the dirt, without any fire on his person,

* Our city readers will need no other evidence than the present sketch, that these 'Notes' are drawn from real life. We have often seen one of the scarified 'incendiaries' whose melancholy story is here narrated.

(it had been put out by others,) and rolling ceaselessly from side to side. When spoken to, he answered in a hurried and impatient manner.

Having made a rude litter out of boards, we had them laid on it, and carried to the hospital. As we emerged from the rear gate, the crowd, who had learned the nature of the occurrence, made way, and we were soon at the corner, around which the store was situated, from whence these unfortunate individuals had issued in the rear. Here their mother joined us. She made no violent manifestations of grief, as the litter went along, but walked by its side, occasionally coming nearer, and addressing a word to her sons, as they seemed to be more sharply tortured.

Having deposited them in one of the wards of the hospital, reserved for the reception of such cases, the first dressings were put on, and a slight anodyne and cordial were administered to them both, as they were greatly prostrated, especially the one who seemed to be the younger. Bottles of hot water, and bags filled with heated sand, were applied around their extremities. It was not long before one of them was restored to his natural warmth, and to a full sense of his wretchedness. But the other never recovered from the shock given to his nervous system, and rapidly sunk, as will be seen. His senses were in full activity, until near the last, and with a little agitation, attributable to the severity of his bodily injury, and to the prospect of the near approach of death, there was a degree of emotion, which was not to be assigned to so obvious a cause, and which led to the belief that something lay heavily on his mind, which he wished, yet hesitated to declare. His father appeared but once, and going to his bed, whispered a few words in his ear, and left him. He seemed not less distressed after this visit.

His mother came frequently, but was unable to remain constantly, or even a considerable part of the time, by his bed-side, from the distress which the view of his calamitous situation, and his terrible writhings under the agony of his burns, produced in her mind. She said very few words to him; and those only in the way of soothing and comforting his momentary distresses; but sat by the side of his low bed, and at every half unconscious toss that tore off strips of skin from his body, and exposed patches of the bleeding surface to the view of the mother, she raised up her arms and face, in the most pitiable excess of grief that the mind is capable of imagining. She might have been a study to the unhallowed gaze of an ambitious devotee of sculpture.

The patient (the younger, who is here alluded to, the other being comparatively out of danger,) tossed and turned so incessantly in bed, that it was almost impossible to keep any dressings on the excoriated parts. At the approach of night, his agitation increased. He continually complained of *rigor*, or chilliness, and inquired for some warm drink, which, when presented to him, he rejected, with appearances of disgust. I determined to set up with him a part of the night, in the hope of being able to relieve his sufferings, if not by bodily remedies, at least by such anodynes to the mind as might be administered in words. I was not without some expectations that he might be induced to make me the participator of the secret

uneasiness, which various circumstances had led me to believe he was laboring under.

One of the junior assistants was sent down to see if he could contribute to the comfort of the patient, by changing his dressings, and came back with the report, that the patient would not allow of his ministrations, but desired my presence.

'Did you not take off any of the coverings from his arms, face, and neck?' I asked.

'No; when I went in, he was discussing some grave subject with himself, about murders foul and dire, coughs and cords; and when I touched my hand to his neck, he repulsed my arm, and I thought he meant '*nec sinit esse feros*;' that he would not permit me to lay rough hands on his neck.'

'You should not be rough, Mr. Aster.'

'Oh, I was quite otherwise. So, I removed to a little distance, and listened to his oracular mutterings. He made me the recipient of some dubious matters — rather unutterable secrets.'

'What did he say?'

'Why, he first broke into violent denunciations of certain persons, and accused them, particularly his brother, of urging him on to the commission of some desperate deed; then he called on his mother and sisters, and poured out entreaties to some unknown accuser. From all of which I inferred, that he had a hand in the fire; in other words, '*Fieri fecit*.''

'I have had some suspicions of that kind; but we must be silent touching such involuntary communications.'

'Then, suddenly coming to himself, he began to stare around, and seeing us standing about, he collapsed into dead silence, and pulling the bed-clothes over him, remained invisible. Shortly, I drew near his bed, and asked him if he would have any thing. 'Please send Mr. F — here,' he replied, and I left him.'

It was late in the evening before I could arrange to be with the patient. I found him with less appearance of delirium than might have been expected from the augmented severity of his sufferings. He remained restless and agitated, until about one in the morning, speaking very little, but occasionally murmuring inarticulately in his slumbers. On becoming more calm, he manifested much solicitude for his fellow sufferer.

'Doctor, how does my brother do? Do you think he will get over it?'

He had been removed to a different ward, that he might not be affected by the situation of the other, and was doing well. I stated as much.

'I feel cold, very cold,' he continued. 'Would n't some of that warm drink give me a little heat? No! I've tried that; it burns my throat. Yet, I'm all dried up inside.'

'Here is some cool water with wine.'

'Cool! The sound is enough to make me shiver. But I will take some, for the sake of the experiment.'

He touched a little of it to his lips, and then drank the whole of the potion. It agreed with him better than warm drinks, which were more suitable to his condition. Then sinking into quietude, he seemed about to be falling asleep. All at once, he burst out into exclamations of horror and alarm, and cries for assistance; vehemently declared his innocence; and in the course of his ramblings, made a complete exposure of his secret. He terminated by springing up in bed, and attempting to jump on to the floor. His eyes fell upon me, and he seemed to recover his mental faculties as speedily as he had lost them. He reclined back on his pillow, and said, with much earnestness:

‘Doctor, what have I been uttering? Have I revealed any thing?’

‘You have disclosed some things which I should not hear, except in the confidence of a physician,’ I replied.

‘What! — any thing that would criminate me?’

‘Yes, you and others.’

‘I see that I have unwittingly taught you my secret. Curse this wild delirium! But on whom should the curse fall! I will trust you. I know that until I am dead, you will not be able to betray any thing; and after that, it will be at your option, at any rate, to make that public which will endanger the life of another.’

‘Have no fears of me, if there is a possibility that any one may receive injury from my information.’

The patient, whose name was Ludovico, being satisfied with my assurance of secrecy, proceeded to give a short narration of the facts.

‘My brother was of a very impetuous temper, and always exercised a kind of authority over me, to which in fact I willingly acceded, from a consciousness of his superior knowledge. He had conceived some splendid project for sudden aggrandizement, which, to be carried into effect, required the aid and countenance of my father. One dark and stormy night in October, about one year since, he took me to a house in the northern part of the city, and introduced me into a room, where, by the light of a dimly-burning lamp, a half dozen men were busily engaged around a table in looking over some rude sketches and diagrams. Pieces of paper were marked over with Arabic numerical characters, and letters of the alphabet, arranged in squares, and perched upon pen-marked fabrics, which looked like houses or castles, churches, and prisons. Flags which resembled the signals of barbarian nations, were floating from the pinnacle of some lofty edifice, or planted on the summit of hills whose ranges extended off in parallel lines, or in angular courses far into the boldly-etched and pointed features of the landscape. These delineations were in correct perspective, and were evidently drawn up and embellished by a master hand, with some remote and magnificent intent, which was not perceptible to my uninitiated sense.

‘Principal among those around the table, was a stout gray-headed man, whose heavy frame and badly-jointed limbs, which were freely exercised, apparently with a view of setting off their ungracefulness,

and the general shabbiness of his attire, showed him to be the chief spirit of the adventurers. His lean fingers, at the end of so ill-managed an arm, hardly warranted the supposition that he was the draughtsman of the elegant sketch, over whose surface he was passing his pencil, and indenting the denominative syllables on the bosom of some winding river, which cut its way between the prominent and ornamented insignia that formed a part of the file of look-outs — for such I decided them to be, after having ascertained the subject of their deliberations. The other members of the conclave were of a like description; all were of shabby exterior, but the fire of an unnatural enthusiasm shone in their eyes, and spoke out in their gestures. They were evidently expecting my brother, who had them seemingly in control, and was only of them inasmuch as he joined in their views and projects. They all erected themselves in various attitudes on his entrance, and the speaker of the company broke out in these words:

“Ha, Petro! we have been looking over this drawing, and there is nothing wrong about it, unless it is this hill. I think some one nearer should have been chosen.”

“Wrong? — there is not a particle wrong. The main points of observation have been carefully selected. Here is Philadelphia; there is Ludgate church; here is Mount Taurus; on the summit of that hill is a very tall pine, which I have sketched; this dwelling-house (of friend Soper’s) is the last post before you reach New-York; and here is New-York.”

“But I think that mountain is at too great a distance from Philadelphia, to see distinctly. Do n’t you think so?” continued the speaker.

“Why, you owl! it is but fifteen miles; and a good telescope will discern a man’s features at ten or twelve miles.”

“Well, if we have the countenance of Providence, we shall succeed,” he meekly replied.

“They were engaged in a scheme for transmitting intelligence from one city to another, by means of telegraphs, for the purpose of taking advantage of the rise or fall in stocks, and of speculating in lottery tickets. I have introduced this little scene, in order to show you the influences by which my brother was wrought upon. They spent the greater part of the night in discussing the measures, and Petro in enforcing the details of his arrangements. Those who were present, beside my brother Petro, could not have handed over a dollar, at the solicitation of a surcharged pistol, held horizontally at their vest button, and backed by the imperious proclamation, ‘Stand and deliver, or die!’ He was the only one who could move the enterprise so heavily constructed, and he was not equal to the whole effort. Though moneyless adventurers, his coadjutors were cunning enough to place upon his shoulders the burden of the undertaking, in the faith of their absolute necessity as a part of the machinery.”

“Petro was engaged with his whole soul in the success of the experiment, and nothing could deter him from prosecuting it. Hard were his struggles to devise some means for raising the requisite funds. Every thing, I believe, passed through his mind, short of

actual robbery, and it was not long before this entered into his calculations. The frequent meetings held with his associates, at which I was sometimes present, and the artful but seemingly innocent protestations of their honest leader, served to keep up his ambition, and to nourish his ardent and chimerical aspirations. We were at that time clerks in a store, which was filled with the most precious commodities; but the building itself was of wood, and of quite inferior appearance. We lodged on the second floor. My brother formed the design of removing the most valuable part of the goods, and setting fire to the store. The plan was not unfolded to me until after it had been completed, and every thing had been prepared. My opposition was useless. The gang were made acquainted with it, and agreed to assist on a certain night.

‘A considerable quantity of the stock had been abstracted by degrees, for a number of weeks previous; and on that evening (the one you well know) after the principals had left, we began to transport the boxes and packages, assisted by the others, to the house of the prime accomplice, where they were secure from search. The avails were to enable us to realize our glittering dreams of wealth.

‘In the back room, on the second floor, we had made a collection of the most combustible substances, and had so placed them, that they would in a moment after the application of the torch be ignited, and communicate the fire to the partitions, bed, etc. A stove-pipe which passed out of the back window had been disconnected with the stove, in order to allow the smoke to escape readily; so that it might not, by issuing through the crevices of the windows, particularly in the front of the building, betray our attempt before the fire had got fairly under way.

‘We usually slept in the bed in the back part of this room, and had planned to go to the theatre, and returning about twelve o’clock, throw ourselves on to the bed in our clothes, and lie till one or two in the morning, when we were to arise and set fire to the apartment. If our plans succeeded, we were to make it appear that we had laid down rather in liquor, had set the candle by the side of the bed, and that it had caught the drapery.

‘Accordingly, to the theatre we went; actually got somewhat tipsy, as we reflected on the hazardous nature of our enterprise, and coming back about midnight, proceeded directly to our chamber. We soon managed to procure a light. I pulled off my shoes and coat, and threw myself on to the bed, for I felt unwilling to contemplate the deed which we were on the point of committing. I had worked myself up to the task, and feared that my nerves might be unstrung by a survey of the preparatives for our mischief-doing. My brother, however, felt too deep an interest in the progress and result of the plan, to think of repose; and commissioning me to ‘tumble up’ his side of the bed, he took his position by the table, with a book before him, which had one advantage over vacancy, that it shut out the view of external objects, and opened the way to reflection.

‘I soon fell into a disturbed sleep, and dreamed that the whole upper part of the house was in flames, and that my brother, in endeavoring to escape out of the front door with some valuable article about him, was seized by six or eight men, and carried away to

prison, in spite of his entreaties. I dreamed also that I was standing in the door, and the whole building suddenly gave way, and was about to fall upon my head. At this I awoke in terror, but soon became sensible of my situation, when I found my brother standing over me, and shaking me by the shoulder.

'It was now about a quarter of three. Petro had prepared every thing, even to a match, to insure speedy conflagration.

'Now then,' said he, 'nerve yourself for the consummation. Take this match, and set fire to the bed-clothes, while I touch this other pile with my candle.'

'He did so, and at the same moment my trembling hands applied the torch to the light drapery of the bed. In an instant, curtains, sheets, and all, were in a blaze, while at the other end of the room the fire spread with astonishing rapidity among the dry and flimsy stuffs which had been thrown together in a heap. Seeing all things in such fine progress, we turned our steps toward the door, which was about midway of the room, when I recollected that we had left a small box of jewelry and money at the foot of the bed.

'Stop, one moment, till I get the box,' said I, and directed my steps to the bed.

'Make haste!' said my brother, as he stood with his hand on the latch.

'I threw up the clothes at the foot of the bed.

'Where is it? I cannot touch it?' I asked.

'Under the right corner, between the sack and the ——'

'It has been stolen! Who has been in here? Have n't you put it somewhere else?'

'Look under the head; it is surely there. Hurry!'

'Impossible!' The fire had become scorching hot, so that I could endure it no longer. Not only the whole bed, but the wainscot and window sashes had begun to burn. I was obliged to make my way to the door.

'It was left there, I tell you; it must be got; it is all our dependence for immediate funds. Ludovico, seek it once more!' exclaimed my brother.

'Will you have me burn myself to death! My shirt-sleeves are burnt off now. I hear some one coming.'

'It is your ears — try again!' returned Petro.

'I go — but you see!' I replied, as I turned back, holding up my arms, which were already severely scorched.

'Here, take this stick,' cried Petro, wrenching off a strip from the wall, and heaving it to me; 'that will save your hands.'

'I thrust it into every part of the bed, which was now little else than a mass of ashes, without striking the object of my search. My arms suffered severely from the hot air of the room, and the flames were almost licking my face.

'I can't endure it! I would not try any longer, for the universe!' I exclaimed.

'Must we lose the most valuable part of the goods? What shall we do?' said Petro, who now began to feel the warmth more pressing, from which he had been before but little disturbed, there being a space in the middle of the room free from the flames.

“The house,” said I, “will soon fall over our heads, if we do n’t escape; we shall be discovered; it can’t be long before the fire will be observed without.”

“Well, let the cursed thing go; it is not worth our lives. Come, and let us get out, as quick as the devil will let us.”

“Ha! the door is locked!” he continued, in an alarmed voice, and working at the latch violently, with both hands. “Run to the other door!”

“I ran and tried it; but it yielded no more than if it had been barricaded with triple bolts.

“What was done with the key?” demanded Petro, searching hastily in his pockets.

“It is on the outside. No one can have turned it since we went to bed; nobody has been in.”

“Locked!—locked! No, it cannot be!” repeated my brother: “it is the heated air of the room. We must exert our whole strength together.”

“We did so, and without effect. We were now in a truly desperate situation, with no opportunity to escape, and the fire already enveloping us.

“Madmen! fools! why did we delay! By heavens! we must not perish here. Where are our friends!”

“At this time, the cry of ‘fire!’ was raised in the street, and we heard the engines rattling along the pavements. We also thought we distinguished the sound of persons ascending the stairs, and called to them, but could not make them hear, in consequence of the roaring of the flames, and the shouts of the firemen in the street.

“Down with the door! round to the rear!” we understood distinctly, and echoed back the the unavailing cry, while the heavy shock of a ladder, as it struck against the wooden walls, one story above us, showed the advance of the preparations for effecting an entrance in that quarter, and for quenching the fire.

“My brother shouted for assistance, but the noise of the engines and the cry of ‘fire!’ without, drowned his voice.

“It is useless,” said I; “that bellowing rabble will split their sides to out-bawl us.”

“Still more alarmed, and smarting with our burns, we now attempted to raise the window. But, as if the fates conspired against us, it refused to move!

“We shouted for help; we shrieked, till our voices were hoarse. The floor under our feet had now kindled to flame, and it was with difficulty we could prevent our clothes being entirely consumed.”

“Come, Ludovico,” said Petro, “we can live here but a few minutes longer; let us make one more trial.”

“I can do no more; I shall die!” exclaimed I, sinking to the floor in the apathy of despair. I was suffering the most exquisite torture from my burns; and to relieve me of my insupportable agony, I attempted to hasten my death by strangulation. My brother, who was less burnt, still struggled at the door. He turned and saw me stretched out in this situation.

“Fool, fool!” he exclaimed, with angry energy; “are you so willing to die? Up! up! and assist me!”

'I arose. The room was now filled with flame. I could not for a moment endure it. I flung myself again against the door in desperation, and sank down breathless and exhausted. It was now my brother's turn to be desperate; and for a moment, I forgot my pain in witnessing his agonies. He shrieked for aid, and cursed his hapless fate; and falling upon his knees, he invoked alternately the powers of heaven and hell, weeping and sobbing like a child.

'We once more arose, and resolved to make a final attempt to save our lives.

'Here, Ludovico,' said Petro, 'we can get out of that trap-door over head. Why did we not think of it before?'

'There is a box on the other side,' said I, 'but I have not strength to get it.'

'Petro rushed across the room, through the blaze, and bounded back with a box which, on a less exciting occasion, he could not have moved.

'You have burnt your face Petro, terribly,' said I.

'Curse the face! What care I for a scar! It will be better for a disguise, should we be in danger of detection. Jump on to the box, and support me!'

'It is vain, Petro; I have scarcely strength to stand.'

'Nevertheless, we exerted ourselves to the utmost, but after almost superhuman efforts, we dropped again to the floor.

'We must die, Petro!' I exclaimed, in hopeless resignation; 'yet it is hard to die, while there may still be a possibility of escape.'

'But my brother's courage revived, and we made one more concentrated effort upon the door, and shook it a little. We strained harder; it seemed to yield; yet harder; it was illusion! The door was firmer than ever.

'Hell-fire! exclaimed Petro, in frenzy, 'I will balk these infernal flames yet!'

'Saying this, he darted to the front window, but as rapidly rushed back, scorched and miserably burned on his face and hands, and with his hair and clothes on fire.

'Save yourself, and follow me!' he muttered through his closed teeth, and running with all speed to the back window, without stopping to open the blinds, or raise the sash, he plunged head-foremost into the yard.

'My flesh was wretchedly burnt; each pore of my skin seemed penetrated by a red-hot needle. Every fibre of my body was a chain of fire; yet a chill ran through my frame; my limbs were paralyzed with horror; the weight of a hundred tons seemed pressing upon my breast.

'Before following my brother's example, I tremulously applied my hand to the door, and on using a little strength forced it open. Joyfully I hailed the passage, and rushed precipitately down stairs. You know the rest.'

HERE the patient ended. The admission of air by the window was probably the cause of the door giving way to his touch. The unfortunate young man died early in the morning, in a state of savage

delirium. It should be observed, that his narration was frequently interrupted by paroxysms of madness ; but it was not necessary to preserve any thing more than the bare details. His brother went through a tedious period of recovery, during which time his infamous partners made way with the secreted property. No suspicion got abroad of the actors in this drama. Petro retired to some distant place, with what feelings, intents, or fate, I shall not attempt to describe.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.

In the region of lakes, where the blue waters sleep,
My beautiful fabric was built,
Light cedars supported its weight on the deep,
And its sides with the sunbeams were gilt.

The bright leafy bark of the betula tree,
A flexible sheathing provides,
And the fir's thready roots drew the parts to agree,
And bound down its high-swelling sides.

No compass or gavel was used on the bark,
No art but the simplest degree,
But the structure was finished and trim to remark,
And as light as a sylph's could be.

Its rim is with tender young roots woven round,
Like a pattern of wicker-work rare,
And it glides o'er the waves with as lightsome a bound,
As a basket suspended in air.

The heavens in brightness and glory below,
Were reflected quite plain to the view,
And it moved like a swan, with as lightsome a show,
My beautiful birchen canoe !

The trees on the shore, as I glided along,
Seemed moving a contrary way,
And my voyagers lightened their toil with a song,
That caused every heart to be gay.

And still as I floated by rock and by shall,
My bark raised a murmur aloud,
And it danced on the waves, as they rose and they fell,
Like a fay on a bright summer cloud.

I thought, as I passed o'er the liquid expanse,
With the landscape in smiling array,
How blest I should be, if my life could advance,
Thus tranquil and sweetly away.

The skies were serene — not a cloud was in sight,
Not an angry surge beat on the shore,
And I gazed on the waters and then on the light,
Till my vision could bear it no more.

Oh, long shall I think of those silver-bright lakes,
And the scenes they revealed to my view,
My friends, and the wishes I formed for their sakes,
And my bright yellow birchen canoe !

M A R K !

BY PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART TWO.

THE eloquent Pater, after the colloquy between Death and the soldiers of Vienna, as given in a former number, turns from Mars, and, by an easy transition, passes to Venus, and begins his homily to maidens. He mentions the miracle wrought by the prophet with the widow's cruise of oil, and draws from it a reflection we do not recollect to have yet heard 'improved' in the pulpit.

'Now, when this widow found no help in her trouble, she bethought herself of the prophet Elisha, to whom she told her story with tears in her eyes. Elisha was moved by these widow's tears, and asked her, what she had in the house. Think, for the love of heaven, what it was! 'And thereupon she answered, I have nothing in the house but a little oil, to anoint myself withal.' To anoint herself! Only think, in the midst of her poverty, she still took pains to be a pretty creature, even if a poor creature! In a word, beauty is the only aim of womankind!'

'How many long timbers, how many short timbers, how many large timbers, how many small timbers, how many thick timbers, how many thin timbers, how many round timbers, how many square timbers, how many straight timbers, how many crooked timbers, were used in building up the tower of Babel! How many large stones, how many small stones, how many round stones, how many square stones, how many rough stones, how many smooth stones, how many white stones, how many red stones, how many common stones, how many marble stones, were needed to build and adorn the tower of Babel! It is nearly the same with a woman. What taffeta stuffs, what silken stuffs, what worked stuffs, what embroidered stuffs, what flowered stuffs, what wide stuffs, what narrow stuffs, what colored stuffs, doth she not require; and all to be beautiful, to be thought beautiful, to be called beautiful!'

But Death is blind to all their beauty:

'This rude fellow saith, 'I never learned respect for beauty, I never practised it, I never used it! He who will look for modesty in a peacock, honesty in a fox, and fasting in a wolf, may look for respect in me; not a pound, not a half a pound, not a quarter of a pound, not an ounce, not a grain of respect is to be found in all my stock!'

From the maiden we pass to the matron, under which head we find an unhappy married life described with a pungency which savors rather of an experienced husband, than of a bare-footed bachelor:

'As odious as is a lyre, wherein the strings do not accord, so is marriage, where tempers do not agree. What is such an union but a disunion, a battle-ground, a school of affliction, a scolding-match, a grind-stone, a nest of hedge-hogs, a rack, a briar-bush, a clock always striking, a mental harrow, a pepper-mill, a summing up of all wretchedness!'

On the other hand, take his description of a happy marriage :

'It is known how vast was the temple of Solomon. In the first place, there were assembled there seventy thousand laborers, eighty thousand masons and stone-cutters, three thousand overseers. But the most wondrous part is, that during the work, not a stroke of steel or hammer was heard ; *nec ferrum audie batur*. This was a miracle ! Some say that this was clearly through God's work and aid ; others, that Solomon caused to be got a store of the blood of a certain beast, by which the hardest stones were split in twain, without need of hammer or steel ; be this as it may, true it is, that in all the work, neither blow nor stroke was heard.

'To this house of God can we compare the house of two loving spouses, where no sound of strife is heard, but every thing fits itself into place without struggle or labor. Such an union is a clock which always stands at *one* ; a garden wherein nothing grows but hearts'-ease ; a grammar in which nothing is conjugated but *amo*, and *riza* is declined ; a calendar, whose chiefest saints are St. Pacificus and St. Concordia.'

The following veracious tale we earnestly recommend to the attention of the ladies of the present day, without, however, meaning to insinuate for a moment that they have fallen away in the least from the conjugal devotion of the fair Francisca Romana :

'The holy lady Francisca Romana valued such quietude above all things else ; wherefore one day, while she was devoutly, as was her wont, reading the history of our blessed Lady, being called away by her husband to perform some domestic duty, she laid aside her book, leaving the verse she was reading, unfinished, and having fulfilled her lord's commands, hastened back to her devotions, when lo ! the verse at which she had broken off had been changed by an angel into letters of gold.'

The necessity of holding the rod over children, he thus illustrates :

'So long as Aaron, at Pharaoh's court, held the rod in his hand, it remained a rod ; but when he cast it on the ground, it became a serpent. Remember this, ye parents ! and cast it not away.'

Next comes the turn of the rich man, at whom our worthy apostle hammers away without mercy :

'MARK — RICH MAN !'

'If it were allowed to Samson to propound a riddle for the delectation of his guests, it will perhaps be not ill taken in me to question my hearers as follows : What is it ? It hath not feet, yet travelleth through the whole world ; it hath no hands, yet overmasters whole armies ; it hath no tongue, yet discourseth more eloquently than Bartolus or Baldus ; it hath no sense, yet is more mighty than all the wise men of the earth : 'tis a thing which, both in its German and Latin names, comes near to God. Well now what is it ? Crack me this nut, if you can. It is nothing else than Gold. Take away the *l* from it, and we have God, and in Latin *numen* is God, and *nummus* money, which two names are near akin.

'In the days of Noah, when the weary waters were deluging the world, the patriarch sent forth a dove to see how the rains stood upon

the earth. This pious and simple bird, more obedient than the raven, returned speedily, and lighted on the ark. After a time, he sent her forth again, and she returned with an olive branch in her mouth; and here the holy book doth not say that Noah this time laid hands on her, and took her into the ark; whence it is reasonable to conclude that she flew in the second time of her own accord, wherein lies no small mystery. The first time, Noah was obliged to draw her into the ark by force, the second time she flew freely in. Reason: the first time, the dovelet had nothing; the dovelet was a poor devil, and durst not venture into the ark,

Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras.

The second time, it had an olive branch, and flew straight in, well knowing that door and portal stand open to him that bringeth any thing.

'Here can I not omit to berate the miser a little. Dearest reader! thou hast doubtless seen somewhat beyond the hedge of thy father's garden, and wandered through many provinces and regions; tell me then, if thou hast ever seen a living purse of money? Such a rarity you have scarcely encountered. But lo! in Matthew, xvii. 23, it is described, how our blessed Lord and his disciples arrived at Capernaum, and the tax-money was demanded of them, and as neither our Lord nor Peter had any silver, he ordered the apostle to cast into the sea, and in the mouth of the first fish he caught he would find money—as indeed it happened, and thus the fish's mouth became a living purse. It is with misers as with this fish; they have nothing but gold in their mouths. They snap at gold, they talk of gold, they fight for gold, they sing of gold, they praise gold, they sigh for gold, they forget not gold, even on their death-bed. Yea, we have an instance in that bold scoffer, who, when the priest visited him in his last hour with the solemn rites of the church, said to him: 'Sir parson, I need not what the cup contains, but if you would have me loan you money on the golden cup itself, I am at your service;' and with these wicked words, gave up the ghost. So that we see that gold, gold is the miser's only thought. O ye fools! ye toil and ye moil, ye chase and ye race, ye sweat and ye fret, ye hurry and ye worry, ye wear and ye tear—and all for gold! Ye drink not, ye eat not, ye sleep not—for gold; till your eyes sink in your head like two hollow nut-shells, till your cheeks are pale as a lawyer's parchment, your hair ragged as a plundered swallow's nest, your legs covered only with skin, like an old drum-head!'

After despatching the misers in this style, he draws to a conclusion, and apostrophizes the world at large, telling them that all their misfortunes arise from sin, a text which he illustrates in this wise:

'I seem to see in fancy holy Bachomius in the wilderness, where he chose him a dwelling among hollow clefts of rocks, which abode consisted in nought but four crooked posts, with a transparent covering of dried boughs. And he, when wearied with singing psalms, resorting to labor lest the old serpent should catch him unemployed, and weaving rude coverings of thatch, sits by a rock, wherefrom flow forth silver veins of water, which make a pleasing murmur in their

crystal descent, while around him on the green boughs play the birds of the forest, who with their natural cadences, and the clear-sounding flutes of their throats joining *pleno choro*, transform the wood into a concert; and the agile deer, the bleating hares, the chirping insects, are his constant companions, unharmed and unharmed, all which furnishes him with solace and contentment. But it seemeth to me that our devout hermit delighteth himself more especially in the echo which sends him back his loud sighs and petitions, as when the holy anchorite cries, 'O merciful Christ!' the echo, that unembodied thief, steals away the words, and returns them back to him. But is he too sorely tempted, and doth he exclaim, in holy impatience, 'O thou accursed devil!' the echo lays aside its devout language and sounds back to him, 'Thou accursed devil!' In a word, as a man treats Echo so does Echo treat him.

'Now God is just like this voice of the woods. For it is an unquestioned truth, that as we demean ourselves toward God, so he demeaneth himself toward us.'

In the opinion of our author, and he is not singular in it, procrastination is the great foe to piety and repentance:

'By permission of the Almighty, I knock at the door of hell, and ask this or that one the reason of his condemnation. Holla! thou who art boiling in red hot iron, like a pea in a hot kettle, what was the cause of thy condemnation? 'I,' said he, 'was given to wild lusts, but resolved to leave off my wicked life, and repent, but was suddenly cut off, so that procrastination caused my eternal death.'

'The same answer I received from a hundred thousand wretched sinners. Oh how true is it, as the poet says:

'The raven *cras* oft closes the pass
Unto our souls' salvation;
The fatal 'to-morrow' produceth sorrow,
And final condemnation.'

'And even, silly souls, if you are not cut off by sudden death, but have time to repent given you on your death-bed, still such late repentance seldom availeth much in the sight of God; as Saint Augustine saith, 'The repentance of a sick man, I fear, is generally sickly; that of a dying man, generally dies away. For when thou canst sin no longer, it is not that thou desertest sin, but that sin deserts thee.'

'God in the Old Testament has admitted all kinds of beasts as acceptable offerings; but he excludeth the swan alone, though the swan with its white vesture agreeth well with the livery of the angels, because this feathered creature is the image of a sinner who puts off repentance till death; for the swan is silent through his whole life, and doth not sing till his life is at its close.

'When Eve let herself be led astray so foolishly by the serpent, God reproved the malice of the enemy with the words: 'Thou shalt bruise the heel of Eve and her seed.' * * * Why then is it said that the serpent shall bruise man's heel? It is here to be observed, that every thing in the Scripture is not to be taken according to the letter, for if so, almost every man would be a cripple; for the Bible telleth us, 'If thy foot offend thee, cut it off.' But often in such words, the Holy Spirit concealeth the profoundest doctrine. So in this passage,

as Lorinus wisely expoundeth it, we are not to understand by the heel, the lower part of the human body, but the last hours of man, which Satan pursueth most earnestly.'

Now for the conclusion :

'There are doubtless but few to be found among you so simple that they cannot count three. And if heaven has been so gracious as to endow you with wit enough to count three and upward, I still hope ye cannot go so far as to count among ye three-times-three, that is nine, I mean those nine, who were cured by the healing hand of Christ, and of whom only one returned to render to the Lord his *Deo Gratias*, while the other nine made off with themselves.'

The peroration runs on in this strain of quaint allusion at some length, but we are admonished that it is time to bring our labors to a close. The candle is flickering away its little life in uncertain flashes, and the quiet that surrounds us, warns us of like repose. Farewell then, Pater Abraham ! Back to thy old abode, in yonder nook of our library, where few will disturb thee, save some prying book-worm like ourself. Thy quaint conceits have beguiled us of more than one hour of weariness ; nor while we love thee the more for thy fun, do we respect thee less. Thou wert a true apostle of thy Master. The pestilence that ravaged the city, found thee laboring in thy calling, carrying the consolations of religion, and the hope of another life, to those to whom all other comfort and hope were denied, as fearlessly as ever stood a soldier of an earthly captain while his comrades were dropping round him. Far thee well ! and may posterity think none the worse of thee, that with thy talents and thy piety were mingled some of the weaknesses of our nature ; weaknesses which were but the overflowings of a merry and a kindly spirit. Would that all thy cloth had no other or worse foibles than thy bad jokes, thy cumbrous learning, and thy plethora of wit !

LINES.

'TINNIT, INANE EST!'

Thy bark, a coffin ; helmsman, death —
 A narrow shroud, the sail ;
 Thy freight corruption ; and the breath
 Of parting life the gale :
 This makes all sense and sight disclose
 Contemptible and mean ;
 But Faith, like ocean, riches knows,
 Exhaustless, but unseen.

And, as that ocean wild, the moon,
 With silver sceptre guides,
 And, tranquil on her distant throne,
 Controls the raging tides ;
 So Faith, from her celestial height,
 Consols the troubled breast,
 And calm, from consciousness of might,
 Rebellion awes to rest.

STANZAS.

STILL falls the boatman's oar,
Faint comes the ev'ning bell,
As from off the dusky shore
The cool night-breezes swell :
How sweet at such an hour,
The yellow sands to rove ;
The spirit wrapt within the power
Of dreaming love.

How sweet, when youth has gone,
And manhood's eye looks dim,
To waken up in Memory's tone,
Love's own vesper hymn ;
To bring back every note,
In early hours we knew,
And, as old voices round us float,
Believe them true.

Thus shall the buried joys,
The dreams, the hopes, the fears,
The all that cruel time destroys,
Come back to bless our years :
Thus shall the affections come,
Our raptures to restore ;
Thus shall the sad heart bloom
In youth once more.

G. B. SINGLETON.

THE FOSTER-CHILD.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF ENGLAND, FOUNDED ON FACT.

'TEN years to-day ! Mercy on us ! Time does fly indeed ! It seems but yesterday, and here she sat, her beautiful fair face all reddened by the heat, as in her childish romps she puffed with might and main the fire in that very grate. Dear heart ! — how sweet a child it was, surely ! Well, David, say what folks will, I'm convinced there was a fate about it.'

Before I relate how far David coincided in this opinion of his 'gude wife,' I will mention to whom and what she alluded, and how I had an opportunity of declaring a similar conviction.

Seated, after a kind reception by the master and matron, in the best room in the work-house of L —, in Kent, at my request they were proceeding to gratify my curiosity, raised by a picture which hung between the windows. The subject and execution were striking. It had been hit off at one of those luckiest moments for the artist, when, all unconscious, the study presented that inspiration to the task, which so rarely occurs in what is termed a 'sitting for a likeness.' On a three-legged stool, with one foot raised upon the fender, and an old pair of bellows resting on her lap, in the act of blowing the fire ; long clustering locks, the brightest yellow that ever rivalled sunbeams, flowing from a head turned toward her right shoulder, from which a coarse Holland pin-a-fore had slipped, by the

breaking of one of the strings that had fastened it, sat a child, apparently eight or nine years old, in whose face beamed more beauty, spirit, and intelligence, than surely ever were portrayed on canvass. Well might the good dame cry, 'Dear heart! how sweet a child it was!' Never before or since have I beheld its equal; and the vivid recollection of the wonder I then felt, will never cease to throw its light upon the page of memory, till time turns over a new leaf of existence. What admirable grace — how exquisitely free! She seemed indeed to inhale the breath that panting look bespoke a lack of. What joyous fire in her large blue eyes! And then the parted laughing lips, and small teeth; the attitude, how careless and most natural! All appeared as much to live, as if all actual. But little do I hope, gentle reader, to excite in you as lively an interest for the original, by my weak tints of simple black and white, as the glowing colors of the picture roused in me. I will not attempt it, but at once proceed with the story appertaining to the object of my inquiry, as narrated by my host and his wife.

'Do you tell the tale, Bessum,' said honest David, addressing his spouse, whose name, from Elizabeth and Betsey, had undergone this farther proof of the liberties married folks take with one another; 'do you tell the tale; and if needs be, I can help you on, where you forget any part of it.'

'Ah, you're a 'cute fellow, David,' said the vainly-christened Elizabeth; 'you know how to set an easy task, as well as any one, 'specially when it's for yourself to go about; but never mind, I wont rate 'e for 't, for I know 'tis a sad subject for you to deal with.'

Bessum was evidently right; for the tear that stood trembling for a moment in the corner of David's eye, as she spoke, rolled unheeded down his cheek; while the handkerchief that seemed to have been taken from across his knees, for the purpose of concealing the simplicity of the tribute his honest heart was paying, was employed, for at least the tenth time that day, to brush the dust from the picture of his 'poor dear child.' I was affected to a degree for which I was unable to account, by the touching sigh poor David heaved, as he replaced the handkerchief on his knees, and resigned himself to the pangs my curiosity was about to inflict on him. There was a tender melancholy in the kind creature's face, that seemed to mark the lacerated feelings of intense affection. I could have pressed him to my breast, in sympathy of his sufferings, for I was already a sharer of his grief, before I knew the cause of it. It was at this moment that the dame began her story, in the words of my commencement.

'Ten years to-day,' said she, 'since that picture was painted, Sir —'

'Ah! my poor dear child!' sighed David; from which ejaculation I inferred that I was about to hear a tale of which his own daughter was the heroine; but I was soon undeceived by his wife, who thus proceeded:

'It be n't necessary to go farther back in the dear child's life, than the day she was first placed with me to nurse; who she is, has nought to do with what she is, or the story of her life; certain sure it is, she was the loveliest babe I ever saw, and I and David were as proud of her as if she were our own. Bless her dear heart! how

every body talked about her, and how all the folks *did* love her, too, surely ! I can't tell you, Sir, how beautiful she was ; and as she grew, her beauty kept good pace with her years, I promise you. She was nine years old the very day the painter came to make a likeness of her for her father ; here she sat in this very room, just as you see her in the picture, Sir. She had run in from the garden, where she had been at romps with poor George, and was puffing away at the fire with an old pair of bellows, which she found among the lumber in the tool-house, when the gentleman, who she did n't notice at first, was arranging his matters for the painting of the picture. It was at the moment that she turned round to see who was in the room, that, as he said, he was so struck with her lovely face, that he could have taken her likeness, if he had not seen her an instant longer ; and sure enough he was not out much in his reckoning, for he had scarcely taken his pencil in his hand, before the little madcap bounded out of the room, and ran off to her play-mate in the garden. That is a copy of the picture, Sir ; and if the poor dear child were sitting here as she was on that day, she could n't look more like herself than that painting does to me.'

David was in the very act of again converting his handkerchief into a duster, but after a momentary struggle, for once in a way, he pressed a corner of it to his eyes, and kept his seat.

'Of all those, barring myself and David,' continued the dame, 'who loved the sweet child, as to be sure every body did, more or less, none seemed to doat on her so much as the young gentleman who was then our village doctor's assistant, and poor George.'

'And pray who was poor George ?' said I.

'Ah, Sir, his is a sorry story, too ; but of that anon ; he was a gentleman born, Sir — bless his dear soul ! — but before he was barely out of his teens, study and such like turned his wits, and poor George was placed in our care, an idiot. Oh, how he would watch and wait upon his young mistress, as he used to call the dear child ; and 'Harri,' for so we called our little Harriet, for shortness, seemed to look up to him for all her amusements and happiness. Good heart ! to see him racing round the garden, till he was fairly tired and beat for breath, trundling her in the wheel-barrow, and fancying himself her coachman ; and then how he'd follow her wherever she went, as if to protect her ; always at a distance, when he fancied she did not wish him with her, but never out of sight. She appeared to be his only care ; his poor head seemed filled with nothing but thoughts of her. His friends used to send him trinkets and money, and baubles to amuse him ; and his greatest pride was to take little 'Harri' into his room, and show her his stores, hang his gilt chains and beads about her neck ; seat her in his large arm-chair, and stand behind it, as if he were her footman ; and play all kinds of pranks, to make her laugh ; for he seemed pleased when *she* laughed at him, though he would not bear a smile from any body else at the same cause. His senses served him at times, and then he would fall into fits of the bitterest melancholy, as he sat looking in our sweet child's face, as if reflecting how much he loved her, and how little his wandering mind was able to prove his affection. Ah, poor fellow ! it's well his sufferings ended when they did, for they would have been terrible indeed, if he had

lived till now ; but all who loved her best, fell off from her, either by death or desertion, when her day of trouble came.'

David's resolution was plainly wavering, as to the application of his handkerchief, when Bessum gave it the turn in favor of the picture, on perceiving her husband's emotion, by adding :

'As for David and myself, you know, Sir, we are nobody ; it would be strange indeed if we could ever have turned our backs upon the dear child.'

'God forbid !' said David, and little Harri's portrait received the extra polish breathed upon it by a deep sigh previous to the ordinary one, emanating solely from the handkerchief, 'God forbid !' repeated David, and Bessum added a hearty 'Amen !' as she resumed her story.

'As the sweet child grew up,' continued she, 'she was the talk of all tongues, far and near ; and before she was fifteen, Sir, gentlefolks came from all parts to see her. A fine time we had of it, surely ; first one pretence and then another kept us answering questions and inquiries about her, all day long. As for Dame Beetle, who kept a little shop, and sold gloves over the way, just facing this window, she made a pretty penny by the beauty of our dear child ; though the old simpleton thought it was the goodness of her gloves that brought her so many gentlemen customers. Why, I have known no fewer than five or six of the neighboring squires, ay, and lords too, so difficult to fit, that they've been standing over the little counter by the hour together ; but I warrant not to much purpose, as far as the real object of their visit was concerned. No sooner did horse, or gig, or carriage stop in the village, than dear Mr. George — that is him that was with the Doctor, you know, Sir —'

'Oh, his name was George too ?'

'Yes, Sir, that it was ; and down here he would run as fast as legs could carry him ; and his first question was always, 'David, where is little Harri ? Take her into the garden.' And here he would sit till the gentry opposite were gone away. If ever one creature did doat upon another, Mr. George loved that sweet child. Ah ! would to heaven he had lived to make her his wife ! But it's all fate, and so I suppose it's for the best as it is ; though I would have died, sooner than things should have fallen out as they have, if that could have prevented it.'

'A thousand times over,' responded David, with a fond glance at the picture ; 'I'd rather never have been born, than have lived to weep over the ruin of such heavenly beauty and goodness.'

A chill of horror struck upon my heart, as I repeated, with inquiring emphasis, the word that had produced it. 'The ruin ?' said I ; 'impossible !' and as I raised my eyes toward heaven, at the thought of such a sacrifice, they caught those of the victim in the picture. I could have wept aloud, so powerful was the influence of the gaze that I encountered. There sat the loveliest creature that the world e'er saw ; an artless, careless child ; health, hope and happiness beaming in her sweet fair face ; her lips, although the choicest target for his aim, the foil of Cupid's darts, so pure, so modest was the smile that parted them. Her eyes, the beacon lights of virgin chastity ; her joyous look the Lethe where pale care could come but to be lost,

it scared off wo. And were these made for ruin to write shame upon? Oh man, monster, ingrate, fiend! Heaven, pitying the dull clod of nature's 'prentice work, sends an ethereal solace to your aid, and when the blessing comes with three-fold charms, to make the bounteous gift more welcome still, you seek, with whetted, graceless appetite, to abuse it, and know no bounds that limit less than infamy, to make up the mortal sum of your ingratitude.

I was roused from my reverie, by the perseverance of the good dame, who thus took up the thread of her discourse that my exclamation and subsequent reflection had broken:

'Ah, poor dear Mr. George! if he had lived, all would have been well. I make bold to say, for certain sure, they would have been man and wife by this time; for though she used to go on finely at 'that doctor,' as the darling girl used to call him, because he was the cause of her being taken into the garden so often, without knowing why, for all that she loved him in her heart, as well she might; for, as I said before, he fairly doated upon her; and yet so delicate was his noble mind, he could never, as it were, talk seriously to her; that is to say, not to make any kind of love to her, you know, Sir. He had known her from a precious babe, and although his whole heart and soul, I do believe, were set upon one day making her his wife, if so be as she should not refuse him of her own free will, still, he felt so almost like a father to her, though he was not more than eight or nine years older than she, that he never could bring himself to fairly pay court to her, as a lover, you see.'

'God bless his noble heart!' said David, as he rested his elbow on his knee, and his chin on the palm of his hand; 'he always said he should be drowned; there's fate ag'in, Bessum, sure enough.'

'And did he die by drowning?' said I.

'Ay, Sir,' replied the dame; 'and scarce was he dead, as if they only waited for that, than our sweet child's misfortunes began.'

'Destiny, indeed,' thought I, as a superstitious feeling seemed to prepare me for the proofs of it.

'She was just sixteen, and that's nearly five years ago, when she lost him that would have been more than all the world to her, as a body may say; and when Lieutenant H—— brought permission from a certain quarter to court her for his wife, heavy was my poor heart at the thoughts of parting with the blessed child, but more so, ten times over, though I could n't tell why, at the idea of who I was going to part with her to. She was proud of the conceit of being married, and pleased with the gold lace and cocked hat of the young sailor. I do n't believe the thought of love for him ever once entered her head; but that was nothing, for she would have loved any one who behaved kindly to her; and then to be a wife, and her own mistress, and the mistress of a house, alack-a-day! she little knew what she was doing, when she promised her hand where her heart had not gone before, and where none was beating for her. But it was well she made no objection, for it was to be, whether or not; so she was spared at least the pain of being forced against her will.

'Well, Sir, the wedding-day came, and never do I remember such a day as it was; in vain did the bells ring, and the sun shine. Folks, spite of all and of themselves too, could n't be merry. They smiled,

and talked, and tried to appear gay ; but to my plain honest thinking, there was not a light heart in the village. Poor George, to be sure, was dancing with delight, for he saw the preparations, and the fine clothes ; and he heard the bells ringing, and the neighbors talking, and he understood that all was for and about ' his lady,' as he then called his old play-mate ; and the idea of so much fuss and bustle on her account, made him as proud and happy as if he were to be the sharer of it. Little did he imagine, that it was to end in robbing him of the only comfort of his life, poor fellow ! And as the bride and bridegroom came from church, where, to the very altar, he had followed, like a guardian saint, his watchful eye, faithful in its duty to the last, he picked up here and there a flower that the villagers had strewn, on which she trod, and stuck them in a row in the button-holes of his waistcoat. But when the time came that our dear child was to be torn from our arms, there was a scene I never shall forget. She bade us one by one good-bye, as if she did n't dream of being gone from us a day. It fairly seemed as though Providence had deprived her of all thought. But when she came to take her leave of George, she appeared to shrink from bidding him farewell. She took his hand, and with a fluttering smile, said, ' George, I am going for a ride' — and she was gone. For full three hours after, George was missing ; and when the twilight made us stir to find where he could be, there by the garden-gate he stood, with the old wheel-barrow at his side ; his handkerchief spread out upon it, as he was wont to do when he used to wheel his little play-mate in it years ago ; there was he, waiting till she should come to ride. Poor, poor creature ! He had no idea of the journey that she meant when she told him she was going for a ride. He knew that he had been her coachman many a time and oft, and he thought of no other carriage than that which he had driven. I burst out a crying at the very sight of him. There he stood, as confident that she was coming, as if he had seen her on the threshold of the door, with her gipsy hat on her head. Three hours he had waited, and when I saw him, it would have melted a heart of stone to watch his look, and think upon the misery in store for him. The sun had gone down, and there was not a sound to hear, but now and then the melancholy pipe of a robin, or the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell. Every thing seemed sorrowing in silence at our loss ; and he that would pine most, alone was ignorant of it. I had 'nt courage to call him away, and tell him his misfortune ; but when David brought him in, and told him that his lady had gone for a ride with the new footman, as the poor fellow called the lieutenant, the anguish in his face was more woful than you can think of, Sir. Every day, at the same hour, he brought the wheel-barrow to the garden gate, and kept it there till sunset ; then, till he went to bed, he 'd sit arranging the withered flowers in his waistcoat. He was never obstinate in refusing to do as he was desired ; but unless he had been bidden to eat and drink, no morsel would have passed his lips. He never thought of hunger or of thirst. His little mistress, his old play-mate, and, as he thought her, his only friend, alone occupied the mind that never wandered now. It was fixed upon one object, and on that it dwelt. Ten months he pined and lingered for his loss, and

then, more sensible than he had ever been before, poor George, Sir, died.'

'And happy for him that he is no more,' said I, anticipating the sequel of little Harri's story; 'he has gone down to the cold bed, it is true; but his pillow is far smoother than the down that is pressed in vain for quiet and repose by the heartless and unfeeling.'

'True, very true, Sir,' said David; and I was half in doubt whether the handkerchief would be put in requisition again; but it kept its place across the knees of my host, and Bessum continued:

'From the day she left us, Sir, we saw no more of our dear child for two years; but sad was the tale that reached us before she had been gone a month. Think of her wrongs, Sir. The man who had taken her to be parted but by death, left her the very next day after he had robbed scores of honest sighing hearts of the chance of proving the sincerity of their love by a life of cherishing and devotion.'

'God forgive him!' said David, 'for I fear I never can.'

'The gallows pardon him, for I never would,' cried I, in an ecstasy of vengeance and regret. 'And what became of the deserted wife?'

Bessum, who had for nearly an hour stifled the feelings to which she was all that time hankering to give vent, finding this either too seasonable or powerful an occasion to resist, burst into tears, while David, as a counterpoise to the grief which he had heretofore monopolized, evinced a well-timed symptom of stoicism, by folding up his handkerchief at least three times as small as the usual dimensions to which laundresses or common consent have established, time out of mind, a limit; and then thrusting it into the salt-box pocket of his coat, as being the last place, at that particular crisis, to which, under the influence of his senses, he certainly must have intended its destination.

'I shall make short work of the rest on't, I promise you, Sir,' sobbed the tender-hearted foster-mother; 'it be n't much use to dwell upon the finish.'

'End it at once,' said I, impatient of farther melancholy detail.

'Twenty-four hours had not passed, Sir, after the heartless fellow had become a husband, before he was aboard ship, and on his way to the East Indies. He had completed his bargain; he had married our blessed child, and received his wages for the job. He took her to the house of one of his relations, near London, and without telling her whither he was going, or when, if ever, he should return, left her as I have described. Fancy her sufferings, Sir; think what she felt, when she found herself a widow before she was fairly a wife. Oh, my heart bleeds when I recollect her wrongs! Well, Sir, she pined and fretted till those with whom she lived would fain have got rid of her; and it was not long before they had their wish.'

'And did the poor child die of her distress?' said I; 'alas! so young!'

'Not just then, Sir; you'll scarcely think that the worst of her troubles had yet to come, but so it was. As fate would have it, she was one day met and followed home by a gentleman who, she could n't help observing, appeared so struck with her, that though he did not offer to speak to her, seemed determined upon finding where she lived. Every day, for more than a week, did he watch the house

nearly all day long; and when at last she went out of doors, he made the best of the opportunity, and began in the most woful manner to tell her how much he loved her, and what he was suffering on her account; and to beg and pray of her not to be angry with him for what he could n't help. Well, Sir, he spoke so mild and respectful, and seemed so truly miserable, that the wretched widow could n't for the life of her speak harshly to him, and so she made no answer at all. He told her that he saw she had something on her mind that distressed her, and said he was certain sure he could make her happy, and that not even her displeasure should make him cease from the attempt. And sure enough, to her, poor thing, he seemed to be as good as his word; for though she forbade him to approach her in any way again, still he hovered about the house as much as ever, and wrote such letters, telling of his misery and anxiety on her account, that, tired out by the ill treatment of those to whose tender mercies she was abandoned; sinking under the pangs of her desertion, and beset by the arts and entreaties of a fine young man, who seemed to speak so fairly for her comfort and good; in an evil hour, the poor deluded and distracted creature flew to his arms for that protection which in vain was pledged her by a husband.

'I have already told you, that in my opinion she never had a thought of any love for the man she had married; it is not to be wondered at, then, that one who at least professed to be all that a husband should be, found no great difficulty or delay in gaining her affections and confidence in return. In short, her young heart, that had never before known the feeling, was now fixed upon this man with all the fondness and devotion of a first love. It was no hard matter for him, therefore, to persuade her to whatever he liked; and the first advice he gave her for her good was, to take a house in the neighborhood of one of the parks, which he made his home; eating, drinking, and riding about at her expense. For twelve or fourteen months, this was a life of uninterrupted happiness for our poor Harri. She had quiet or company, as she liked, and the society of one whom she loved to madness. She did n't trouble herself about what folks called the meanness of a man in a profession being clothed and kept by a woman; so long as there was the money, what mattered which had it, or which laid it out? This was the argument of a doating girl; and the best proof that it was a sufficient one is, that she was content. The first sign of an interruption to the joys that alas! are always too dearly bought at the sacrifice she had made, was the news of the arrival in England of her husband; and within two days after that, his appearance at her house. Here was a fine to do indeed! She was alone in her drawing-room, and no one else in the house but the two maid servants. In vain did she resist, and entreat him. By main force he carried her out of the house, put her into a hackney-coach, without bonnet or shawl, and drove away with her to the house of his mother. That man was born to be her torment and ruin. He had left her when he ought most to have been in her company, and he returned when his desertion had driven her, in misery and despair, to seek for happiness in the expectation of which with him he had deceived her; to disturb the comfort his heartlessness had neglected to afford her. Do n't fancy that he loved her, Sir; 't was no such

thing, as I shall soon make clear to you. However, not six hours after she had been taken away, the dear child was home again, and in the arms of the man for whom she would have risked her life. Here was devotion, Sir. She got out of a one pair of stairs' window, by letting herself down with the bed clothes, as far as they would reach, and by jumping the rest; and just as she had been taken from her home, without a bit of out-door covering, off she set, in the cold and wet of a December night, and had to walk for full a mile and a half, before she got the coach that carried her home. Did her husband love her, Sir? Day after day he rode or walked past the house, and sent letters to her; but never once offered to seek out the man who kept his wife from him. Can he have loved her, Sir, to leave her in the quiet possession of another, and take himself off again to the Indies? So much for the husband, and now for the lover, as he called himself.

'Matters, I do n't know what, took him to France; and he was to return to her, who was weary of her life in his absence, within a month. He had not been gone a fortnight, before she received a letter from him, written in a French prison, where he was confined for debt. That hour she started post for Dover, and in three days they were on their road home together. Little Harri had released the man she adored, and brought him away from his troubles in triumph and in joy.'

David's handkerchief, notwithstanding the depth into which it had been plunged, and the compactness with which it had been doubled up, was out of his pocket, unfolded, and across his knees in an instant; while the dame took occasion to fortify herself for the coming trial with a considerable pinch of Scotch snuff.

'They did n't reach home, Sir,' resumed she, 'for more than a fortnight; for they staid a day here, and a day there, to see the sights, and such like; and because she, poor girl, was in no condition for much hurry, though she had forgotten that, as she did every thing, when she started, but her devoted love for him whom she went to rescue. But when they did arrive, dearly did she pay for the fault a husband's cruelty had driven her to commit; and bitter was the punishment of Providence. But it was all fate, I'm sure it was, it must have been; for surely her crime did n't call for such a dreadful judgment as befel her. Oh, good heart, Sir; after all she had undergone, in a long journey to a foreign land, where she had never been before, and all alone, too, Sir, without a friend to help or to advise her; she had left a house fitted and furnished like a little palace, as a body may say, the homestead of her high-priced fatal happiness; think of her reaching what she thought a home, and finding none! What can have been her feelings? She was soon to be a mother, and she had not a bed to lie down upon! In the short time that she had been away, the servant, in whose charge she left her house, by the aid and advice of a villain she kept company with, had carried off every thing, under the pretence that he was moving for her mistress. Ah, you may look surprised, Sir, and with reason; but 't is just as true as you and I sit here.'

'God's will be done!' sobbed David; 'she's out of harm's way now, Bessum; God's will be done!'

'She did n't rave and take on, Sir,' continued Bessum; 'the hand of

destiny was on her, and she felt it. As calmly as though nothing had occurred, she bade the coachman drive to a certain hotel. She seemed to reckon but for a moment between what she had lost and what she had regained; and she was satisfied with the account as it stood. All in the world for which she cared, was still spared to her. She had herself preserved him; the author of her dishonor, the cause of her loss, and only compensation for it, the father of her child! These were all she prized on earth, and he who was one and all, now sat beside her. With a look of resignation, confidence, and content, she said: 'What's to be done?'

The eyes upon the canvass seemed to ask *me* for an answer. I felt that I could beg subsistence for such a woman — become a drudge, a slave, or yield my life up for her sake. 'And what was his answer?' cried I, in an ecstasy of impatience.

'Good advice! good advice, Sir!' replied Bessum. '*He asked her, if she did n't think she had better go to her old nurse!*' This was all the comfort she got from her lover; and she asked him for no more. She did n't upbraid him. Her wrongs were too great to be humbled by complaint. He had dealt her death-blow, and she followed his advice. She came to her old nurse, Sir — God be praised! — and I and David closed her precious eyes for ever, after they had lingered, in their last dim sight, on the lifeless image of him whose name, with her forgiveness and prayer to heaven for his happiness, were the last words upon her sweet, sweet lips!

'And if a special hand is not upraised to strew his path of life with tenfold the sharp pangs that drove his victim to an early grave,' cried I, 'it can only be, that it has already sent the monster to his last fearful account.'

My heart was faint and sick at the recital I had heard. I returned to my inn, and all that night — for it was in vain that I attempted to sleep — I mused upon this awful dispensation of the wrath of heaven; and, dare I own it, I felt that had I been the sentencer, I must have incurred the blame of partiality, by a verdict in which pity would have blunted the keen edge of that just severity with which the wisdom of vindictive Providence had stricken the transgression of '*Poor little Harri!*'

M.

SONNET.

THE moon is gliding on her clear blue way:
I've watched her, as she rose above the clouds which lay
Darkly along the horizon; as she threw
A glorious halo round them, and then drew,
With her still power, away the fogs which night
Gathers upon the earth; then touched with light
The tree-abounding city, till its stately domes
Of Gothic and of Dorian art, and quiet homes,
Slept 'neath a sea of beauty. Then, sweet lady, I
Was bidden in my heart, remember thee —
How thou hast risen in thy angel purity,
And light of heavenly truth, to beam on me,
And scatter far the darkness, doubts, and fears,
Which rose from out the tomb of my young misspent years.

G. P. T.

STANZAS.

THINK is the hour of joy ;
 The heart untouched by sorrow,
 And bliss without alloy
 Is pictured on to-morrow :
 To-morrow ! — it may come
 To robe thy brow in sadness,
 Make desolate thy home,
 And rob thy heart of gladness.

But fear thou not the storm,
 Though it pass in fury o'er thee ;
 The rainbow's smiling form
 Still bends its arch before thee :
 It tells thee joy may fade,
 And winter strip the bower,
 Hope in the grave be laid,
 And withered every flower :

Yet there's a home on high,
 Where sorrow enters never,
 Where pleasure cannot die,
 And friendship lives for ever.
 'Tis where the good are blest
 With happiness unending
 A world of heavenly rest,
 And there thy steps are tending !

November 4, 1836.

J. H. B.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

'Unweeded gardens ;
 Things rank and gross in nature
 Possess them merely.'

THERE is nothing more subject to the notice of a traveller in the United States, than the want of ornament about the residences, not only of the poorer but of the richer class of inhabitants. It would certainly seem, that the manners of the New-Englanders, so aptly described by the worthy historian of the three Dutch governors of New-York, had not yet entirely fallen into desuetude. He who has seen the many huge and ungainly, though perhaps less rickety and flimsy, palaces that frequently adorn a wide landscape, cannot think that the age of air-castles has wholly departed : it lacks but the relics of the old family wardrobe, petticoats, hats and breeches, thrust in the windows, to complete the idea, that one is in the land and age alluded to by the same veracious historian I have mentioned. How far an inside view of our modern shingle palaces might betoken a similar want of energy or means in the proprietors, it does not beseech my present purpose to inquire.

Certainly, the little attention that is paid to external ornament, around the situations of the wealthy and the great of our land, is evidence of a want of that refined taste which all should desire to see more common. It cannot be attributed to want of means, or of

disposition to expend them, in decorating the family mansion; for enough is often laid out in the bare edifice that 'rears its bulky form against the sky,' if judiciously expended, not only to give to the building itself a far more tasteful appearance, but to surround it with ornamental work, and shrubbery, that shall add tenfold to its beauty, and very much to its comfort. It is the want of judgment and taste manifested in the expenditure of the vast sums annually devoted to the erection of retired family residences, which I esteem more particularly worthy of notice.

As a too common fault, the building itself is erected much too large for the purposes to which it is to be applied. It would often seem, that the proprietor imagined the respectability of his appearance, his very standing in the community, was to be measured by the extent of the edifice erected as his family residence. A huge palace is consequently run up, without the slightest idea of consulting the rules of symmetry or proportion, and plainly though expensively finished. It is then that the energy of the proprietor, as if exhausted at the immensity of the undertaking, fails him. No attention has been paid to the situation, save that care may possibly have been taken that the building should front the south or east; and it may be that he is not aware, until he enters his parlor, whether its windows open upon a delightful prospect, a rough hedge, or a black morass. If it should afford a convenient opportunity for a drain to the cellar, a spot of rising ground may have been selected, or if no such prudent foresight should trouble the mind, the mansion may be overlooked by a cragged knoll, that serves to protect it from the wintry blasts. If the out-buildings, barns, stables, and sheds, are behind, rather than on a line with, or directly in front of, the dwelling, it arose from the merest accident; for it never was thought worth the while to consult so arbitrary a rule of propriety as that which would teach the modest pig-stye that its appropriate sphere of duty was confined to a less conspicuous spot than the more aristocratic family mansion might properly claim. If the building is thoroughly completed, by which I mean without a particle of what the owner calls superfluous ornament, he is satisfied; sometimes, if blinds are added, or a handsome fence is built, he has done wonders, and thinks himself entitled to retire to — I wish I might say with better propriety — the *shades* of private life, and enjoy the true *otium cum dignitate*.

Thus stand the dwellings of many of our most wealthy and respectable citizens, naked and bare, looking more like extensive manufactories, than habitations of refined taste. It is the absence of exterior ornament, of fences, flowers, shade-trees, and shrubbery, that first strikes the eye as indicating a want of taste and judgment. Even though elegance and strict architectural proportion may have been consulted, judgment displayed in the selection of the site, and taste in the arrangement of the buildings, to suit the scenery about it, there is always the appearance of something wanting, if little or no attention has been paid to ornamenting the grounds about with shade-trees and shrubbery. No lavish expenditure on works of art can atone for the absence of these natural charms.

Some reasons may be adduced for the slight attention which is

paid in this country to the beautiful study of arboriculture, and for the want of taste often manifested in relation to some of the noblest productions of nature. From having a boundless wilderness to convert into fruitful fields, it would almost seem that our fathers had acquired an inveterate antipathy to every thing bearing resemblance to a forest tree. In 'clearing' the spot selected for a settlement, every thing was swept off, with axe and fire, unless the primitive settler had occasion to use a few conveniently-placed trees to support the roof of his humble dwelling. He never dreamed that the sturdy monarchs of the forest might become desirable for the purpose of ornament, still less that their scarcity would ever render them valuable to the tenants of the soil. In consequence of this early development of the organ of destructiveness, very few ornamental trees, of great age or size, are to be found in the villages of our country; presenting something of an anomaly: a country unrivalled in the age and extent of its forests, and having indigenous to its soil some of the most beautiful specimens of ornamental trees, but with its towns and villages having scarcely a single tree, of great size or age, to ornament and shade their streets.

Nor have the indications of this destructive spirit of the early settlers, though less common, passed entirely away with the progress of time, or of our country in prosperity and happiness. The antipathy of which I have spoken, although it would hardly yet seem to be extinguished, is gradually wearing away. The study of arboriculture is beginning to be thought of and esteemed; attention is being paid to the planting of shade and ornamental trees; many of our public thoroughfares are properly bordered with the young and thrifty stalks, that in the due process of vegetation will adorn them with stately trees; and the situations of private citizens are beginning to exhibit, more commonly, signs of the beauty produced by the same cause.

Still less has there been any general attention paid to the art—for such I believe has been settled to be the classification of so beautiful a study—of landscape and ornamental gardening. Of this study, a late elegant writer remarks: 'It is a noble and worthy pursuit, and one that cannot be too earnestly encouraged, as a source of the purest and most elegant recreation; one whose indulgence is equally beneficial to the mind and to the body. The enjoyment which it affords, is at once sensual and intellectual; and if less stimulating than many other sensual gratifications, it has this superiority over them, that it is the least palling of any, or rather one that is incapable of satiating.' I know there are reasons why landscape gardening, of which the untravelled American knows literally nothing, can scarcely if ever be expected to reach that degree of splendor for which other climes are already noted. The fortunes of our citizens are of too recent acquirement, and too often divided among heirs, and otherwise, to permit of the great expense of such undertakings, even had society arrived at that pitch of refinement which naturally fosters this and other branches of the fine arts. These obstacles will effectually retard, if not prevent, those stupendous results of individual wealth and energy, which ages of feudal power, and the laws of primogeniture, have heaped upon the soil of Europe.

But there is a lesser branch of the art, more properly denominated the ornamental, which it is within the reach of most of our citizens to carry to a great degree of perfection. The grounds about our dwellings, though they may be limited, are capable of being dressed in a garb at once pleasing to the eye, and in other ways profitable to the owner. The traveller in England remarks, continually, upon neat rural cottages, embowered amid fruit trees, shrubbery, and flowers, with a portion of the ground around them tastefully arranged, and devoted to the cultivation of esculent vegetables, that supply much of the food necessary for the subsistence of the family. So too in many parts of continental Europe, the attention which all ranks bestow upon the grounds surrounding their dwellings strikes favorably the eye of the stranger, and leads him to exclaim that his tour lies through 'one continued garden, highly picturesque and pleasing.' All this is within the reach of our citizens, the humblest, as well as those who revel in superfluous wealth. Shade-trees of great beauty and long life are readily to be obtained, easily transplanted, and easily made to thrive. The cost of a neat close fence is trifling to those who are bred in the paths of industry and economy. A trellis is easily thrown up, and there is no difficulty in leading over it the creeping vine. Fruits of various descriptions may be cultivated with pleasure and profit, and flowers with hardly less of either. Small neat cottages, those rich caskets of pure enjoyment, may be embellished with the various objects of rural taste, and be made each the centre of a little Eden, that shall lead the lover of rural felicity to believe that it may exist elsewhere than in the fruitful imagination of the poet.

It is seriously to be wished, that more attention should be paid to this, of all studies the most humanizing and innocuous. It is to be regretted, that our countrymen are not more alive to the importance of devoting a small share of time and expense to ornamenting their dwellings and the public streets. 'I regard' (says an approved writer, whom I have not yet quoted) 'the man who surrounds his dwelling with the objects of rural taste, or who even plants a single shade-tree by the road side, as a public benefactor; not merely because he adds something to the general beauty of the country, and to the pleasure of those who travel through it, but because he also contributes something to the refinement of the general mind. He improves the taste, especially of his own family and neighborhood.' Were such benefactors more common, were country cottages, adorned with simplicity and taste, more frequent, we should hear more of that true rural enjoyment which does not consist in rudeness and selfishness, but in rational and dignified pleasure; we should acquire a national character for stability and contentment, as just as that which we now enjoy for uneasiness and mobility; we should hear less complaint of the disposition of our young men to ramble from the patrimonial estate, and bury themselves in the speculations and dissipated enjoyments of city life.

It is a too common opinion, that gardens are like the extremes of fashion, costly and useless appendages, maintained at great expense, and without yielding either profit or real satisfaction. Nothing can be wider from the truth. There is not an individual who can better

employ a portion of his time and industry, than in the cultivation of a small spot about his dwelling. It is the nursery of elegant taste and refined feeling, and aids essentially in the cultivation of those elevated sentiments which bind men together in the bands of social union. 'Who,' says an elegant French writer, a century ago, 'who does not love flowers? They embellish our gardens; they give a more brilliant lustre to our festivals; they are the interpreters of our affections; they are the testimonials of our gratitude; we present them to those to whom we are under obligations; they are often necessary to the pomp of our religious ceremonies, and they seem to associate and mingle their perfumes with the purity of our prayers, and the homage which we address to the Almighty. Happy are those who love and cultivate them!' Nor is that labor lost in other respects, which is devoted to the cultivation of a garden. It may be made to afford sustenance for a whole family. It is the spot for useful experiment, and may be mentioned as the place into which some of the most valuable products of agriculture have been first introduced, and their qualities tested.

The external air and appearance of a dwelling are no uncertain indications of the character of its inmates. A large house, richly and expensively finished though it may be, standing naked and exposed to the burning rays of a summer sun, has nothing inviting in its appearance; and it is not unnatural, that with the absence of ornament and refreshing shade, we should augur as well the want of intelligence and taste in those who occupy it. There is something dry and hard in the air about it, that betokens little of kindly sentiment, little of social feeling—those blossoms that lend to scenes in our earthly pilgrimage their elysian fragrance. If we expect from such a place the sounds of merriment, they are those of rude mirth and selfish enjoyment. Very different is the idea conveyed by the snug cottage, with its surrounding shrubbery. The building may be humble in size and in its display of architectural skill; but it is neat and tidy, and indicative of attention paid to other than mere animal enjoyments. It is shaded by the foliage of overhanging trees; its fences are tastefully though plainly built; its grounds are richly cultivated, and disposed with much of beauty and effect; its shrubbery and flowers are pleasantly arranged. It is here we look for a happy family, above the world's reproach, for rational and refined enjoyment, for kindly intercourse between beings of the higher order of intellect.

It is a mistaken notion, scarcely less common than that which considers the cultivation of a garden as a useless expenditure of time and labor, which holds that nothing worthy the name of garden can be had without much expense, and that it is better to make no attempt, than to dabble in few flowers, and rude specimens of garden architecture. Many are doubtless deterred by the despair of ever attaining, with their opportunities and means, any degree of the beautiful and picturesque that should attract the commendation of those versed in a better and costlier style of the art. But there is no spot of ground, however unfitted for the purposes of ornamental gardening, that may not be arranged with beauty and effect, and that too at a trifling expense. It certainly could not be expected, that in this branch of the art should be expended the immense

required for attaining that splendor to which the landscape garden may be perfected. A small and level bit of ground, devoid of water and prospect, may yet be so cultivated as to delight the eye, even of the amateur gardener. It may be traversed by winding alleys, bordered with flowers, of which there can be ever had a sufficient variety; it may be planted with every variety of fruit, adapted to the situation and climate; it may be adorned with trellises, covered with trailing plants, and vases filled with appropriate flowers; it may be provided with its terraces and parterres, its bowers and refreshing shades. An ordinary share of industry and taste will prepare and arrange these, so that there shall not be an entire lack of beauty, even though it should want in elegant sculpture, in costly vases, in cascades and fountains, or in distant views of enchanting scenery. The expense of all this need not deter any one who has a free use of the faculties with which nature has endowed him: it may be saved often in the retrenchment of a single superfluity, and of these there is no lack with those who live what the world would term decently. Try it, young man; and if you feel not amply repaid, if you feel not a wiser, better, happier man, then I forfeit my credit in the art prognostic.

W. A. B.

THE SEA.

I LOVE thee, dark blue sea!
 When sleeping tranquilly,
 When winds blow shrill,
 And foaming surges rise,
 That seem to dare the skies —
 I love thee still!

And when the morning sleeps
 Upon thy silent deeps,
 I love the hour!
 Or when the star of night
 Bathes thee in silver light,
 I own thy power.

I love thy golden strand,
 When on the shell-strewn sand
 Thy billows break;
 When, soft as infant's sleep,
 Thy gentle ripples creep,
 Nor echo wake.

And when thy thunders roar,
 And lash the trembling shore,
 Deep, foaming, strong,
 And high thy breakers roll,
 I feel thee stir my soul,
 And love thy song!

Yes, thou art dear to me,
 Thou ever-flowing sea!
 Where'er thy waters roll;
 In every varied mood,
 Or mild, or gay, or rude,
 From pole to pole!

THAPTOPSIS.

Not in the marble tomb —
 Lay me not there to rest,
 With the dim charnel gloom
 Damply around my breast:
 Bind me not there to lie,
 Cold, mouldering lone,
 Unmoved by the rain, as it falleth nigh,
 Or the winds of varied tone:
 No! — lay me under the sod —
 'Neath the green turf, lay me low,
 Where the sweet spring flowers may nod,
 In dews which wet my brow.
 Ay! then I'll mount the flowers,
 And be worn on fairest breast,
 And go up in vines which deck the bowers,
 Where beauty loves to rest:
 I shall rise, perchance, in the laurel leaf,
 And be worn in the conqueror's hall;
 In the grape, I'll be the foe of grief,
 And the joy of the festival;
 This is the way which I would rest —
 Not in the charnel gloom:
 Then lay me under the earth's green vest,
 And I'll seek me out my tomb.

G. P. T.

EXQUISITES: THE GENUS 'BORE.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDITING AND OTHER MATTERS,' 'JOHN JENKINS,' ETC.

'SOME say there's nothing made in vain,
 While others the reverse maintain,
 And prove it very handy,
 By citing animals like these:
 Mosquitoes, bed-bugs, crickets, fleas,
 And worse than all — A DANDY!'

RAY.

RICHARD DRILLING, ESQUIRE, was a lawyer of much ambition, as was manifest from the scrupulous care with which he decorated the outer man. He thought that a shabbily-dressed person was a shabby fellow; and as he wished to be thought any thing rather than shabby, his wardrobe was a miracle of taste. Two rival passions burned on the altar of his bosom, viz: to marry the most beautiful girl in town, and to become a model for gentlemen of well-dressing propensities. This latter desire was on the eve of consummation, at the period under consideration. As he glanced at his proportions in the glass, he was most sincerely of opinion that he was irresistibly handsome. He was nearly six feet high, and slender and symmetrical. His leg was as straight as an arrow, and his waist was the envy of many belles. Light hair, and a small foot, were the alpha and the omega of his personal fascinations. Now fancy this entity, with its chin cocked up on a huge stock, white vest, silk gloves, rattan, a little hat hanging on a lock of hair over the left ear, taking the air, with a genteel step, on the shady side of the street, and you have a very tolerable conception of what Richard Drilling resembled.

Richard considered himself a great favorite with the sex. He was careful not to distress them with conversation on theology, philosophy, or poetry; but much more sensibly entertained them with dissertations on the important subjects of marriage rumors, moving accidents, German waltzes, and Parisian fashions. Moreover, he was the most obedient servant whom the ladies had in their employ, and was always willing to sacrifice cash or convenience to their happiness. If a lady hinted a wish to take a ride, he made a proposition to gratify her, instantler; if she talked of the theatre, he would offer her the honor of his escort; or if she burned for ice-cream, of a summer night, he took good care that she should be gradually cooled down to a state of comfort. In fine, Richard and the girls had but one heart between them: whatever they wanted, he desired; and wherever they happened to be going, he was lucky in being on his way to the same place. He was as indispensable to every female establishment as a pin, which article he greatly resembled, as he was tolerably brazen, not very sharp, and was seen sticking about the ladies on all occasions. A very comfortable stock of vanity assured him, that the girls were always looking out for him; that he could wed whomsoever he considered eligible to that honor; and that he carried himself with the most genteel swagger that had been seen in the street, in church aisles, or at operas, since the days of the everlasting Beau Brummel.

Richard was universally called Dick, and so, for the salvation of space, we beg leave to name him. Well, Dick's parents were early emigrants to the west, at which time they were almost dollarless. By enterprise, his father had amassed a fortune; which Dick thought extracted the plebeian taint from his blood, and enrolled his name on the list of the aristocracy. Indeed, on a certain occasion, when asked if his grandfather was not on terms of daily intimacy with lap-boards, shears, and needles, Dick indignantly denied the charge, and asserted that he never had such an ancestor. Thereupon, it was supposed that Dick's family was of miraculous origin, having sprung up after the manner of mushrooms, quite spontaneously.

Possessing a pecuniary competency, Dick had read law, not for the purpose of practice, but merely to recreate his mind, and flourish an attorney's shingle. Having acquired thus much, to use his own elegant language, 'he did n't care a tinker's d—n for any thing else;' and he was henceforth regarded by himself as a gentleman of learned leisure, who, from motives of the purest benevolence, gratified his numerous friends, male and female, by throwing the charms of his conversational powers over the tedium of their otherwise wretched hours. Such was Dick Drilling; an inflated intellectual pauper, whom I never encounter, that I do not instantly call to mind the lines of the poet:

'The loaded bee the lowest flies,
The richest pearl the deepest lies;
The stalk the most replenished,
Doth bow the most its modest head:
And thus humility we find
The mark of every master mind;
The highest-gifted lowliest bends,
And merit meekest condescends,
And shuns the fame that fools adore —
The puff that bids a FEATHER soar.'

THE GENUS 'BORE.'

— 'Oh, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cakes, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE good and the bad things of earth are strangely mingled together, and you cannot have either separately. Agreeable friends are blessings; but one cannot form acquaintances, without contracting some sort of alliances with those who are especially disagreeable. For what purpose bores were created, it would be difficult to determine; perhaps, to teach us patience and forbearance. It certainly requires as much patience to remain cool under the inflictions of dulness, as for any thing else in life; and to be able to forbear, when you feel tempted to kick stupidity out of your presence, is a virtue indeed.

There are two leading classes of bores — the garrulous and the taciturn. Heaven help you, when you are victimized by one of the first class! He deluges you with words. He inflicts all the scandal and news upon you, while you look like Resignation hugging a whipping-post. You feel irritated awhile, and then sick. He has tongue enough for both, and only requires that you resolve yourself into a horrible deformity, by becoming all ear. You gape, and show symptoms of sleep. He does n't care; you may sleep, or dislocate your jaws, as you please. He is one of the emissaries of fate, sent on earth to punish, and he means to fulfil the purpose of his destiny. There is no getting clear of his noise; and you may as well be as complacent as you can, and regard his tongue as the scourge which inflicts chastisement for past sin.

Again, a taciturn bore drops into your presence. You talk first on one subject and then on some other; but instead of showing interest, he looks as if his leaden eyelid would fall in spite of your efforts. You think the fellow a fool; and can scarcely resist the propensity to enlighten him in regard to himself, by telling him so. You look 'unutterable things' at him; but you cannot stir him up. Your heart sinks within you, and for a moment you look the model of a statue of despair. You ask him to read the morning paper, but he is tired to death of politics. You offer him a book, and he fumbles it listlessly for a moment, and puts it down. Your agony becomes excruciating; your friend looks like the impersonation of the nightmare, and he clings to you, as the old man of the sea clung to Sinbad.

The present is the age of bores. No skill can avoid them. Like the enemy of your soul's salvation, they go about seeking whose peace they may destroy. They infest every society, and their name is Legion. If you were to seek a cave in some far-off mountain, they would find you out; or if, in despair, you should drown yourself, in the sea, the ghost of some bore would be sure to rise with yours from the waters, and torture your shade on its way to 'kingdom

come.' Whether you sit down, lie down, read, write, or reflect, you must be annoyed by the presentiment of bores and coming evils. Your apprehensions are ceaseless, and you momentarily expect the Philistines will be upon you — Philistines who wield the weapon which was fatal to their ancestors of old.

N A H A N T.

BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.

I LOVE thy sea-washed coast, Nahant! — I love
Thine everlasting cliffs, which tower above ;
I love to linger there, when day-light fades,
And evening hangs above her sombre shades,
And lights her pale lamps in the world on high,
And o'er the rough rocks throws her purple hue ;
While ocean's heaving tides
Are beating round thy sides,
Flinging their foam-wreaths to the sky,
And flakes of fire seem bursting through
Each swelling wave of liquid blue !

Tradition lends to thee no hallowed tone ;
Ne'er on thy beach was heard the spirit's moan ;
Yet there's a charm about thee : here I've roved,
In being's blossom, with the forms I loved ;
And they have faded ; many a heart which sprung
Fresh into life when hope and joy were young,
Moulders in dust ; and many a buoyant breast,
Which swelled with rapture then, is laid at rest ;
And many a heart hath met the blight,
And many an eye is closed in night,
And many a bosom long will mourn
For those, who never can return !

Each one of us who wander here,
And sport within life's little day,
At eve shall sleep upon the bier,
Our hopes, our promise, passed away :
But thou remain'st ! Thy rugged rocks
Shall long withstand time's rudest shocks,
And other feet as light shall tread
Thy wave-bound isle, when we are dead !

Yes, man must bloom and fade, must rise and fall,
Till nature spreads at length o'er earth her pall ;
Then shalt thou sink in chaos ! Ay, thy name
Will fall in ruin, and the roll of fame*
Shall be a blot ; and earth too, and her cherished,
In time's oblivious wreck will all have perished !
Then may our souls to that bright world arise,
Where beauty withers not, nor virtue dies.

August 19, 1834.

* A book is kept at the house, in which the name of each visitor is registered.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY AN AMERICAN.

BORN and educated at the North, in taking up my residence in a slave-holding state, it was with all my feelings arrayed against slavery, and in the fear that I should be compelled to witness those brutal scenes of oppression and injustice, which have been so industriously circulated against slave-holders, and their obsequious overseers. I had seen prints portraying merciless masters — tyrants rather — in the act of applying the lash to the naked backs of their unhappy victims, whose supplicating looks might have drawn pity from a heart of adamant. I had heard tales of overseers, which made me blush to think myself a man, so foully were they pictured, and which, if true, must have made the earth groan to bear such monsters on its surface. I regarded a slave-holder as lost to all the finer feelings of humanity, and an involuntary sympathy for their unfortunate dependants occasioned in me a constant watchfulness over every word, and look, and act, that passed between master or mistress and their slaves. I have said that I expected to meet with many revolting incidents — we shall see with what coloring of justice; and let it be remembered, that in penning these desultory observations, I am actuated by no motive, save that of disabusing the public mind from the misrepresentations of ignorant or designing persons.

Pirates and man-stealers are the epithets usually bestowed upon the planters of the South. Abuse is not argument, neither can the calling of hard names abate one jot of oppression. Thus far, it has rivetted the chains of the slave more closely. The confidence which formerly existed between master and slave, has given way to a watchful suspicion on the one side, and a sullen reserve on the other; with the curtailment of many privileges formerly bestowed, and which, from long usage, had become matters of course. This has been one result of the efforts of abolitionists; and those worthies may place this to the account of their own intemperate measures. Were the enemies of slavery to predicate their sentiments on other grounds than the alleged cruelties practised upon the persons of slaves, southern people would probably bestow on them that degree of attention which the subject justly merits. Were they simply to assert that it is at variance with the enlightenment and liberality of the present age; that mere matter of expediency would one day render slavery a greater curse than it already is; that England has set an example which she expects us to follow, and that the eyes of all Europe are upon us; as men of understanding, they would ere this have been inquiring, 'What is best to be done?' But no. Americans have abused their brothers; have represented them to be monsters of brutality — murderers, in fine, living without law and without decency. Britain has been appealed to for pecuniary aid; and she too has hurled her measure of anathema upon us. She has, however, but too recently liberated her own slaves, to say much upon the subject; and whether the condition of the blacks in the West Indies

has been improved by the change, remains yet to be seen. Look at the British possessions in the East Indies; at Russia, with her thousands of white slaves. Turn to unhappy Ireland, bowed, even to her own emerald sward, with oppression; and what consistency is there in this hue and cry, against one only of the existent evils, to the exclusion of others of equal importance?

I have sojourned for a season in no less than six of the southern states, in one of which I resided upward of two years, and had every opportunity, in my professional capacity, for seeing and knowing the truth; and I honestly and firmly declare, that the atrocities and brutal character attributed to the slave-holder, is a most foul and unnatural slander. Can it be believed, that men would countenance each other, that such a state of society could exist, where a man would destroy a fellow being, with as little remorse as he would crush a scorpion that crossed his path? Were they restrained by no other feeling, that of avarice alone would prevent such barbarity; for it cannot be supposed that a man would deliberately burn, shoot, or otherwise injure or maim a piece of property that he could at any moment dispose of for several hundred pounds. It is not credible; yet such is represented to be a case of frequent occurrence. Verily, the people, both of Great Britain and America, are one and all possessed of marvellous gullibilities!

Soon after my settlement on the St. John's river in East Florida, a report was circulated that a planter on the opposite side of the river had whipped a slave to death. The people, so far from appearing indifferent, and attempting to hide such an occurrence, rose simultaneously. By order of a magistrate of the city of Jacksonville, inquiries were instituted, and it was ascertained that a slave had died soon after receiving a flogging from his master. The body was disinterred, but as no marks of violence were discovered, it was again buried, and the owner put under bonds of ten thousand dollars, for his good treatment to his slaves; beside being prevented in future from whipping, or causing a slave to be whipped, on his plantation. When coercion was necessary, he was compelled to inform the magistrates of the county, and they meted out the punishment. This man was a native of one of our eastern states, and, as is invariably the case with such, was severe to his slaves. Northern people possess too much energy and decision of character to be patiently served by indolent servants; and there, they must either wait upon themselves, or receive attendance when and how they can; for a southern negro moves with about as much rapidity as a snail: and hence, when a northern man becomes a master, he is usually a hard one. One other instance I knew of, and that also was a northern man; one of the wealthiest in the territory, and at the same time the most despised. This planter lived sixty miles from where I resided; yet ask a child, either white or black, who was a hard master, and the answer unhesitatingly was, 'Bulow is a hard master.' He had no family, and was shunned by every respectable white person who knew him. In fact, during the summer months that he resided off his plantation, he found it difficult to obtain board in any respectable hotel, so prejudiced were people against him. Public opinion is an ordeal that many men dare brave; but public abhorrence none but

the most hardened can endure. A master cannot hide his cruelties ; negroes have too much communication with each other, and with neighboring plantations, not to trumpet loudly their hardships ; and abject as their condition is, they do not tamely submit to an encroachment upon their rights or privileges. Infringe either the one or the other, and they become as inveterate grumblers as John Bull himself.

That magistrates are not always imbued with a sense of justice, we learn from that very respectable source, our spelling-book, in the story of the judge and the farmer ; and a very little of every day's observation will prove to us that the species is not extinct. One of this class hired two negroes for two months, of a highly respectable planter in my neighborhood, to send with a partner about thirty miles distant, for the purpose of planting an orange grove. They had been absent about six weeks, when one of the men returned very unexpectedly to his master, complaining of ill treatment. He stated that they had been kept in the water for many days, in building a dock, with bad and scanty food ; that he became sick, but being threatened, was obliged to work ; and finally being unable to endure it any longer, he left his companion, and taking a canoe belonging to the firm, had returned home. His master felt for him, but urged his return till the expiration of the engagement. This the negro resolutely refused, saying he should only be whipped if he returned. The magistrate, on learning that one of the men had left his service, with bad accounts of the treatment he had received, instantly lodged him in jail on a charge of stealing the canoe. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this charge, and he knew it well ; but he had long indulged a private pique against the owner of these slaves, who had more than once reproved his excesses. After keeping the man in jail for a week, he ordered him to receive forty lashes save one, on his naked back, for a crime he had never thought of committing. In vain the poor fellow protested his innocence ; in vain his master offered to pay treble the price of the canoe ; the sentence was awarded, and like Shylock, he would have his bond. The owner of these slaves, a near descendant of the learned and admirable Sir Alexander Crichton, was compelled to witness this violation of justice on the person of one of his household, and this too from a man who had fled from a northern city for defrauding his creditors. A whipping-post ought justly to be considered an emblem of the dark ages ; yet, to our disgrace be it told, public whipping is still practised in some few of our northern states ; and fourteen years ago, I myself witnessed in Jersey City, opposite to New-York, an aged woman, a *white* woman, taken to a post and publicly whipped for stealing a few articles of clothing ! We hope the day is not far distant, at least not forever distant, when men shall be so taught, as to love and practice virtue for its own sake. Then every man will pursue truth and justice with his neighbor ; then oppression shall no more stalk the earth, and the inferior passions of mankind yield to the intellectual and the moral. This will be the anticipated millennium ; and let the philanthropist take heart, and pursue his onward course, which, though encompassed by a thousand thorns, and of a thousand different hues, must disappear under the sturdy culture of the indefatigable husbandman.

I have now stated the only acts of oppression that came to my knowledge during my southern residence ; and with far greater pleasure can I bear testimony to the paternal character of masters. That a strong feeling of attachment does exist between many masters and slaves, no person who has spent any time with them can deny. Frequently born on the same plantations, they have played together as children, and together shared feats of peril in youth. I was acquainted with the parties, where a slave, advanced in years, was offered his freedom, for a small sum of money which he had saved by over-work, by his young master, who soon after taking possession of his property became embarrassed. ' No, massa George ;' said the man, ' I hab carried massa in my arms when him was a baby ; and if I leave him now, who will take care of me when I get old ?' The slave was right ; for when they get past work, their old age is made comfortable. In fact, the amount of labor required from a prime man or woman is comparatively light. One quarter of an acre per day is their required task, either of planting or digging. Ploughs are seldom used, and almost all of them can finish their task in three-quarters of a day ; the remainder of the day is their own, and whatever they raise in their own time, they receive the avails of. I have known instances where they chiefly supplied the table of their master with chickens, eggs, or fish, for which they received pay, or, as they sometimes preferred bartering, sugar or molasses. The Sabbath is also their own, on which many of them hunt, fish, or gather the moss which grows on the live-oaks, and for which they receive four cents a pound. Their weekly allowance is one peck of Indian corn per head, which they grind into hominy or meal ; several pounds of salt pork or beef, with sweet potatoes and salt. Few masters, however, are particular ; they frequently receive many additions ; and when sick, are taken good care of. They receive two suits of coarse clothes in a year, and the gay handkerchiefs, and fine calico dresses in which the females always appear on the Sabbath, are purchased with the proceeds of their extra labor. I have frequently been awakened on moonlight nights with the songs of negroes approaching our settlement to trade. With a written permit from their masters, they come in boats from a distance of thirty or forty miles ; and if they return in time to commence their accustomed morning labor, all is well. The effect of this kind of music in a calm night is singularly wild and pleasing. They possess powerful voices, which can be heard for miles : one or two carry the air, while all join in the chorus ; keeping pace in some measure with the strokes of their oars, each of which are clearly heard long before they near the landing. They bring, on these occasions, fowls, eggs, moss, ground or pea-nuts, with melons, and other fruits ; and sometimes trade to a considerable amount. Their shopping consists in purchases of tobacco, coffee, or sugar, candles, and fancy handkerchiefs. Their general appearance is plump, healthy, and cheerful : living constantly in the open air, with a song for ever on their lips, life seems to wear for them a holiday dress the year round.

Will abolitionists believe this ? It is true, nevertheless ; and how can it be otherwise, in those so perfectly exempt from care ? The

scriptural command, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' is verified to the letter in the slave. They have neither to provide for families, for sickness, for the change of seasons, nor for any thing under the sun. To perform their customary meed of labor, is all that is required of them; this done, they prepare their suppers, when they retire, if they choose, or dance to the violin, or amuse themselves as they please. Most frequently, however, they assemble in front of the kitchen, after the people in the 'house,' as the family mansion is termed, have supped. A small fire of pine knots is kindled to keep away insects, and one is soon greeted with a 'concord of sweet sounds,' which sends off the youths of both sexes on 'the light fantastic toe.' They possess full, rich voices; most of the men perform on the violin, and many of them are proficient on that instrument. Imitation is large in the negro; and at these meetings it is a common amusement for them to mimic any peculiarity they may have noticed in the dancing of whites. 'Phillis, now dance like fat Mrs. —,' bawled out the master of ceremonies to a tidy girl of sixteen. Her feats drew forth peals of laughter. 'See me dance like Mr. —,' and in whipped a half-naked, strapping fellow, who received his share of applause. Comparisons are said to be odious; but at such moments I could not but contrast their condition with that of our laboring whites. The latter, compelled to work from sunrise to sunset to obtain a livelihood; a large family to provide for, during many tedious and severe winter months, to say nothing of sickness, casualties, etc., how can the father of a family divest himself of the cares and responsibilities of his situation, to indulge in even occasional relaxation and mirth? Worn out with the fatigues of the day, and greeted on his arrival at home with a list of wants and necessities, his life remains to the end one scene of self-denial and hardship. He maintains his independence, and that of his family, but at the expense of cheerfulness, and the foregoing of those innocent recreations, which nature, or the great God of Nature, intended for all. Exhausted at length with labor and anxieties, he sinks in premature old age to a welcome tomb.

That this is the history of thousands, even in our own favored country, is undeniable; and if we cast our eyes over the vast continent of Europe, what find we but toil and wretchedness, unknown in our western world? Were those who sigh and lament over the miseries of slaves, to bestow a little of their superfluous sympathy on the owners of slaves, it would be exceedingly better appropriated. They need it more than their dependants, who are not only eye-servants, but seemingly wilfully stupid. That they are less intelligent and more brutish than many of the inferior animals, is a lamentable fact; and that the circumstances in which they have been placed, is one cause of this stupidity, is no less a fact; but that they can ever attain to the intelligence of whites, I am not inclined to admit. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn lines of separation, which can never be totally removed. It was remarked in the presence of a French gentleman, who had spent some years in South America, that the greatest prejudice existing in the minds of whites against blacks was their color. 'Non, non,' he exclaimed with warmth; 'ce n'est pas seulement leur couleur; d'autres sens outre celui de la vue sont offensés.'

And truly, place a person at a southern tea-table, with the thermometer above 90°, and two or three black waiters in attendance, with a half grown negro at his elbow, wielding a huge feather fan, and unless his olfactories were more than ordinarily obtuse, he would essay in vain to repeat with the tender Sappho, 'Come, gentle air!' That they are susceptible of culture, to a certain extent, is correct; and that many of them possess what is termed mother wit, I had daily opportunities of observing. This species of humor is most frequently shown in the composition of their songs, more particularly in their boat songs; in which I have known the whole family receive sly thrusts from their negroes, while being rowed by them, and which seldom failed in eliciting good-natured mirth. Music is the life and soul of a southern negro: he does every thing, but eat and sleep, with a tune.

Their organization seems to have been expressly adapted to the climate in which they were to live. The hotter the weather, the better it suits them; and when exposure would be fatal to whites, a negro enjoys the best health. A boat with three hands was sent for me, in the month of July, to visit a planter who was taken suddenly ill. We left my residence at ten in the morning, of one of the hottest days I have ever experienced. The atmosphere was nearly suffocating, without the *slightest* breath of air. The negroes were clad in duck trowsers, and a shirt of the same material, with an apology for a hat on the head of each. After rowing several miles, one took off his hat, then another, and opened his collar; presently the third threw down his, protesting it was too hot to wear a hat. I carried with me a small pocket-thermometer, which I consulted, and it stood at 103°, Fahrenheit, and I am confident that a white person, to have been guilty of the same imprudence, would have fallen under *coup de soleil*. I wore a large chip hat, and held an umbrella above my head; yet when we reached the distance, which was fifteen miles, my face and hands were in a light blister. The case to which I was called was one of extreme urgency, and for which my presence was required several days.

The evening before I left, I had the satisfaction of witnessing a negro marriage, which had been delayed a day or two, in consequence of the illness of their master. The groom was a fine young man, about twenty; the bride was free, though the daughter of a slave. Children always belong to the mother: hence if a slave marries a free woman, their children are free, and *vice versa*. A tutor in the family performed the ceremony, by reading our church service, the oldest daughter of their master and myself being present. I believe this wedding was something extraordinary, from the importance the blacks seemed to feel on the occasion; and it certainly surpassed many white weddings I have known. The bride was dressed in white, and after the ceremony, wine was passed round, with very respectable wedding-cake, and slices of cold venison. These were of course furnished by the parties themselves; and the kitchen was the place of rendezvous, which was crowded with all the slaves on the plantation; and being Saturday night, their mirth sounded in our ears till midnight. The next morning I accompanied my companions of the preceding night to the negro

quarter, about a quarter of a mile distant from the house, where they were assembled according to custom. A chapter from the New Testament was read to them, and the catechism taught to the children. The father of the bride was a preacher, and on Sunday evenings he usually held forth to his fellow servants. As I departed in the afternoon, he was prevailed on to give his usual evening sermon that morning. It was a curious medley, I must confess; and he wound up his discourse, by urging his hearers to become religious, in order to get to heaven; and by way of encouragement to their color, affirmed, that a great many *indecent* people were already in heaven.

And now, what shall be said of the licentiousness which exists in the South? Shall we attempt to palliate the fact? Most assuredly no. That there are children born on plantations, who are very nearly white, and of whose paternity there can be no doubt, is no less a fact; and this always appeared to me as one of the most disagreeable features in slavery. I have known a few instances in which a favorite slave kept pace with her mistress in increasing the family stock, if not the name. These children are usually employed as house-servants as they grow up; and the mistress, though perfectly aware of the relationship, generally regards them with peculiar kindness and care. Great pains are usually taken by the mother to let these unfortunates know to whom they are indebted for existence; and whether this knowledge renders them more faithful to the interests of the family, or from whatever cause it may be, they are the best servants, and the most attached, that I have ever seen. These practises are the productive source of much domestic unhappiness. It is not to be supposed that a wife can regard her sable rival with other feelings than those of deep aversion and dislike; without the power to banish such from her daily sight. Negroes themselves, the men particularly, look with no very pleasant eye on such liaisons. A circumstance was related to me by one of them, which had excited in his breast much indignation. 'Do you think such things are right, massa?' he asked, at the conclusion. I assured the honest fellow of my deep disapprobation of such wickedness, which seemed to afford him much satisfaction.

While I state that such practices do exist, let it not be understood that I extend these connections to all planters, or even to the greater number of them. Such an accusation would be destitute of either truth or justice. That they exist at all, however, is at variance with every principle of morality, and for which let not the shadow of an excuse ever be made. Yet turn we to other portions of civilized society, and what do we behold? Vice is vice, wherever it is found; and let not the haughty man of fashion, who spends his hundreds upon an unworthy mistress, or the systematic seducer of female innocence, from whose fatal snares neither virgin purity, nor the holiness of the marriage tie are exempt, let them not, I say, join their polluted voices in the general cry of the monstrous depravity and licentiousness of the South. First pull the beam from the eye of self, and then turn we to convince our neighbor of the mote that obscures his moral vision.

Though an enemy to slavery, I would have the true friends of the blacks pursue a course that will tend to their lasting advantage.

There is no great urgency, on their own accounts, that abolition should be immediate; and I do not hesitate to pronounce the sympathy false and perverted, which dwells on the miseries of their situation. If we except the lot itself, their condition is far better than it would be were they freed; and infinitely better than that of our city blacks, or even many of our laboring whites. That their being slaves is a sufficient cause for discontent, I admit, did they consider it so. The mass, however, know and think nothing about it. They recollect nothing else, and therefore the loss of liberty is scarcely a deprivation. Servitude of any sort is a grievous yoke; it is hard to be poor; yet none but visionaries ever indulge in the Utopian scheme of a perfect happiness. That slavery is an evil, that it is a great and a growing evil, none who think at all on the subject can deny; slave-holders themselves are well convinced of this truth, and many of them would rejoice to have the evil removed, could proper means be devised, independently of robbing them of their lawful property. They cannot consent to make themselves and their children beggars, which would be the case, were slavery immediately abolished; for without a sufficient force to work their land, it is worth nothing. My own opinion coincides with that of Paley: 'The emancipation of slaves should be gradual, and be carried on by provisions of law, and under the protection of civil government. Christianity can only operate as an alternative. By the mild diffusion of its light and influence, the minds of men are insensibly prepared to perceive and correct the enormities which folly, or wickedness, or accident, have introduced into their public establishments. In this way, the Greek and Roman slavery, and since these, the feudal tyranny, has declined before it. And we trust that, as the knowledge and authority of the same religion advance in the world, they will banish what remains of this odious institution.' This opinion, I am aware, does not accord with the schemes of the reformers of the present age. They wish to reap the reward of their exertions in their own day; no matter what individual loss or suffering it may occasion to whites; no matter what injury accrues to a million and a half of ignorant, improvident blacks, let loose upon society without a motive, a principle to guide them, or a desire above the fulfilment of their animal wants. 'The world is wrong, all wrong!' cries out an hundred reformers. That it is mad, on certain subjects, I verily believe. One sect announce that their own peculiar religious tenets will alone make man happy here, and wise unto salvation, and denounce the rest of the world as lost, and that their teachers knowingly delude their followers. Another party are so zealous in the cause of temperance, that they are the most intemperate fanatics out of bedlam. Others, again, oppose the march of Catholicism, and their cry is, 'Popery! popery!—our country will become priest-ridden; we must put down popery, at whatever cost.' But by far the greater number are weeping over the sorrows, not of Werter, but of the 'poor blacks,' who are fostered, fed, and kindly treated, in return for their services. Thus wags the world; each man has his hobby, in riding which, it would be well for him not to trample on the rights of his neighbor.

THE TIMES.

'The times! the times!' — the burden of that sound
 Falls ever on my ear, most dismally;
 And as from rock to hill its echoes bound,
 I ask my heart, 'And can it truly be,
 That 'Providence, which oft afflicts the just,'
 Has fore-ordain'd that all the banks should *bu'at*?'

'The times! the times!' — the cry of terror goes
 From field to field, o'er mountain, vale, and glen,
 And in a thousand anguish'd accents flows
 From half the 'doubting, dotting' sons of men;
 While they are joined the cadence of the hymn in,
 By half the girls, and all of the old women.

Though these be days of steam-revolving pistons,
 And labor-saving tools, of every kind,
 Yet do we moderns slay our own Philistines,
 Much in the manner you may call to mind
 Of him of yore, who, neither weak nor lazy,
 Abstracted, one dark night, the gate of Gaza.

Yea, prophets prophecy, and dreamers dream,
 While stupid men look on in wild derision,
 Nor things of sober earnestness they deem
 The workings of each cabalistic vision,
 Which tells the causes of the things that ail 'em,
 As clearly as the ass explained to Balaam.

'Tis for your sins!' — as Pollux link'd with Castor
 Is ever seen, so guilt with punishment;
 Each mortal sin provokes a fresh bank 'plaster,'
 Precisely at the rate of cent per cent.
 Oh! deeds of crime, at which the bosom sickens,
 Ye've hatch'd indeed a pretty brood of chickens!

'T was not for nought we made the Indians shank it,
 Far to the westward of the Mountains Rocky;
 While a tobacco-pipe, and three-point blanket
 Was all the guerdon of each hapless jockey:
 Fancy the march in dioramic views,
 Ye who have seen the 'Exit of the Jews!'

The negroes! Hold we not this seed of Ham's
 In durance, equally inhuman, fully,
 To that which brought old Pharaoh to the clams?
 And why? Because their occiputs are woolly;
 Their lips are thick; their cheeks display no roses:
 And then, to cap the climax, oh! what noses!

And meanwhile, drunkenness, on every hand,
 Hath rear'd her gilded shrines, and never rested;
 Till now, within the borders of the land,
 The only *draughts* that don't come back 'protested,'
 But currently are taken, till the stock fails,
 Are alcoholic potions, christen'd 'cock-tails.'

And thus, while crime hath spread with stride portentous,
 Pray is it strange that evil o'er us lingers?
 That 'lots' of retribution have been sent us;
 And blessing (in disguise!) slip through our fingers;
 While ever and anon bursts some new bubble,
 To throw us neck and heels again in trouble?

My country ! thou art sick, and very bilious,
 From feeding high, and working very little,
 Whereby thou hast become quite supercilious,
 And, through the passing richness of thy victual,
 'Wax'd fat, like Jeshurun,' that noted kicker,
 In token of his wholesome meat and liquor.

The sickness hath no bounds; alack ! there bobs not
 A head, the holder of a limb unruly,
 Betwixt Ponchartrain and the fair Penobscot,
 That hath not told the tale of terror duly
 To scores of friends, in sympathizing masses;
 Like him of Uz who own'd the sheep and asses.

And I, like 'Eliphaz the Temanite,'
 Would merely say, that on this mundane globe,
 'As sparks tend ever upward in their flight,'
 (A fact familiar both to him and Job),
 'So man is born to misery' of some sort,
 And this was all the hapless patriarch's comfort.

But as the hand of Time healed all his woes,
 And raised another batch of pigs and asses,
 So will its kindly influence interpose,
 With crops of rice, tobacco, and molasses,
 To dry thy tears, to bid thy murmurs cease,
 And bring again the days of palmy peace !

Wilmington, (Del.,) September, 1837.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER FIVE.

PARIS, (CONCLUDED) — SWITZERLAND.

I HAVE marvelled at nothing more, in Paris, than the rarity of female beauty. I have been in the Boulevards, and other fashionable resorts, at fashionable hours, many a time and oft; but I do not recollect having seen a single French woman decidedly pretty. In some of the galleries, I observed occasionally a lady who might be called so, but they always proved to be English. It seemed more singular, as the prevalent notions of Paris with us led me to expect a brilliant display 'in this line.' But if the French damsels are deficient in personal attractions, they certainly are not in graceful and fascinating manners; and this remark will apply almost equally to the peasant girl and the queen. The style of dress of the Parisian ladies seemed to me very neat, simple, and tasteful, and certainly much less *showy* than that of the belles of Gotham, who, it must be owned, are apt to be somewhat *ultra* in the *extremes* of foreign fashions. There is sound policy, no doubt, in the practice of employing young women as clerks in the shops; they certainly have an irresistible way of recommending their wares, charming you by their ineffable sweetness and apparent naïveté, while they draw as liberally as possible on your purse.

They have a queer way of naming, or *dedicating* their shops;

such as 'à la belles, Anglaise,' 'à la ville de New-York,' etc. In many of them there is a notification that the prices are *fixed* and unchangeable; but I understand they generally take care that the *Anglaise*, (who seem to be proverbial as a wealthy nation,) shall pay a suitable advance. '*Combien?*' proves to be a very useful word, and answers just as well as '*Quel est le prix?*' The bill of fare at the restaurants is quite a curiosity. You may have, in the medium establishments, an excellent dinner for twenty-five or thirty cents, including two or three 'plates,' and a choice from nearly one hundred and fifty, beside the dessert and the *vin ordinaire*. Omnibuses originated in Paris; and they are now very abundant, convenient, and cheap. You may ride from the Gobelins to Mont Maître, about four miles, for six sous; and if you wish to stop on the way, they will give you, gratis, a *correspondence-ticket* to proceed. They are regulated by government, and taxed and licensed for so many passengers.

While admiring the palaces and public buildings in Paris, one cannot but be surprised that the meanest huts should be permitted to remain in their immediate neighborhood, as at the Louvre, Tuilleries, Luxembourg, and the palace of the Institute, where bits of book-stalls and shoe-makers' shops are placed against the very walls of those stately edifices.

An American, of course, notices as something strange, the *military* government, which is every where so apparent. Wherever you go, in public buildings, in the parks, or in the streets, you are always sure to meet soldiers, policemen, or 'secret service' spies. The members of the 'National Guards' are, (apparently for a politic purpose,) interspersed among the 'troops of the line,' or standing army. The National Guards are citizen volunteers, who serve by turns a certain length of time. Their whole number is about two hundred and fifty thousand, and hence their immense importance to the government.

Paris affords an inexhaustible fund of topics for the travelling letter-writer, but I must recollect that it *has* been spoken of, *occasionally*, before. Let me remind you again, my dear —, that these rough memorandums are made almost literally 'on the gallop,' by a *business* youth, and they are not intended to edify any one but yourself.*

GENEVA, (SWITZERLAND,) AUGUST 19, 1836. — Yes, it is even so! After a rather tedious journey of three days and four nights from Paris, I find myself in Switzerland; in Geneva, looking out upon Lake Lemman by moonlight, on a lovely summer evening.

To retrace: At four p. m., on the 14th, I seated myself in the diligence for Lyons. One of my companions was a very *nice* and pretty young lady, who proved to be Paulina Celeste, a Signorina of Milan, returning with her mother from an engagement at the Italian Opera, in London. She was quite intelligent, but could not speak a

* This injunction has not been strictly followed; but we trust our friend will excuse us for putting him 'in print,' how much soever his modesty would prompt him to 'blush unseen.'

word of English, except 'very warm,' (and indeed it was;) but I managed to amuse myself, if not her, in some funny attempts at conversation in French.

We rode out of Paris over Pont Neuf, passing Notre Dame and the Jardin des Plantes, and proceeded by a dull and level road, (leaving Fountainbleau and St. Dennis on either side,) along the banks of the Yonne to Villeneuve, Pont-sur-Yonne, Sens, Joigny, etc., without any remarkable incident, except that I had the pleasure of being left behind at one of the stopping places, at eleven o'clock at night. The conducteurs, when they have taken your money for the whole route, care very little whether you proceed or not; and I was indebted to a long hill for detaining the diligence till I overtook it, after a *hot* chase of a couple of miles. The next morning at eleven o'clock we were graciously allowed time to break our fasts of twenty-seven hours; and a very ordinary *déjeuner* was despatched, as you may imagine, with considerable zeal.

Nearly two-thirds of the journey is through corn-fields and vineyards, affording no fine scenery, but entering a score of petty villages, made up of the most uncouth and wretched huts imaginable. The only places worth mentioning, were Auxerre, an ancient town, fortified by the Romans; Autun, which we entered under a Roman arch or barrier; Metun, Avallon, Ville-Franche, and Chalons-sur-Soane, which latter is quite a pretty place, in a fine situation on the banks of the Soane. We dined there on poulet, pigeon, potage, melon, bits of lobsters, two inches long, and a variety of dishes so disguised as to be nameless; with fresh prunes, pears, and grapes for a dessert. Delicious fresh prunes and grapes may be had here almost for the taking, but apples, pears, and melons, are scarce and dear.

At eight A. M., on the 17th, we entered Lyons, the second city in the kingdom, celebrated for its silk and other manufactures. A great portion of all the French finery which you wear, comes from Lyons. This city is built between the Rhone and the Soane, which are here about an eighth of a mile apart, and both very rapid; so there are abundant facilities for water-power machinery. The bridges and quays are of stone, and are very handsome. Lofty heights, surmounted with fortifications, flank the city on either side, and give it an air of strength and importance. Eagerly looking forward to Italy, there was little to detain me here. I was disappointed, however, in not finding any conversable travellers here, on their way to the 'sunny land;' and ten minutes were allowed me to decide whether I would go alone to Marseilles, and take the steam-boat for Genoa and Naples, in the face of the cholera, and at the risk of horrible quarantines; or turn off to Geneva, with the chance of finding a companion across the Simplon. The *safer* alternative was adopted; and taking leave of the pretty *danseuse*, with a promise to call on her at Milan, I mounted the banquette, and had another uncomfortable night-ride.*

The next morning, however, was beautiful, and we already began to have a taste for Swiss scenery, which appears to extend forty or

* Geneva is about one hundred and fifty miles from Lyons; and yet the fare was but ten francs.

fifty miles into France. The remainder of the journey was over long hills and dales; and we walked a considerable portion of it, enjoying occasionally a noble view of rough mountains and green valleys. At every hamlet and village, our passports were examined by epauletted officers. Near the frontiers of Switzerland, the Rhone comes tumbling down between two steep and lofty hills; those referred to, probably, by 'Childe Harold:'

'Where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear like lovers who have parted
In haste — whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.'

This is the only pass to this quarter of France, and is rendered impregnable by a strongly-fortified castle, lately built on the side of the crag, *over* the road; so that all travellers must pass through the court-yard, and submit to close examination. At five P. M., our passports were received by an officer in more simple uniform than usual; and this was the first intimation that we had left the dominions of Louis Philippe, and entered those of his republican neighbors. We soon saw other changes. The neat and comfortable cottages, and the taste and industry displayed in the adjoining grounds and gardens, in approaching Geneva, form a striking contrast to the miserable huts and farm-houses of the peasantry of France. Verily, the lower classes of the French are a filthy people. They seem to have no idea of neatness, propriety, and comfort, in any thing. As farmers, and in nearly all the *useful* arts, they are a century behind the English. Madame Trollope, methinks, might here indulge her satirical pen, to her heart's content. But we were entering Geneva.

It was on a 'soft and lovely eve,' at six, when this pretty town and prettier lake, with the charming walks and gardens of the environs, first greeted our admiring vision. The frowning Jura looks down upon the lake on one side, and the distant snow-capped Alps, with Mont Blanc duly conspicuous, bound the horizon on the other. At the gates of the town, which is strongly walled, those important documents, our passports, were again given up for inspection at the Bureau of the 'Confederation Fédérale.' The diligence passed round the famous great Hotel des Bergues, and over the pretty bridge which you see in the pictures, and set us down at the Hotel de l'Europe, where I was *favoured* with a bit of a room on the fifth floor, for the hotels are all crowded. The Bergues, by the way, is considered the best public house on the continent. There you may mix with lords, princes, pretty ladies, and handsome equipages, from all parts of Europe. This place being the head-quarters for tourists to Italy, and noted for its delightful situation and pure air, is always a favorite resort, especially for the fashionable and wealthy English.

I WAS so fortunate as to find a vacant room at Monsieur W ———'s beautiful place in the environs, where I have the society of two or three English and American families, beside the Misses W ———, who are intelligent, sensible girls, and speak English 'like a native.' It is a most interesting family — uniting the simplicity and *strength* of the Swiss character with the refinement and grace of the French

Geneva, you well know, traces her origin far back into antiquity. It is mentioned by Julius Cæsar as a place of strength and importance. It now contains twenty-four thousand inhabitants. The city cannot boast much of architectural beauty. There are few public buildings of elegance, and the houses generally are antique and grotesque. The cathedral, (the same in which Calvin used to preach,) is the most conspicuous edifice in the town; but there are some large and substantial modern buildings, on the banks of the lake. The Rhone, which enters the lake at the other end, leaves it here, and, 'as if refreshed by its expansion, again contracts itself, and rushes through the city in two branches, with the impetuosity of a torrent.' On the little artificial island adjoining the bridge, is a bronze statue of one of Geneva's gifted sons, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Beside CALVIN, she can also boast of BEZA, CALDERINI, and PICTET among her theologians. SISMONDI, the distinguished historian, now resides here. The library of the college, (which has twelve professors, and six hundred students,) was founded by BONNIVARD, the 'prisoner of Chillon.'

After rambling about to the Hotel de Ville, Botanic Garden, and the beautiful ramparts, from whence there are charming views, I walked along the banks of the lake toward VOLTAIRE's Villa, at Ferney, but by mistake took the road to Lausanne, equally noted as the place where GIBBON wrote the 'Decline and Fall.'

'Lausanne and Ferney! Ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name.'

In the course of this solitary stroll, I found a retired little cove, and had the luxury of a bath in the lake, from the bottom of which I obtained several rather curious pebbles.

After dinner :

'Lake Leman wooed us with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect, in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their far height and hue;'

and a small party of us, therefore, took a small boat, and rowed a few miles over its glassy surface. The lake is literally as clear as crystal; the bottom is distinctly seen in every part of it; and you recollect Byron says in a note, that he once saw the distinct reflection in it of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentiére, which are sixty miles distant! We pushed out into the centre of the beautiful expanse of water, and 'lay on our oars' to enjoy a scene which must be almost unique in its loveliness, especially at this hour, when the distant, snow-white peak of the mighty Blanc is tinged with the rays of the setting sun. The picturesque buildings of the town rise above each other at the head of the lake; the banks on each side studded with villas, embosomed in trees, on green and verdant lawns; while the 'dark frowning Jura' forms an effective back-ground of the picture. In our sail, we passed the villa at Coligny, where Byron lived nine months, and wrote the third canto of 'Childe Harold.' He used often to go out on the lake alone, at midnight, in violent storms, which seemed to delight and inspire him. The change in the ele-

ments described in the third canto, might be a counterpart of the author's mind :

'Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring :
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.'

Mark the contrast :

'The sky is changed! and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !'

We were threatened with 'such change,' which are said to be frequent and sudden ; but it proved a false alarm.

But we must return :

'It is the hush of night, and all between
The margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended gar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.'

Miss B — , one of the American ladies at Monsieur W — 's, has resided four years in Italy. Among other anecdotes, of which she has an entertaining and extensive fund at command, she was telling us one, illustrating the reputation of our great republic with the common people of Europe. Near the Hotel de Secherons, on the banks of the lake, one mile from Geneva, she met a small boy at the gate of a cottage, and amused herself by a little talk with him. He seemed much surprised on learning the two facts, that she was an American lady, and that she boarded at the Secherons, 'where they paid more money for one dinner than he ever had in his life.' 'Did you ever hear of America?' 'Oh yes, father told me all about it. There was a famous Frenchman, Monsieur Lafayette, went there once, and conquered the country.' 'Indeed!' well, what did he do then?' 'Why, they wanted him to become king, but he would n't.' 'Why not?' 'Because,' said the boy, hesitating, lest he should give offence, '*because the Americans are so poor!*' And thus he marvelled that one of them should be rich enough to patronize the Hotel de Secherons.

SUNDAY. — Attended the English Episcopal chapel, to hear the celebrated REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, author of the 'Velvet Cushion,'

etc. He enjoined upon his audience, mostly English travellers or residents, to conduct themselves abroad as best became 'British Christians.' There are chapels of this kind for the English, in nearly all the large cities of Italy, and throughout Europe.

CHAMOUNI, (FOOT OF MONT BLANC,) AUGUST 23.— Those who describe Swiss scenery, with a feeling sense of its beauty and grandeur, are apt to incur the charge of coloring the picture under the influence of an inflated imagination; but I am sure of one thing, that no mere words ever did or could give me a correct and full impression of the scenes I have passed to-day, or of the one now before me. To say that I am in the valley of Chamouni, at the very base of the stupendous Mont Blanc and his gigantic neighbors, on a moonlight evening, is to say enough for your own imagination to fill up the picture. Well does Rogers remark of the distant view of the Alps from the Jura, where they are scarcely distinguishable from the vapors:

'Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth,
But instantly receives into his soul,
A sense, a feeling, that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.'

It certainly is a school, where the egotist may learn humility.

Our party, (Mr. and Miss M —, and myself,) left Geneva in a 'carry-all' yesterday morning at five o'clock. It was another clear and brilliant day, and the ride, of course, was delightful. Lake, hill, mountain, valley, cascade, river, in their happiest combination, presented a splendid panorama, during the whole distance to this place, fifty-four miles. By way of variety, I must tell you my troubles, also. About five miles from Geneva, we were made aware of having left the Swiss, and entered the Sardinian territory, by a summons, at a little frontier bureau, for our passports. When lo! it was discovered that mine was minus the signature of his Sardinian majesty's consul at Geneva,* and I was politely requested to return for it! This was particularly pleasant! For to do it, would be to lose the whole day, and the party beside. After some useless debate, the *carbinier* kindly permitted me to send back the document by a loafer who happened along, knowing that I could not go far without it; and the next day I received it at Chamouni, and had the pleasure of paying five dollars for not heeding Madame Starke's directions.

We breakfasted at Bonneville, a little village on the Arve, worthy of its name; and we were soon ushered into a region of sublimer scenery than we had as yet visited. The craggy summits, even of the minor mountains, literally touch or rise above the clouds, while their sides, up to a fearful height, are covered with verdure, and

* This personage has the brief authority to demand four francs for affixing his cognomen to the passports of all who leave Geneva for this route.

studded with cottages : and the valleys below are laid out in squares of varied green. At St. Martin, we changed our vehicle for a *char-banc*, better suited to the rough and narrow path, for we were now coming where nature displays some of her wildest scenes :

—— ‘ Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunder-bolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.’

The village of Chamouni is situated in the middle of the valley of the same name, which is ten miles long, and forms one of the most popular ‘ lions’ in Europe, for the botanist, mineralogist, and all nature’s students. Our first expedition was to the celebrated *Mer-de-Glace*. We set off from our inn on mules, headed by a guide, and shortly came to a steep and laborious ascent of some thousand feet, on Mont Anvert, from which, as we looked back, the objects in the valley appeared dwindled to atomies. In about three hours, that wonderful phenomena, the *frozen sea*, suddenly burst upon our view :

‘ Wave upon wave ! as if a foaming ocean,
By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
Heard, in its wildest moment of commotion,
And stood congealed at the command of heaven !
Its frantic billows chained at their explosion,
And fixed in sculpture ! here to caverns riven —
There, petrified to crystal — at His nod
Who raised the Alps an altar to their God.’

When you reflect that this sea is eighteen miles long, and that the waves rise in abrupt ridges ten, twenty, and even forty feet, frozen to extreme solidity, with chasms between, some of which have been found to be three hundred and fifty feet deep, you will believe the poet has not exaggerated its appearance. It is surrounded by high mountains of dark-colored rock, which taper off in fantastic and beautiful cones ; and altogether, it is a scene of striking and awful magnificence, which must leave an abiding impression on every visitor. The ice in the chasms is very clear, and of a beautiful vitriol tint. It is remarkable that this great natural curiosity was first made known to the world in 1741, by two adventurous English travellers, Windham and Pococke. Its origin, of course, remains a fearful mystery.

At the little hut on Mont Anvert, I obtained of the guides some specimens of minerals, fine stones, and a *chamois cane*. By the way, you will excuse me perhaps, for copying these ‘ Lines on liberating a Chamois :’*

‘ Free-born and beautiful ! The mountain
Has naught like thee !
Fleet as the rush of Alpine fountain —
Fearless and free !
Thy dazzling eye outshines in brightness
The beam of Hope ;
Thine airy bound outstrips the lightness
Of antelope.

* Quoted in Dr. BEATTIE’S beautiful work on Switzerland.

'On cliffs, where scarce the eagle's pinion
 Can find repose,
 Thou keep'st thy desolate dominion
 Of trackless snows !
 Thy pride to roam, where man's ambition
 Could never climb,
 And make thy world a dazzling vision
 Of Alps sublime !

'How glorious are the dawns that wake thee
 To thy repast !
 And where their fading lights forsake thee,
 They shine the last.
 Thy clime is pure — thy heaven clearer,
 Brighter than ours ;
 To thee, the desert snows are dearer
 Than summer flowers.'

Our excursion had given us a capital relish for dinner, and that despatched, and 'our mules refreshed,' we set off again and climbed to the *Glacier de Bossons*, an immense mass of ice, congealed in beautiful pyramids, on the side of Mont Blanc. That 'mighty Alp' itself, we did not care to ascend ; it is an achievement which has never been accomplished but thirteen times, as we were told by our guide, who was one of the six that escorted an Englishman to the summit this summer. The ascent is of course one of great fatigue and danger. It takes from two to three days, and costs nine hundred francs. It is impossible to remain on the top more than thirty minutes. The last adventurer was sick several weeks at the inn, after his return.

You may imagine something of the situation of this valley among the mountains, from the fact, that although it is itself two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, it receives the rays of the sun direct, only about four hours in the longest days of the year ; and the moon, to-night, was not to be seen, in her whole course, though the opposite mountains were bright with her 'mellow light.'

The people of these valleys seem to be honest and industrious, as well as a little superstitious, if one may judge from the number of crosses, and little chapels, with images of the virgin, etc., which are placed by the way-side. On one of them, near Chamouni, is a proclamation in French, to this effect :

'Monseigneur Rey grants an indulgence of forty days to all the faithful who humbly and devoutly strike this cross three times, saying, 'God have mercy upon me !'

AUGUST 24. — At six A. M., we mounted our mules for Martigny, by the pass of the Tête Noir. Like Dr. Beattie, on leaving Chamouni, I beg to refer you to the beautiful hymn which Coleridge wrote here before sunrise, painting its features a *little* more vividly than I can do it :

'Ye ice-falls ! Ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown ravines enormous slope amain ;
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents, silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! Sing, ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in the perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

There are two passes from Chamouni to the valley of the Rhone, viz: the Col de Balme, and the Tête Noire. The latter is distinguished for its awful wildness and grandeur. The narrow path barely affords room for mules, between steep rocky heights and frightful precipices, each of some thousand feet. Rushing streams of snow-water from the glaciers, cascades from the rocks, remains of avalanches, and overhanging cliffs abound on every side. Our cavalcade consisted of twenty-one mules, and six guides on foot. A great many travel here entirely on foot, equipped in a frock of brown linen, with belt, knapsack, a flask of *kirschwasser*, and a six-foot pike-staff; and this is much the best way to explore the country leisurely.

Our speed on mules was not great; for we were all this day going twenty miles. At six P. M., we came to the last descent, from whence was spread out before us the large and magnificent valley of the Rhone, dotted with villages, of which Martigny and Sion are the principal; and traversed by the river Rhone, and by Napoleon's great Simplon road, which may be seen for twelve miles, its course being as straight as an arrow, through highly cultivated fields and vineyards.

Martigny is the stopping place for tourists to Italy by the Simplon; and here I was to decide whether I would venture. There was the brilliant vision of Italy! — a name which called up my most ambitious youthful dreams; and I was now separated from it but by a day's journey. But alas! there were the cholera, and the fifteen days quarantine at almost every town; and I was alone, unknown to any mortal there, and to the language itself. Then a thousand dangers and vexations rose up before me; and yet, when the last ten minutes for decision came, 'I screwed my courage to the sticking point,' and resolved — to go. My baggage was sent over, my seat taken in the diligence for Milan; but my cane, which I had left at the inn, prevented my seeing Italy! In returning for it, I met a person who had come here for the same object, learned that it was impracticable, and soon persuaded me to give it up; so, with the consoling reflection that I might still go to Naples in November, I changed my course, hired a mule, and soon overtook the party who had set off for the convent on the Great St. Bernard.

HOSPICE DE SAINT BERNARD, AUGUST 25, 1836. — I am now writing before a blazing fire, in the dining-room of the convent, eleven thousand feet above the Mediterranean; and a company of about thirty fellow-pilgrims, English, Scotch, French, German, Aus-

trian, Russian, and American, are exercising their native tongues around me.

The distance to the Convent from Martigny, the nearest resting village, is twenty-seven miles, nine miles of it being the steep ascent of the mountain; of course it takes a long day to achieve it. When Napoleon made the celebrated passage of the St. Bernard, with the army of reserve in 1804, just before the battle of Marengo, the path was much worse than it is now, and the idea of transporting heavy ordnance, etc., for an army of sixty thousand, over a mountain which even now the sure-footed mules must tread with great caution, was considered madness. But Napoleon and Hannibal were not easily discouraged, neither were the heroic ladies of our little caravan, who were content to earn their supper and lodging in these upper regions, by two days' hard work of climbing and descending.

We did not achieve the victory without bloodshed. Two of the ladies were thrown violently from their mules, and one of the animals took it into his head to stop short in the midst of a pretty strong thunder-shower; and I had a nice chance of earning a reputation for gallantry, by pushing boldly forward, and returning with another mule for the hapless dame.

We all at last arrived, however, without broken limbs, plentifully drenched by the shower, and well able to appreciate the hospitality of the monks. They provided changes of raiment for those who brought none, piled the wood liberally on the fire, and soon spread the table as liberally with an excellent supper. The ladies and their attending squires supped by themselves, two of the most intelligent of the brothers officiating, and dispensing *bon café* and *bon mots*, while the supernumerary *men-kind* were entertained in another room by the other monks, headed by the Superior.

This famous convent is a very plain, large wooden building, which at a distance you would take for a barn, situated far above the regions of vegetation, and several miles from the nearest habitation. It is partly supported by the governments of Sardinia and Switzerland, for the purpose of relieving travellers over the mountain; for without it, the pass would scarcely be *passed* at all. The monks appear to be plain, sensible, and intelligent men, without that austerity usually associated with that order. They freely receive all who come here, either for curiosity or necessity, without charge; but visitors contribute whatever they please to the box in the chapel. They turned out their famous dogs for our amusement; in the winter, they are used for more important purposes. They are not so large as I expected, but they are really noble animals. Many a weary traveller have they rescued from death in the snow.

Some of the monks are the same who were here when Napoleon's army came over, and they have a picture of his arrival at the convent, in the little museum of antiquities. In the hall, is a tablet with this inscription:

'Napoleoni primo Francorum Imperatori
Semper Augusti Republica Valesiana
Restauratori Semper Optimo Ægyptiano
Via Italico, Semper Invicto in Monte
Iovis et Sempronii Semper Memorando
Republica Valesia Grata, 11. Dec. Anni mcccxcv.'

We were nearly all early to bed, and those who lingered, were packed off by the monks at ten, according to rule. We were roused before sunrise by the lusty ringing of the chapel bell for matins, which were zealously kept up for two or three hours; but I was heretic enough to abscond, for the purpose of climbing the peak behind the convent, from which I could look down on the side of the mountain toward Italy:

'Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages:
'Thou wert the throne and grave of empires.'

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

If I could weep with customary wo,
I, that have seen the good
Borne on the rending flood,
And mark'd the thing most loved the first to go;

I that have seen the beautiful, the cherish'd,
The earliest to depart;
'T would bring unto my heart
A pang like that I've felt when dearer things have perish'd.

To see thee now, so innocent and sweet,
Bud of the breathing morn,
From life's young bosom torn,
Doom'd, in thy properest bloom, the sudden stroke to meet;

And, with an idle interest, I had prayed
The doom for sterner heads,
And colder climes and beds,
Such as may better meet the tempest and the shade.

Yet could such prayer avail, and the stern doom
But spare this sweetest flower,
The blight would lose its power,
For in this blessed safety all would bloom.

A mortal hand had never snapp'd its stem,
Nor with an eye to mark,
Its white amid the dark,
Have trampled down to dust so rich a gem.

Its doom, to us so dread, was writ on high,
Where glories richer yet,
In brighter circles set,
Make it of little count when such as this must die.

Though to thyself no loss — thy loss to know —
How much was thy delight,
How lovely to the sight,
Might make the fate go weep that dooms thee so.

FATAL BALLOON ADVENTURE.

ASCENT AND FATAL DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE, OF MR. COCKING, OF ENGLAND.

PROBABLY since the melancholy result of Madame BLANCHARD's ascent in a balloon, in France, no circumstance connected with these aerial ships has created a more general and intense excitement, than the awful termination of a recent adventure in the air by a Mr. COCKING, of the metropolis. The London daily journals, and indeed periodicals of every class, are rife with the thrilling particulars of the catastrophe. We gladly avail ourselves of the kind courtesy of the Editor of the '*Albion*,' to lay them, in a condensed form, before our readers, accompanied with two engravings, explanatory of the dreadful event. It should be premised, that the balloon is the same in which the distinguished aéronaut, Mr. GREEN, accompanied by two or three English gentleman, made the well-known night-ascent and journey, which terminated at day-break the next morning in a German province, several hundred miles from London.

The present ascent was made from Vauxhall Gardens, London, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The parachute was the invention of the unfortunate man, whose coffin it finally proved, and was of a novel construction, being in the form of an umbrella reversed, the cavity containing the air being turned uppermost, to prevent disastrous oscillation. It was constructed of fine Irish linen, and was one hundred and seven feet in circumference. A car of wicker-work was suspended to it, in which sat the ill-fated victim, expressing confidence of success, but evincing, by restless looks and a nervous manner, that it was a confidence which he did not feel. Prior to the parachute being attached to the balloon, Mr. GREEN caused a trial to be made with the view of ascertaining whether the buoyancy of the latter was sufficient to carry up the former with safety. The result of this trial, (after some arrangements with respect to the ballast, of which he was compelled to give out six hundred pounds, had been effected,) was satisfactory. The abandonment of this large quantity of ballast he found to be absolutely requisite, in order with safety to commence the ascent. The balloon was then allowed gently to rise a sufficient height to be conveyed over the parachute; and 'at twenty minutes before eight o'clock, every thing being in readiness and the parachute attached to the car of the balloon, the ascent took place. Nothing could be more majestic. The weight and great extent of the parachute apparently rendered the motion of the balloon more steady than on any former ascent, and the almost total absence of wind assisted in keeping the balloon in a perfectly perpendicular position. There was not the slightest oscillation; the balloon and parachute sailed through the air with a grandeur that exceeded any thing of the kind ever before witnessed, and continued in sight for about ten minutes. A good deal of ballast was discharged almost immediately over the inclosure, after which the huge machine rose rapidly, but not so suddenly as to break the even current of its course,' and was soon lost in the clouds.

The subjoined engraving represents the ascent of the balloon, with the parachute attached :



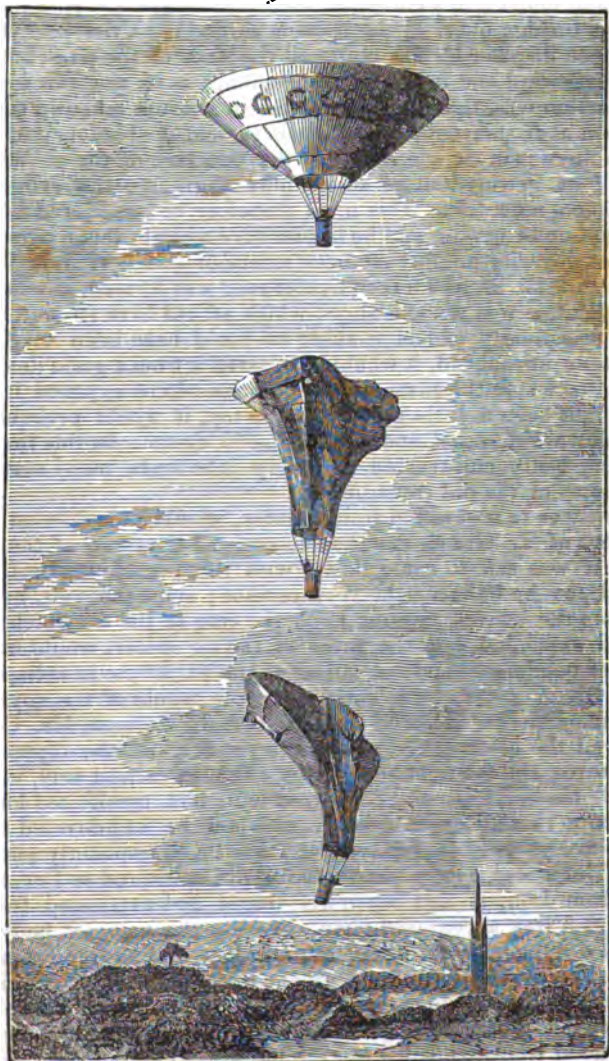
The account given by Mr. GREEN, of the voyage, is one of intense interest; and we regret that our space compels us to abridge it of many exciting particulars. Mr. Cocking had desired to reach an elevation of one mile and a quarter, before detaching himself from the balloon, and commencing his descent. At first, the upward progress was slow, and it became necessary to discharge several pounds of ballast through a tube, constructed for the purpose, leading from the balloon over the outer edge of the parachute. The lower end of this tube subsequently became detached, by the swinging to and fro of the parachute, and the ballast was thrown over in small bags, not without danger to the people on terra firma. The balloon soon entered a tier of clouds, and the *aéronauts* were lost to the earth, though still some three thousand feet lower than the desired elevation of Mr. Cocking, who now manifested much anxiety, frequently requesting of the 'upper house' to know when every addition of five hundred feet had been attained.

When at the height of about five thousand feet, and in a range with Greenwich, the intrepid occupant of the parachute, fearing that he would be unable to reach the earth until after dark, said to his companions in the balloon above him, 'I shall soon leave you,' adding, that the practical trial, thus far, had borne out the sanguine calculations he had made, and that he never felt more comfortable or delighted in his life, at the same time bidding Mr. Green and his companion 'good night,' who returned the courtesy, with hearty good wishes for his safe descent. A sudden jerk ensued, the parachute was liberated, and the balloon instantly shot upward with the velocity of a sky-rocket, while the gas, rushing in torrents from the lower valve by reason of the pressure of the dense atmosphere upon the top of the balloon, nearly suffocated the *aéronauts*, and rendered them totally blind for four or five minutes. But for a bag, containing fifty gallons of atmospheric air, into which were inserted tubes from which they breathed it, both Mr. Green and his companion must inevitably have perished. So soon as the thermometer could be examined, it was ascertained that they were above four miles and a quarter from the earth! Yet even this was nothing like their greatest altitude, since they were now effecting a rapid descent. A wise precaution in enlarging the lower valve, alone prevented the bursting of the balloon, from the great pressure of the atmosphere. The *aéronauts* suffered severely from the cold, the thermometer indicating twenty-four degrees below the freezing point. 'We were at this period,' says Mr. Green, 'apparently about two miles and a half above a dense mountain of clouds, which presented the appearance of impenetrable masses of dark marble, while all around us was shed the brilliant rays of the setting sun. We continued to descend with great rapidity, and as we approached the clouds, that velocity considerably increased. At this time, so large had been our loss of gas, that the balloon, instead of presenting to our sight its customary rotund and widely-expanded form, now merely looked like a comparatively small parachute, or half-dome, without any aperture in its centre. We parted with at least one-third of our gas, and were as far beneath the balloon itself as fifty or sixty feet.'

Apprehensive of difficulty in ascertaining the nature of the ground toward which they were descending, from the darkness below them,

(though blessed, in their position, with a magnificent light,) they hastened their progress, and landed in safety a few miles from Maidstone, and twenty-eight from London; having been in the air one hour and twenty minutes. But let us return to the unfortunate man who had reached the earth before them.

The annexed engraving exhibits the parachute in the three stages of the descent: first, immediately after the separation from the car; next, at the time when the collapse took place from the weight and pressure of the external atmosphere; and, lastly, when it approached near to the ground:



After being detached from the balloon, it would appear that the machine immediately lost its shape, by the breaking of the rim which surrounded it, which was feebly constructed of tin. It was the opinion of all the scientific gentlemen who testified at the coroner's inquest, that the parachute was of insufficient strength, and greatly inefficient for the purpose it was intended to serve. Prof. AIREY, Astronomer Royal of Greenwich, who saw it from the beginning, through a telescope of a twelve-times magnifying power, states, that after leaving the balloon, 'he was quite sure that it did not retain its shape for more than four seconds, for he put his eye instantly to the glass, and found it in a collapsed state. He was convinced there had been no turning over. Had it been turned over, the basket would have been displaced. He observed the sides of the parachute flickering backward and forward. His opinion as to the efficacy of the construction was, there was not sufficient account taken in such construction as to unavoidable disturbances, and the tendency of the air was to force it in at the side, and the pressure of the air would, in case of its getting out of shape, only aggravate the evil, and the experiment must fail. This must therefore be considered as a construction quite wrong, and he should have thought that a person with common sagacity might have been aware of this. With regard also to the tin tube, of which the circular ring was formed, it was hollow throughout, it was without stops, which would have strengthened it, and consequently as bad a thing as could have been used. Had stops been introduced, it would have saved it from a great deal of the tremor to which the pressure of the atmosphere exposed it. Had the weight been a little greater in the top, it would probably have come down side-ways, and turned upside down. In this respect, it was very badly constructed, and very inferior in many respects to parachutes of the old construction.'

In answer to a question from a juror, whether his opinion agreed with that of Mr. Green, that, having resisted the force of the atmosphere, it was safe to come down with the parachute, Prof. Airey replied, that he believed the very reverse; since the 'air, by pressing upon the canvass, would keep the ring of tin to which he had alluded expanded, but the force of the air under, would have the effect of bending it, and thus allowing the parachute to collapse.'

Mr. Green stated, 'that throughout the whole of the voyage, up to the moment he released himself from the balloon, Mr. Cocking displayed the greatest courage and fortitude; and the expression of his features, and the light and joyous, although earnest way, in which he made his inquiries, and conversed with him, manifested his great satisfaction that at length a theory, to which he had devoted the last twenty-five years of his life, was about to be triumphantly put to the test.' But it was a fatal test. He fell to the ground at Lee, several miles from London, and when discovered, and extricated from the car, (which was a confused heap, covering the mangled body of its ill-fated occupant, with all its ribs and tubes broken into fragments,) he but slightly moved his hand, groaned, and expired. Some idea of the dreadful death which befel him, may be gathered from the dry and technical description given of the appearance of the body, by the surgeon who was called to examine it: 'On the right side, the

second, third, fourth, and fifth ribs were broken, near their junction with their cartilages; the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth broken also near their junction with the vertebræ; the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth ribs broken at their greatest convexity. On the left side, the second, third, fourth, and sixth ribs broken near their cartilages, and also near their angles. The clavicle on the right side fractured at the juncture of the external with the middle third; the second lumbar vertebræ fractured through its body, the tranverse of several of the lumbar vertebræ broken, commutated fracture and separation of the bones of the pelvis, the right angle dislocated inward, the astragalus and os calcis fractured, the viscera of the head, chest, and abdomen, free from any morbid appearances.'

RETROSPECTION.

I.

Time ! let me stand upon that wall
Which bounds the future and the past,
While at my feet thy moments fall,
Like billows driven by the blast:
Cold, brief, and dim must be the gaze,
Back o'er the fields laid waste by thee;
And clouds, impervious to all rays,
Brood o'er futurity.

II.

Yet backward let me take one look,
Through memory's glass, grown dim by age,
And ponder on life's tattered book,
Too late to re-peruse one page;
As when the ear, in quest of notes
An unlearned melody has shed,
Calls for each echo where it floats,
When all its tones are fled.

III.

Thy scythe and glass, O Time ! are not
The symbols of thy gentler powers :
Thou makest the most dejected lot
Seem light, through thy inverted hours :
Thou makest us cherish infant grief,
And long for all the tears it cost ;
Thou art to thy own woes relief —
Thou beautiliest the lost !

IV.

Then let me stand upon the wall
Which bounds the future and the past,
And gaze upon the waste where all
Life's hopes have perished by thy blast.
Though dark and chilling to the gaze
Are all the fields laid waste by thee,
'Tis sunshine to the hopeless rays
Which light futurity.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN: A STORY OF THE ATLANTIC. BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES' NAVY. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 431. Philadelphia: E. L. CARRY AND A. HART.

WITH many defects, incident to a first attempt at fictitious narration, these volumes exhibit undeniable talent, and still more promise. They have been written, it seems, in haste; though this excuse would be hardly valid, save in consideration of the fact, that the young author, momentarily expecting to be ordered to sea, was hence compelled to hasten their publication. The common faults of a first production, it must be admitted, are sufficiently apparent; among the more prominent of which, may be mentioned the want of a natural order of progression, the liberal introduction of matters not correlative to the story proper, and an occasional carelessness of language. But these blemishes are well atoned for, by a general freedom of delineation, both of character and events, so easy and natural, that it often requires no stretch of the imagination to fancy the volumes actually alive, and talking with the reader. All who have read 'Jack Marlinspike's Yarn,' heretofore published in these pages, and introduced episodically in the work before us, will not need to be told, that our author has an unvarnished way of delivering his sentiments, whatever they may be, through his various characters; and this, in our judgment, constitutes an agreeable feature of the work. We had rather encounter occasional nervous inelegance of expression, and even a slight assault and battery upon Priscian, now and then, than the affectation of big words and fustian phrases, or the precise and prime sententiousness which many of our modern authors so much affect. We shall not attempt to trace the involutions and denouement of the story, since we lack both time and space for the purpose, and moreover, are unwilling to rob the labors of a new candidate for public favor of the strong interest of curiosity; but shall endeavor to present a sort of running commentary upon the principal features of the work.

We like our author better afloat than on shore. He is at home on the ocean; and some of his ship-board pictures strongly remind us of the kindred sketches of COOPER and MARRYAT, or LEGGETT, who is in no respect behind either in the power of graphic description. We subjoin an elaborate etching, which will exemplify the justice of our praise:

"It was evening; the blushes of sunset still lingered in the west, faintly relieving the far-off coast of America, that seemed more like some blue cloud sleeping upon the surface of the ocean, than a vast continent rising from its depths. The round full moon was ascending from the opposite sky with that increased magnitude she seems to possess when low in the horizon, and her light came over the sea, tinged with the mellow hue of paly gold, that always characterizes it when the luminaries rise and set at the same moment. A gentle breeze came sweeping up from the southward, and a balmy influence was respired in the air. Upon that part of the Atlantic to which we wish the reader to direct his attention, a ship was seen moving along toward the land that was but just perceptible in the west. She was a small vessel for her taunt and heavy appurtenance; and evidently intended for the purposes of war. Her long sharp hull seemed much too diminutive to sustain the pressure of the broad sheets of canvass that rose

toweringly above it, and there were moments when it seemed that the lofty spars and wide-spread sails glided over the ocean without the support or aid of that most important part of the machinery of a vessel. Although the wind was very light, the foam curled in snow-white piles about her cut-water, and ever and anon, as she rose and pitched deeper into the element, masses of glittering spray would fly over her fore-castle. It was evident from her speed in so gentle a breeze that she was a very superior sailer, but a single glance at her construction would scarcely need another or more convincing proof of her superiority in that respect. Aloft, every thing indicated the nicest care and attention; the masts, from the deck to the trucks, were stayed in line, and in an exact parallel to each other, while the rigging that supported them on every hand seemed to possess the inflexibility of so much iron. Each sail was hoisted taut up, so as to yield as little as possible to the belying influence of the breeze, while their corners were drawn out upon the yards to their full extent. No ropes hung dangling from the rigging or tops; and, in short, every thing exhibited the characteristic regularity of a man-of-war.

"Upon deck, the arrangements were as neat as they were aloft. Eight twenty-four pound carronades, and a long eighteen, thrust their frowning muzzles out from either side; and rows of bright battle-axes, cutlasses, and pikes, were ranged along the bulwarks, in glittering and beautiful array. Each rope was carefully coiled upon its respective pin; and no unnecessary lumber obstructed the gangways or quarter deck. Between the fore and main masts, a large boat was nicely stowed, while its black cover served the double purpose of protecting it from the weather, and imparting a neater air to the arrangements of the deck. Aboard the mizzen-mast, or on that part distinguished as the quarter-deck, every thing was rich and expensive. Railings of polished brass surrounded the hatchways, and ladders of grated work communicated with the depth of the ship. The wheel and binnacles were of the rarest wood, and constructed in the most tasteful and elegant manner. The hammock boards were adorned with gilded ornaments, and the bolt-heads in the deck were screened by inserted mahogany, cut diamond-wise. In a word, that ship seemed to have been built by Profusion as an offering to Beauty. * * * Groups of seamen sat between the guns in discourse, or reclined with characteristic listlessness upon the deck, while a few, who were discharging the duties of look-outs, stood at their various stations with their faces turned toward the ocean."

This is but a fair example of many spirited descriptions to be found in the work; nor is the lively, though sometimes rather confused, dialogue unworthy of laud; excepting always the forced colloquies of Handsaw and Ramrod, two eminent bores, and unmitigated draw-backs, whom all the bad spelling in the world would fail to render entertaining. Much as the reader must condemn the tyrant Stanley, and little as he may think of his opinions, he will be inclined to agree with him on one point, namely, that Handsaw's ever-active 'propensity to talk about his wife,' renders him ridiculous, and in reality 'a source of uneasiness' as aggravating to the reader as it must have been to the hearer. With these exceptions, the sailor-dialogue is extempore and natural. Nothing can be finer than the description of the mutiny on board the *Ganymede*, the burning of the merchantman at sea, and the escape of the 'Scourge' from a labyrinth of pursuers, by a bold but politic and adroit manœuvre. If the reader, however, while perusing the account of the escape of Everett from New-York, his first introduction to the family of General Adair, and his meeting the heroine with her father, at sea, should pause to ask himself how all this happened to occur so opportunely, he might be led to think that in all this the possible was taking precedence of the probable. Happily, such is the interest awakened, that he has no disposition to propound queries, but is tempted to 'keep due on,' until he has gained the end of the book.

We are sorry to perceive that the volumes are marred by an occasional grammatical error, ('laying down the musket, he *done* as much justice,' etc., and kindred *lapsus pennæ*.) and by not infrequent typographical blunders, which should be looked to, in a second edition, should it be called for.

To sum up, we consider the 'Scourge of the Ocean' a very clever performance, for a first and hurried effort; open, indeed, to many minor objections, but exhibiting much talent, and more promise; and as such, we commend it to our readers.

GLEANINGS IN EUROPE. ENGLAND: BY AN AMERICAN. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 530. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WHATEVER may be said of this work, no one will pretend to deny that it is well and vigorously written, and that it possesses more than common interest. The volumes are presented, we should infer, pretty much as composed, 'in their naturals.' They are full of slight descriptive sketches, comments, and brief arguments, upon conventional, moral, social, and political topics; inasmuch, that the reader is compelled to believe, that the author 'could an' if he would, or if he list to speak,' easily furnish a portable volume, embracing all things that are to be known, or believed, or practised, by the world at large, and gentlemen-republicans in particular. As for the English, heaven help them! they will here find some of the pegs let down that make their national music; and will learn that there is at least one American writer, who 'does na care a button for 'em,' and who has not hesitated to pick holes in the weak sides of their governmental, religious, and social edifices. Mr. COOPER is certainly no flatterer. He is in no awe of bishops, whom he meets in society, 'with wigs that set at naught both nature and art, and little silk petticoats called stoles;' he cares not for the clergy, however high they may stand, who fight duels; nor is he carried away with 'the first body of gentleman in the world,' the British Parliament. He is led to doubt a little, when he sees a speaker half drunk, and at the same moment, six members with one foot on the back of the seats before them, and three with both; he does not recognise the justice of this laud, when he hears one member, in debate, for the purpose of interrupting an opponent, crowing like a cock, another bleating like a sheep, and numbers making a very pretty uproar, by *qua-a-cking*, like a flock of ducks. Our author would not succeed as a courtier; for one who declares that the king is an ignoramus, and cannot write intelligible English, is too plain-spoken, ever to be on the high road to preferment.

Mr. COOPER is not less unmincing in his consideration of, and remarks upon, *things*, than he is in relation to usages and men. He says the houses in New-York and Boston are generally better furnished, (though not so profusely,) than those of the English; that New-York is a better town for eating and drinking, than London; and, save that our tables are invariably too narrow, they are better served with porcelain, glass, cutlery, and table-linen, than are those of our British metropolitan neighbors. He is in no extacies at Westminster Abbey, nor the Tower; he condemns the pinched and mean towers of the former, and considers the latter quite inferior to the donjon at Vincennes, or the Tower of Paris. Half the brilliants here exhibited in the crown, he has no doubt, are paste! Windsor he thinks far beneath Versailles, and hardly worthy the name of a palace, greatly lacking magnificence, although not without a certain pleasing quaintness and picturesque beauty; yet exhibiting in the state apartments, which are far inferior to the French, 'such vulgarisms as silver 'andirons, and other puerilities.' The London bridges are out of proportion, too heavy for the stream they span, and quite unnecessarily solid. Moreover, American women, in all except the shoulders and bust, possess more beauty than the English women, and their complexion and features will better bear a close examination; while our men, too, he believes, are taller than the mass in England, English travellers to the contrary notwithstanding.

In his pungent remarks upon society and manners in England, Mr. COOPER seems to have been impelled, by considerations mainly personal, to praise or condemn. And we cannot resist the impression, that he is himself, with all his *amor patriæ*, a marked exception to the mass of Americans, who, he says, 'care no more for a lord than for a wood-chuck.' Titled personages are lugged in, on almost every page of his

work. Lord This, Lord That, and Lord T'other, are as plenty as blackberries; and not an earl or a duke, who can by any possibility be alluded to, but is compelled to do duty in confirming the somewhat questionable hypothesis, that 'a man is *always* known by the company he keeps;' and if there be a chance to establish a remote connection between any member of the writer's family, and the 'nobility or gentry,' the opportunity is eagerly embraced, no matter how awkward the *modus operandi*. This *pendant* is in miserable taste; and we venture to say, will counter-balance, by way of example, whole pages of most unexceptionable precept.

Our author dwells continually upon the assumption, that the English hate the Americans with a perfect hatred. He says this spirit mingles with every thought, colors every concession, and even tempers the charities of life. He saw a thousand proofs of it himself; and it was so well known to another American, that he *blushed* when the land of his birth was mentioned before Englishmen! Now we very much question whether this feeling prevails in England to any thing like the depth or extent imagined by Mr. COOPER. Would WASHINGTON IRVING, in whose character there is a happy conjunction of civility, freedom, ease, and sincerity, and who has had ample opportunities of inspecting beyond the surface and rind of things, support these declarations? We think not. Doubtless Mr. COOPER in London, as in Paris, was not without the idea that the American republic was represented in his own person. Such certainly appears to have been his impressions, if one may judge from his deductions from any real or imaginary slight or discourtesy which may have crossed him in society. He is ever on the rack, lest his pretensions should be overlooked. He instantly resents what he deems indifference, and yet seems to be suspicious of any one who is particularly civil, without some apparent reason. Mr. COOPER's claims, as a gentleman of good manners, cannot be very exalted, if it be true, as we believe it is, that he is the best bred man who makes the fewest persons uneasy in society; and we conceive the offensive observation, which sent 'head to head, beyond the salt,' and caused the host to declare 'It is too bad,' as both pertinent and impertinent, and as sufficient proof of the correctness of our position, even if there were not ample kindred testimony. *Personal concession* is a prominent part of real politeness, and springs from a courteous spirit, and a generous nature; and no one possessing these qualities would cavil at a gentleman who should, without at all incommoding him, look at the same public print, on the wall-file of a reading-room, or enlarge unduly upon a slight, and probably wholly unintentional, infraction of etiquette toward him.

We agree with Mr. COOPER, entirely, in very many of his views in relation to the society and manners of England and America. The ridiculous affectation of simplicity, the heartlessness and the flippancy of the English, whom he met in society, are defects which lay them bare to the lash, and the lash has been well laid on. This putting a rein upon the lungs, and drilling of muscles to order, for mere fashion's sake, is a legitimate theme for satire; and we are glad to see, by the squirming of the *malevoli* among the English critics, who are nibbling away at the excrescences of the work, that our author's random shots have 'told' well. Mr. COOPER is equally just and felicitous in many of his comments upon American society. The meretriciousness of public opinion he sets forth in its true light. He very justly, too, repudiates the influence of those among us, whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a dollar, and who carry their brains in their pockets; and he ridicules, with proper motives and good grounds, the American propensity to use 'great swelling words' to express the commonest ideas, or merest matters of fact, which he illustrates by a characteristic anecdote. A rail-car companion, at Bordentown, who wished to say, 'They have laid the foundations of a large building here,' oracularly observed, instead: 'Judging from external symptoms, they have commenced the construction, in this place, of an edifice of considerable magnitude, cal-

culated, most likely, to facilitate the objects of the rail-road company !' This lingual magniloquence is proverbial of American parvenus. Some months since, just as that sweet singer, Mrs. AUSTIN, was leaving New-York in the steam-boat for a Liverpool packet, lying in the stream, some inflated personage called out : ' It is proposed to pay a parting tribute to the distinguished vocalist who has, by her fine powers of music, so long delighted our citizens, and who is now about to depart from us !' ' Three cheers for Mrs. AUSTIN !' would have been understood, and heartily responded to ; but this rigmarole only induced a sort of bastard applause, which fell feebly on the ear, and sent its prompter away, covered with confusion.

Our author's repeated sneers at the public press, and literary men, coming from one who is a writer by profession, and sucks his sustenance through a quill, is in exceeding bad taste ; and his allusion to New-England editors, constitutes a characteristic specimen of aimless spite, which is quite beneath a person of his standing as an author. Some one native of New-England, obnoxious, from some cause, to Mr. COOPER, is undoubtedly at the bottom of this sweeping allusion. Had we that honor, or had we leisure, we should be glad to show *who* are the men whom Mr. COOPER would thus traduce, *en masse*.

We have imperceptibly extended our remarks beyond reasonable limits ; and must close, for the present, by recommending their subject to the perusal of our readers, satisfied that, amid much to condemn, they will find a great deal to admire ; and well assured, that none will deem their time misspent in the perusal.

POEMS BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. In one volume. pp. 134. Boston : WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

' THESE poems are the results of my leisure at college, and published for experiment. If the public find any thing worth reading in them, they may be followed by another volume.' Such is the sensible and sententious preface to this very beautiful little book, which we have read with much gratification. The preface itself, so often a medium for childish extenuation, forced egotism, or the long-winded dissertations of those adepts in the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read, who are ambitious of ' showing off,' led us to anticipate something more than mere respectable mediocrity at the hands of the author ; and we have by no means been disappointed. As might be expected, we find in this little work no affected phrases, nor new-conceited words. The young writer has evidently chosen the best models ; and the good taste which generally characterizes his productions, evinces that he possesses, to a great degree, the ability to separate beauty of thought and style from the corruption which apes it. He is a quiet but acute observer of nature ; his ever-veering spirit catches naturally its sunlight and shadow ; and he has the power often to clothe the heart of the reader with the changeful vesture which robes his own. In the blank verse, we sometimes detect examples of false rhythm, and inharmonious words now and then mar the construction of an otherwise well-turned poetical sentence. These faults, however, are amply counterbalanced by abounding graces of language and diction, and by a pervading spirit of pure feeling, and moral and religious sentiment. We had prepared for insertion an extract from a poem entitled ' Other Days,' with one or two passages from ' A Forest Noon-Scene ;' and although in type, for the intended gratification of the reader, we are compelled to postpone their publication until the November number. We repeat, we welcome this little volume with unaffected pleasure, and commend it to the reader's favorable suffrages.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'**BIANCA VISCONTI: OR THE HEART OVERTASKED.**'—A successful tragedy, at the present day, is an event too rare to be passed over with indifference. The modern stage has been poverty-stricken so long, that it welcomes every thing in the shape of its natural food; although it is constantly reminded of its too credulous judgment, in the repeated nausea which it suffers from the flatulent and unsubstantial trash which its starved condition urges it to attempt to swallow. The American drama, if indeed we have any claim to such a possession, is such as may reasonably be expected, more lean and wretched than the drama of any of the more cultivated nations. But we *have* no national drama, as yet; although we think the corner-stone of its structure has been laid, and that there is bright promise of a noble edifice, in the aspiring efforts of the many able writers whom a few years have brought to light, as well as in the encouragement which the taste of the American people seems inclined to afford to this branch of literature.

The tragedy now before us, is the first dramatic effort of a pen whose easy and finished tracings have made its master, even in the spring-time of his life, well known to fame. A mere experiment, in this most difficult department of literature, is worthy of praise. Whoever has considered the difficulties attendant upon the production of a play, of any class of the drama, would shrink from the task of bringing an original tragedy before the public, unless urged on by that firm confidence which genius gives to its possessor, and upheld through all by the hope of that ample reward which must attend the successful dramatist. SCOTT, in his letters to a theatrical friend in London, often adverts to the restraining of taste which the purveying for conceited or interested actors and actresses demands at the hands of a dramatic author, whose success is at their mercy, not less than at that of those of the audience who come to the theatre with palled animal and spiritual appetites, to 'snooze off their dinners and wine.' An expressionless 'oratorical machine,' high in the '*supe*' department, whose delivery of the commonest matter of fact is Stentorian and Ciceronian, may have it in his power, by ludicrous *mal adresse*, to mar the best acting play, and to render ridiculous the most refined poetry; while a higher order of Thespian, by slumbering over a level part, in a villanously indifferent manner, inadmissible as acting, may jeopardize an entire drama. But to return to '*Bianca Visconti*.'

MR. WILLIS has bravely accomplished his task; and without the slightest thought of depreciating the efforts of others of our countrymen who have written for the stage, we must honestly declare, that his work deserves the place of honor above them all. '*Bianca Visconti*,' if considered merely as a dramatic poem, is replete with enduring beauties of poetry. Considered as a tragedy, it has many of the essential qualities of an acting play; not all, perhaps, in their highest perfection, but sufficiently marked, to convince the most fastidious of the power which the writer possesses, and of a certain promise of future efforts more decidedly faultless. The story of *Bianca Visconti* is well told. Although it proceeds without the aid of any extraordinary incidents, yet an interest is awakened, continued, and increased to the catastrophe. The characters are naturally drawn, and they have the especial merit of possessing in themselves an

individuality — a form of their own, defined and marked out; and not, as is too often the case in modern dramas, made with the sole quality of filling up the space not occupied by the principal character. In other words, they have a merit in themselves, detached from the heroine, and are only subservient to the natural progress of the drama.

There is hardly incident enough in the first three acts, to keep up that melo-dramatic influence which the artificial appetite of the present day delights in. The author seems to have scorned the *clap-trap* which has become the chief merit of many modern playwrights. In this we think he has done wisely, on more accounts than one. In the first place, *clap-trap* is dangerous. We have seen an audience 'bathed in stillness,' the pulse of a crowded theatre beating like that of one man, convulsed by some blundering misconception of a forced dramatic point, into roars of laughter, though the play were a deep tragedy. We have seen the devil, in 'Faust,' by reason of a 'solution of continuity' in the waist-band of his diabolical unmentionables, make a palpable *hit* on the stage, dropping unexpectedly from an upward distance of some twelve feet, with the emphasis of 'a squashed apple-dumpling.' We have seen the cauldron in Macbeth, through some defect in the subterranean witch-craft, return, after its disappearance, before the eyes of an enrapt auditory, with the greasy hats and dirty coats of the prime movers exposed to the general eye. In short, we have seen enough to convince us, that profuse clap-trick, whether of language or scenic addittaments, although it may make the million stare or applaud, seldom fails to 'make the judicious grieve.'

The character of *Bianca Visconti* is drawn with marked power. She is truly a fond, doting, enthusiastic lover; a woman who devotes her present and eternal peace to love, and breaks her heart in the unrequited sacrifice. Hers is an enthusiasm which all must admire, and still regret, in pity. *Sforza* is a bold, not heartless, but ambitious hero. His love for Bianca is concealed beneath the grand passion of his soul. It is shut out for a time, only to burst forth at last with dazzling but hopeless splendor. The quaint *Pasquale*, the courtly poet and the philosophic lover, is a creation worthy the pen of a *Knowles*. He is to this tragedy what *Fathom* is to the 'Hunchback;' a bright gleam of sunshine ever and anon breaking through the darkness of the rising storm, in striking contrast to the gloom of the gathering clouds. His admirer, *Fiametta*, although not an apt scholar in the mazes of poetry and philosophy, is, like the *Audrey* of 'As You Like it,' most willing to learn, and ambitious to share in the laurelled honors of her sage teacher.

As a literary composition, 'Bianca Visconti' abounds with beauties. The images are clear, and radiant with poetical and delicate imaginings; and there are occasionally those fine bursts of feeling, which seem to come fresh from the soul, and to raise up a kindred sentiment, with their spirit-stirring words, in the souls of all who listen. What, for example, can be more like the picture of the bright thoughts of a young, enthusiastic girl, than Bianca's rapturous anticipation of a life of love:

'Oh, I'll build
A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our empire
Only to keep away the gazing world.
The purple mountains and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we two in its midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking birds,
And jealous but of sleep!'

Or what more glorious to the fancy that would clothe the delicacy of the female character in the gorgeous robes of heroic majesty, than *Sforza's* description of the fair *Giovanna*:

'Gods! what a light enveloped her! She left
Little to shine in history; but her beauty
Was of that order, that the universe
Seemed governed by her motion. Men look'd on her
As if her next step would arrest the world;

And as the sea-bird seems to rule the wave
 He rides so buoyantly, all things around her —
 The glittering army, the spread gonfalon,
 The pomp, the music, the bright sun in heaven —
 Seemed glorious by her leave !'

Bianca's picture of the two Sforzas, though often quoted, is too beautiful and striking to be here omitted :

'Mark the moral, Sir :
 An eagle once, from the Euganean hills,
 Soared bravely to the sky.
 In his giddy track,
 Scarce marked by them who gazed upon the first,
 Followed a new-fledged eaglet, fast and well.
 Upward they sped, and all eyes on their flight
 Gazed with admiring awe : when suddenly
 The parent bird, struck by a thunder-bolt,
 Dropped lifeless through the air. The eaglet paused
 And hung upon his wings ; and as his sire
 Plashed in the far-down wave, men look'd to see him
 Flee to his nest affrighted !

Sforza.

'Did he so ?'

Bianca. 'My noble lord, he had a monarch's heart !
 He wheeled a moment in mid air, and shook
 Proudly his royal wings, and then right on,
 With crest uplifted, and unwavering flight,
 Sped to the sun's eye, straight and gloriously !'

There is a fine opportunity for the display of the power of the actress, in the scene where news is brought to Bianca of her father's death. The struggle between the joy which this event produces, by giving a chance of the coronet to her husband, and the sorrow which affection for her parent should cause, one acting against the other, present a scene which calls for the highest powers of the histrionic art to portray faithfully ; and it is but just to say, that Miss CLIFTON did it justice. There is a great deal of quaint humor, and many truths wittily delivered, in the part of *Pasquali*. His exposition of the true meaning of the word imagination, to the homely understanding of his pupil, is as ingenious as true. One of GOLDSMITH's characters, if we do not mistake, reasons not unlike the Milanese bard, upon the same or a similar theme :

Pasquali. Answer me once more, and I'll prove to thee in what I am richer. Thou'st ne'er heard, I dare swear, of imagination.

Fiametta. Is't a Pagan nation, or a Christian ?

Pasq. Stay ; I'll convey it to thee by a figure. What were the value of thy red stockings, over black, if it were always night ?

Fiam. None !

Pasq. What were beauty, if it were always dark ?

Fiam. The same as none.

Pasq. What were green leaves better than brown, diamonds better than pebbles, gold better than brass, if it were always dark ?

Fiam. No better, truly.

Pasq. Then the shining of the sun, in a manner, dyes your stockings, creates beauty, makes gold, and diamonds, and paints the leaves green ?

Fiam. I think it doth.

Pasq. Now mark ! There be gems in the earth, qualities in the flowers, creatures in the air, the Duke ne'er dreams of. There be treasures of gold and silver, temples and palaces of glorious work, rapturous music, and feasts the gods sit at, and all seen only by a sun, which to the Duke is black as Erebus.

Fiam. Lord ! Lord ! Where is it, Master Pasquali ?

Pasq. In my head ! All these gems, treasures, palaces, and fairy harmonies, I see by the imagination I spoke of. Am I not richer now ?

The tragedy was well received, and attracted large audiences ; and its success has satisfied us, that were the author to essay another attempt, with the additional knowledge of stage effect which the production and presentation of the present effort must have given him, he could scarcely fail of acquiring a high rank as a dramatist. The vein which has been opened, cannot have been exhausted at one running, as we hope yet to see made manifest.

'THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS.'—'Advance, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration!' Such appeared to be the sentiment of a benevolent-looking revolutionary veteran, the well-known Mr. ALLAIRE, of this city, as he sat upon the deck of the Charleston and New-York Steam-Packet 'NEPTUNE,' on the occasion of her recent launch, and surveyed the faces of the gay and light-hearted group around him. As the noble craft glided gracefully and almost imperceptibly into the water, and shot far over toward the Brooklyn shore, the 'old man eloquent' remarked: 'Well, I remember Brooklyn, when there were but eight houses in it. Now look at it!' added he, with a gesture of pride, that he had lived to see its present prosperity. 'And New-York, too,' he continued, 'I remember New-York when there was not a house above the hospital. I recollect, when they were digging down Catharine-street, how they disinterred the feet of the Hessians, in the side-banks, where they had been hastily buried, many years before. I read the Declaration of Independence,' continued the venerable patriot, 'for the first time, at a sudden and enthusiastic gathering at Tarrytown, before three thousand people. I heard the shouts of applause from the true American spirits, and saw the Tories open their mouths, and *pretend* to hurrah, yet no voice came from their false lips. But they were forced, in such an assemblage, to make a demonstration, to avoid suspicion.' And thus the old veteran went on, a true exemplification of 'garrulous eld.'

At the sumptuous entertainment which succeeded, at the residence of that true sailor and accomplished gentleman, Capt. PENNOYER, commander of the 'Neptune,' we could not take our eyes from the aged soldier of the revolution, who occupied a place of honor, nor cease to think of the changes which he had seen in his day and generation. He lived through 'the times that tried men's souls,' and which gave birth to the freedom of our noble republic. We could look at the picture in the glowing light of the present, and the gorgeous hues that robe the future; but, to adopt the beautiful thought of SCOTT, *he* could turn the tapestry, and see the blood-stained warp and woof which bore the ground colors, and composed the prominent objects.

While upon the subject of revolutionary times, it will not be inappropriate to introduce here two letters of GENERAL WASHINGTON, which have never before been published. They were recently copied by the junior publisher of this Magazine, from the originals in the possession of his grandfather, to whom they were addressed. This gentleman was President of a Massachusetts 'Council of Safety,' and was high in the esteem and confidence of the Pater Patria. Nothing can be more characteristic than the deliberation, the close scrutiny into consequences, which these letters evince; compelled, as the writer was, to guard against the cavils of the disaffected or the envious, who had neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor discernment to distinguish true ones, in the announcement of his projects:

Cambridge, August 22, 1775.

'SIR: In answer to your favor of yesterday, I must inform you that I have often been told of the advantages of Point Alderton, with respect to its command of the shipping going in and out of Boston harbor; and that it has, before now, been the object of my particular inquiry. I find the accounts differ exceedingly in regard to the distance of the ship-channel, and that there is a passage on the other side of the Light-House Island for all vessels except ships of the first rate. My knowledge of this matter would not have rested upon inquiry only, if I had found myself, at any one time since I came to this place, in a condition to have taken such a post. But it becomes my duty to consider not only what place is advantageous, but what number of men are necessary to defend it; how they can be supported, in case of an attack; how they may retreat, if they cannot be supported, and what stock of ammunition we are provided with, for the purposes of self-defence, or annoyance of the enemy. In respect to the first, I conceive our

defence must be proportioned to the attack of General GATES' whole force, leaving him just enough to man his lines on Charlestown Neck and Roxbury; and with regard to the second and most important object, we have only one hundred and eighty-four barrels of powder in all, which is not sufficient to give thirty musket-cartridges a man, and scarce enough to serve the artillery, in any brisk action, a single day.

'Would it be prudent, then, in me, under these circumstances, to take a post thirty miles distant from this place, when we already have a line of circumvallation at least ten miles in extent, and any part of which may be attacked (if the enemy would keep their own counsel,) without our having one hour's previous notice of it? Or is it prudent, to attempt a measure which would necessarily bring on a consumption of all the ammunition we have, thereby leaving the army at the mercy of the enemy, or to disperse, and the country to be ravaged, and laid waste at discretion? To you, Sir, who are a well-wisher to the cause, and can reason upon the effect of such a conduct, I may open myself with freedom, because no improper discoveries will be made of our situation; but I cannot expose my weakness to the enemy, (though I believe they are pretty well informed of every thing that passes,) by telling this and that man, who are daily pointing out this, that, and the other place, of all the motives which govern my actions. Notwithstanding, I know what will be the consequences of not doing it, namely: that I shall be accused of inattention to the public service, and perhaps with want of spirit to prosecute it. But this shall have no effect upon my conduct. I will steadily (as far as my judgment will assist me,) pursue such measures as I think most conducive to the interest of the cause, and rest satisfied under any obloquy that shall be thrown, conscious of having discharged my duty to the best of my abilities.

'I am much obliged to you, as I shall be to every gentleman, for pointing out any measure which is thought conducive to the public good, and cheerfully follow any advice which is not inconsistent with, but correspondent to, the general plan in view, and practicable, under such particular circumstances as govern in all cases of the like kind. In respect to Point Alderton, I was no longer than Monday last talking to General THOMAS on this head, and proposing to send Colonel PUTNAM down, to take distances, etc., but considered it could answer no end but to alarm, and make the enemy more vigilant. Unless we were in a condition to possess the post to effect, I thought it as well to postpone the matter awhile.

'I am, Sir,

'Your Very Humble Servant,

'GEO: WASHINGTON.'

'HON. J. PALMER, Watertown, Mass.'

Mark the just policy and far-reaching sagacity which the subjoined letter evinces, nor lose sight of the numerous difficulties and dangers which environed the writer, and threatened his plans:

Cambridge, August 7, 1775.

'SIR: Your favor of yesterday came duly to my hands. As I did not consider local appointments as having any operation upon the general one, I had partly engaged (at least in my own mind) the office of Quarter Master General, before your favor was presented to me. In truth, Sir, I think it sound policy to bestow offices, indiscriminately, among gentlemen of the different governments, so far as to bear a proportionable part toward the expense of this war. If no gentleman out of these four governments come in for any share of the appointments, it may be apt to create jealousies, which will in the end give disgust. For this reason, I would earnestly recommend it to your board to provide for some of the volunteers who are come from Philadelphia, with my warm recommendations, though they are strangers to me.

'In respect to the boats from Salem, I doubt, in the first place, whether they could be brought over by land. In the second place, I am sure nothing could ever be executed here

by surprise, as I am well convinced, that nothing is transacted in our camp or lines, but what is known in Boston in less than twenty-four hours. Indeed, circumstanced as we are, it is scarcely possible to be otherwise, unless we were to stop the communication between the country and our camp and lines; in which case, we should render our supplies of milk, vegetables, etc., difficult and precarious. We are now building a kind of floating battery; when that is done, and the utility of it discovered, I may possibly apply for timber to build more, as circumstances shall require.

'I remain, with great esteem, Sir,

'Your most Obedient and Humble Servant,

'GEO: WASHINGTON.'

'HON'BLE J. PALMER, Watertown, Mass.'

We shall hereafter present an original and characteristic letter from General WARREN, written the night before the battle of Bunker-Hill.

IN justice to the writer of the ensuing defence, which has been in our possession since its date, it is proper to say, that we have received, from various and most reputable sources, the strongest testimony in relation to his personal character. He is represented to us as a gentleman of untiring industry and perseverance, who, often under circumstances of adversity and affliction, has labored diligently and successfully, for a long series of years, in an arduous avocation, and whose reputation for probity, and honorable and generous acts, is alike unimpeachable and undeniable. Of the merits of his works, having never examined them, we are unable to form an opinion, farther than may be gathered from the almost unexampled extent of their sale.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

GENTLEMEN: In the June number of the KNICKERBOCKER, I have seen an 'extract' purporting to be taken from the 'Introduction' of a yet unpublished work upon English grammar, by GOULD BROWN, which extract seems to be a sort of criticism levelled at me and my works, but more especially at my Grammar. Judging from the fury of this assault, one would be inclined to think, that my antagonist believed his very existence as an author depended upon his annihilation of me, and that my future popularity and success are dependant upon his opinion of me and my works! My Grammar, gentlemen, has been attacked by abler writers than Gould Brown, and has passed through the ordeal of their criticisms unscathed. It is not to be expected, therefore, that I should care a groat whether this self-constituted philological umpire likes the work or not. Indeed, I would rather he would not like it; for sure I am, that if he liked it, few others would; a clear proof of which we have, in a dull book on grammar, which he himself produced, some twelve or fifteen years ago, on a plan and in a style exactly suited to his own peculiar liking. Since then, it never entered into my scheme to write a grammar to suit the taste of my jealous rivals, but to please myself and the public. Having gained the latter point, I can very complacently bear all the futile abuse which may be heaped upon me.

I know it is mortifying for an author to fail, especially a conceited one. I admit that it is hard for him to write eleven years for nine hundred dollars,* even though his labors may not have been worth to the public one-half that sum. It is natural, too, for such writers, after having ascertained that nobody will purchase their bastings, to turn philosophers, and become very disinterested, and affect to despise the idea of connecting emolument with the labors of their mighty pens. Doubtless, also, it is sufficiently provoking, and especially mortifying to a discomfited author's vanity, to learn that the works of a much younger writer, and one upon whom he once affected to look down as his inferior, should go off by *thousands*, while his own precious productions are with difficulty shoved off by *tens*. That such an author should find nothing to praise in a work so much more popular than his own, is not at all singular; yet, when a conceited charlatan, himself a professed author, (and a pretended Quaker, withal!) so far departs from the dignity and decency of manly feeling, as to attempt, by gross misrepresentations and low trickery,

* A short time since, Gould Brown stated to the writer, that 'in eleven years he had received but just nine hundred dollars for copy-right.'

to destroy the hard-earned and honest fame of a more successful fellow-laborer, for purposes of private malice, a decent respect for the dignity of true criticism and the rights of authorship, no less than a proper regard for the cause of learning, requires that he should be held up to public detestation.

Had Gould Brown merely dipped his pen in gall to assail my *work*, so little do I regard his criticism, so great is my aversion to contention, and so thorough my contempt for mere mousing word-catching, that he might have gone on and vented his spleen unheeded; but since he has seen fit thus wantonly to assail my private character, and to impeach my motives, and since he has attempted to sustain himself in this unjustifiable attack, by misapplying my language and distorting my meaning, I conceive myself called upon to expose his duplicity and baseness. That he is utterly incapable of discovering any thing in the grammatical works of others, but faults and defects, I need not show, for the article in question saves me the trouble; but that his assault upon me savors strongly of malevolence and dishonesty, I shall presently *prove*. He has, nevertheless, stated some facts in relation to my Grammar, although, as it appears, quite unintentionally; and, as far as facts stated by him can have any influence with the public, they will do me good. On the other hand, he has made many statements concerning me and my works, which are not founded upon facts. Most of these, however, so clearly show the evil design of the critic, that they need no reply. As they carry with them their own antidote, I have nothing to apprehend from their poison. But some of these misstatements are more adroitly managed, and are calculated to mislead the unsuspecting reader. I allude to his charges brought against both my personal and my grammatical character, which he has attempted to support by garbling, torturing, misquoting, misconstruing, and misapplying my language, and thereby *perverting* my meaning. In order, therefore, that the public may be disabused on these points, I shall proceed to take them up in order.

After denouncing me as a 'bad writer,' and as wanting in 'scholarship,' and insinuating that I would 'bribe the critics and reviewers,' my liberal and *pious* censor all at once discovers, through his rusty spectacles, not only that I am so unprincipled as totally to disregard 'accuracy' and usefulness in authorship, but that my 'principal business is to turn my publication to profit;' that I am, in short, a real worshipper of Midas; and, in order to prove himself correct in this marvellous discovery, the *honest* man presents his readers with the following passage:

'Murray,' says he, 'simply intended to do good, and good which might descend to posterity. This intention goes far to excuse even his errors. But Kirkham says, "My pretensions reach not so far. To the present generation only I present my claims." *Elocution*, p. 364. His whole design is, therefore, a paltry scheme of present income.'

The injustice and roguery of this passage, it is impossible for the casual reader fully to conceive. After forming a postulate to fit his own purpose, the critic ransacks my works to garble a passage that, by contortion and misapplication, shall fit it in such a manner as to make me utter a *libel* against my own moral character! My pen falters while I expose the duplicity of this transaction. 'Murray simply intended to do good,' Kirkham says, 'My pretensions reach not so far.' So far as what? As to *do good*, of course. This is undoubtedly the meaning *INTENDED* to be conveyed by the wily critic. But let us look at the meaning of the passage, when taken in its original connexion, as it stands in my *Elocution*. It occurs at the close of that work, in some eulogistic remarks made upon Dr. JAMES RUSH, the distinguished author of the 'Philosophy of the Human Voice.' The whole passage reads thus:

'Dr. Rush, in his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," boldly addresses *posterity*. This is manly; and I hazard little in prophesying, that posterity will gladly give him a hearing. My pretensions reach not so far. To the present generation only I present my claims. Should it lend me a listening ear, and grant me its suffrages, the height of my ambition will be attained. Though unwilling to be a mere time-server, yet I know not that I have any thing on which to rest my claims upon generations to come.'

Now instead of saying in this passage that 'my pretensions reach not so far as *to do good*,' I simply say, that they reach not so far as *those of Dr. Rush*! — and the passage is so free from ambiguity as to render it impossible for my opponent to have mistaken my meaning. Mistaken it, indeed! He very well knew, when he penned this slanderous paragraph, that my professed object in writing school-books was to 'do good;' and yet he has the hardihood to hoax his readers into the belief that I openly disavow any such intention! Comment is unnecessary. And yet this is the modest man who has the effrontery to call in question the *motives* of him whom he traduces; to lecture him upon the principles of morality and justice; and cantingly to quote scripture at him! He intimates that I have not the moral courage to 'dare to do right.' I have the courage to dare to *tell the truth*.

But since my antagonist has maliciously attempted, by misquoting my language, to prove that I disavow any intention either to do good or to do right, perhaps I may be indulged in a few quotations, too, from my own works, merely with the view of presenting this matter in its proper light:

'In gratitude, therefore, to that public which has smiled so propitiously on his humble efforts to advance the cause of learning, he has endeavored, by unremitting attention to the *improvement* of his work, to render it as *useful* and as *unexceptionable* as his time and talents would permit.' *Kirkham's Grammar*, p. 7.

'Apprehensive, however, that no explanatory effort on his part, would shield him from the imputation of arrogance, by such as are blinded by self-interest, or by those who are wedded to the doctrines and opinions of his predecessors, with *them* he will not attempt a compromise; being, in a great measure, indifferent either to their praise or their censure. But with the candid he is willing to negotiate an amicable treaty, knowing that they are always ready to enter into it on honorable terms. In this negotiation, he asks nothing more than merely to rest the merits of his work on its *practical utility*.' *Grammar*, p. 8.

'Content to be *useful*, instead of being *brilliant*, the writer of these pages has endeavored to shun the path of those whose aim appears to have been to dazzle, rather than to instruct.' *Grammar*, pp. 9 and 10.

'He has taken the liberty to *think for himself*, to investigate the subject critically and dispassionately, and to adopt such principles only as he deemed the least objectionable, and best calculated to effect the object he had in view.' *Grammar*, p. 10.

'Should these feeble efforts prove a saving of much time and expense to those young persons who may be disposed to pursue this science with avidity, by enabling them easily to acquire a critical knowledge of a branch of education so important and desirable, the *author's fondest anticipations will be fully realized*.' *Grammar*, p. 12.

'This flattering success, then, in his first essay in authorship, (alluding to my *Grammar*.) has encouraged the writer to adventure upon another branch of science, which, for some years past, has particularly engaged his attention. That he is capable of doing ample justice to his present subject, he has not the vanity to imagine; but, if his knowledge, drawn from observation, and experience in teaching elocution, enable him so to treat the science as to call the attention of some to its cultivation, and induce others more capable than himself to write upon it, he will thereby contribute his mite toward rescuing from neglect a branch of learning, which, in its important bearings upon the prosperity of the free citizens of this great republic, stands second to none; and thus, in the consciousness of *having rendered a new service to his country*, he will secure the reward of his highest ambition.' *Kirkham's Elocution*, p. 8.

These examples are sufficient to show, at least as far as my own observations are concerned, by what motives I have been actuated in the production of my works. That these motives are more pure or patriotic than those of other men who have written upon the same subjects, I have never pretended; for I am ready to acknowledge that I am subject to the weaknesses and infirmities common to human nature. But it is evident, that what has so greatly annoyed my antagonist is not the defects, but the success, of my *Grammar*.

In the following passage, our critic attempts to prove me grossly inconsistent with myself:

'Nothing can be more radically opposite,' says he, 'than are some of the elementary doctrines which this gentleman is now teaching; nothing more strangely inconsistent than are some of his declarations and professions. For instance: 'A consonant is a letter that cannot be perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel.' *Kirkham's Grammar*, p. 12. Again: 'A consonant is not only capable of being perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel, but, moreover, of forming, like a vowel, a separate syllable.' *Kirkham's Elocution*, p. 32. Once more: Upon *his own rules*, he comments thus, and comments truly, because he had written them badly: 'But some of these rules are foolish, trifling, and unimportant.' *Elocution*, p. 97. Again: 'Rules 10 and 11, rest on a sandy foundation. They appear not to be based upon the principles of the language.' *Grammar*, p. 59. These are but specimens of his own frequent testimony against himself!'

Now, in these instances, I should be fair game, were it not for the *trifling* difference, that I happen to present the doctrines and notions of *other writers*, and *not* my own, as stated by my learned censor. For example; in 1823, I introduced into my *Grammar*, as Mr. Murray's definition, the old notion, that 'A consonant is a letter that cannot be perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel.' But in 1834, I presented in my *Elocution* Dr. Rush's opposite opinion, and *ascribed* it to him. If, therefore, I had become fully satisfied that Dr. Rush is correct, it would behoove me to alter the definition as it stands in my *Grammar*; but, inasmuch as I am yet undecided on this point, I have not thought proper to do so.

Again, our critic says: 'Upon *his own rules* he comments thus: 'But *some* of these rules are foolish,' etc. Now this assertion is utterly *untrue*; and, if Gould Brown read the whole passage from which he quotes, as he ought to have done, he *knew* he was asserting what was false. The rules in question, are introduced into the notes of my *Elocution* as JOHN WALKER's, and *not* as my own; as any one may see, by referring to that work. Similar remarks are applicable to 'Rules 10 and 11,' in my *Grammar*, both of which are taken from Murray; and this, too, Gould Brown as well knew, when he brought this charge of inconsistency against me, as he knew that in making it, he was *libelling* me. Really, when a critic is driven to such crooked shifts as these to make out his case, it needs no farther evidence to prove that it is a bad one.

But the foulest calumny in this tirade of abuses and misrepresentations, is contained in the following passage, in which, after having dealt out the most illiberal strictures, and the most unparalyzing condemnations and denunciations, upon my *Grammar*, he pretends to *support* his calumnies, by showing me up as a perfect ignoramus in the science of grammar:

'In general,' says he, 'his amendments of 'that eminent philologist,' (Mr. Murray,) are not more

skillful than the following touch upon an eminent dramatist; and here, it is plain, he has mistaken two nouns for adjectives, and converted into bad English a beautiful passage, the sentiment of which is worthy of an *author's* recollection:

'The evil deed or deeds that men do, *live* after them;
The good deed or deeds *is* oft interred with their bones.'

Kirkham's Grammar, p. 75.'

In my *Grammar*, the phrase 'deed or deeds' is included in a bracket, and therefore, as every one acquainted with Cobb's *Spelling-Book* well knows, is not intended to be read as a part of the sentence, but as an explanatory clause. The couplet stands thus, in my book:

'The evil [*deeds or deeds*] that men do, *lives* after them;
The good [*deed or deeds*] is oft interred with their bones.'

The casual reader of my *Grammar* will have observed, that I often introduce examples to be analyzed, in which an *ellipsis* occurs, and that I supply these elliptical words in brackets, and frequently present two or three forms or sets of words, leaving it for the pupil to adopt whichever form he pleases, though not without respect to the construction that is to follow. For example; if in the words supplied in the bracket, both a singular and a plural form occur, as in the example before us, in parsing it, the pupil may take *either* form or word for his nominative; but if he adopt the singular, he must also employ a singular verb to agree with it; but if the plural, a plural verb must follow. Hence it is obvious that the effect of leaving out the bracket in this passage, is totally to destroy my design, and pervert my meaning; and not more so that, but also to make me write language so grossly ungrammatical, that even a tyro, who has studied my lectures on grammar ten hours, would at once correct it. The knavery of this trick is transcended only by its meanness, and I will venture to say, is without a parallel in the annals of hypercriticism. It is so bare-faced, indeed, as to defeat its own object; and for the benefit of the *gentlemen* who practised it upon his readers, I will quote another passage from 'the immortal bard,' 'the sentiment of which,' I hope, will sink deep into his heart, and be long remembered by him, and lead him to reform his morals and mend his manners:

'Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'T was mine: 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.'

But, excepting these founded on misquotations, and perversions of my meaning, what are the arguments wielded by this chivalrous knight of the goose-quill? In the first place, he admits that, by some means, the popularity of my work has become such, in a short time, as to create a demand for *sixty thousand copies in a year*; (A FACT;) and yet, he denies that it possesses the least particle of merit, and denounces it as one of the 'worst' grammars ever written! Admirable logician! But what a slander is this upon the public taste! What an insult to the understanding and discrimination of the good people of these United States! What! a book have no merit, and yet be called for at the rate of sixty thousand copies a year! According to this reasoning, all the inhabitants of our land must be fools, except *one* man, and that man is Gould Brown! What would this disinterested 'vindicator of a greatly injured and perverted science' give, if this same foolish and gullible community would but purchase only *sixteen hundred copies per annum* of his own precious work upon grammar?

That Gould Brown is possessed of a degree of critical acumen sufficient to distinguish himself as a grammatical thinker, in which vocation the main business is that of adjusting and arranging words, and rasping and filing the points and hinges of sentences, I am willing to admit; and, moreover, that he is *industrious* in this noble employment, as well as in defaming other writers, I do not deny; but that he possesses enough of scholastic acquirement, and capaciousness and force of intellect, to grasp a new system, or originate an important improvement in science, remains for him yet to show to the world. The encomiums bestowed upon him for his industry, excite not my envy; for I firmly believe, that he will go farther in the chase of a little idea, and pursue it with more ardor, and dodge more owners to catch it, than any other living author. It would be ungenerous, therefore, to deprive him of any of the honors due to him on this score. It may be well, nevertheless, for those who laud him for his industry, to bear in mind, that his labors are commendable or otherwise, exactly in proportion to the good or ill that results from them.

That his *Grammar* is destitute of merit, I have never asserted; or that its faults far exceed its merits, though easily proved, it is not my present object to show. Let the history of its success (or rather want of success) tell the tale. Gould Brown has most disingenuously insinuated that the great success of my *Grammar* is owing wholly to extrinsic circumstances. How can this be, when

it has never been favored with that main-spring of a large circulation, the business efforts of an interested publisher? No publisher has ever had any thing more than a temporary interest in it, secured by a very limited contract; an interest too inconsiderable to justify any formidable efforts to extend its circulation; whereas Gould Brown's Grammar has enjoyed the advantages of being pushed by a book-seller who has secured, I am told, a *permanent* interest in his work. I leave the natural deduction from these facts, to be made by the reader.

Gould Brown's efforts as a writer have proved his merits to be of that order which can never command the attention of the public, nor be crowned with any considerable degree of popularity or success. In his style, he displays many of those lighter graces and excellencies which pass for cleverness with such as look more at smoothness of diction and accuracy of expression, than at force of argument, or depth and strength of thought. In his criticism of my Grammar, he has displayed as little of the manly vigor of a scholar, as of the courtesy or candor of a gentleman; and in his unjust attack upon my private character, I think I have clearly shown, that he has evinced far less of wisdom and moderation, than of malevolence and vindictiveness. If, in his eagerness to anathematize and victimize me, he has sometimes so far forgotten the dignity of the critic as to descend to scurrility and coarse language, I will charitably ascribe the fault to the heart, rather than to the head. Unenvious of the laurels he may glean in such an inglorious strife, I have not attempted to imitate him in his manners, nor to rival him in his illiberality; and therefore I have not plainly called him a knave, a liar, or a pedant: but, in the most polite and civil language that the nature of the case would admit, I have endeavored to prove that each of these terms might be justly applied to him with emphatic force.

To avoid being misunderstood, I must be permitted to say, that however much I may condemn the abuse, yet no man entertains a more profound respect for the use, of true criticism, than myself; and had my antagonist treated me with but a moderate share of decency, and one-half the liberality that candor and justice demanded, he would have received my bow, and have saved himself the present castigation. I delight not in contention. I never sought it with any one. No man can accuse me of ever having assailed a brother-author, or of having laid a straw in the path of a rival. But then, my spirit inhabits a citadel of flesh and blood, and will not brook to be bullied by a ruffian. There is a point beyond which, if forbearance be extended, it ceases to be a virtue.

Gould Brown professes to be my personal friend, and to 'rejoice at my success.' If he were sincere in this profession, he would not treat me with invective, nor garble my language to sustain his unfounded accusations against me. If he were sincere in his professions, and consistent in his opinions, he would not now condemn my Grammar, and slanderously assert that it is one of the 'worst' books of the kind ever written: for, seven years ago last autumn, he praised, and *highly* praised, this self-same Grammar, and declared it to be 'A GOOD WORK!'. If he were sincere in his professions, or honest in his declarations, he would not hypocritically pretend that 'the vindication of a greatly injured and perverted science' constrained him to say what he has said concerning me and my works, when every page and paragraph of his abusive remarks clearly shows, that they flowed from a spleenetic mind, mortified by disappointment, soured by neglect, embittered by defeat, and lashed up to fury by the success of a rival whom he lacked the power, but not the will, to crush.

Gould Brown knows that what little of learning and fame I have acquired, are the fruits of my own industry. Having never inherited a patrimony, nor received the favors of a guardian, they are honestly come by; and so are the emoluments I receive by way of copy-right; and he admits that I am 'liberal with my gains.' Why then does he seek to destroy me? He knows, too, that I have endured more hardship, suffered more from bodily infirmity, and drank more deeply of the cup of adversity, than most men of my age. Why then does he persecute me, and attempt to wrest from me the just meed of praise and patronage which the public are willing to bestow?

I admit that my Grammar has its defects, (and whose has not?) and that, on account of what my countrymen have been pleased to view as excellencies in it, they have been indulgent to its faults. And I repeat, that had Gould Brown pointed out any of these, though in his peculiarly censorious and dogmatical manner, I should have received his criticisms kindly; for I have always held it as a maxim, that a man can never be too well informed to be instructed, even by his enemies and his inferiors. But when a man so far degrades himself as to deal in general denunciation, and coarse invective, instead of just and manly criticism, he neither enlightens the public, nor benefits him whom he assails.

The motive of the critic in furnishing to the reviewers this particular 'extract' from a work

* I can name the time and place. It occurred at the funeral of Aaron Ely.

which, only 'at some future, perhaps *distant* day, is to be given to the public,' is too clearly shown to be mistaken. Why does he thus early put his ms. into the reviewers' hands, when the publication of his '*Great Grammar of Grammars*' is to be deferred to some '*distant day*'? Or, if he must needs thrust himself before the public at once, why does he herald his approach by that particular portion of his work which denounces me? The answer is obvious. Lest the whole world should be converted to the grammatical faith as it is in KIRKHAM, it would not do to wait for the publication of his '*Great Grammar of Grammars*,' but it becomes necessary, for the double purpose of annihilating me, and of giving the public a foretaste of the choice things he has in store for them, to have this tremendous criticism appear forthwith; and, judging from the dainty morsel he has thus thrown out as a bait, a rare dish it must be! Judging from this specimen, (which of course must be one of his *best*, or he would not have sent it forth as a sample,) we may fairly conclude, that his whole '*Great Grammar of Grammars*' will contain an ample store of pedantry and sophistry, calumny and hypercriticism. Since, however, he has thus early discharged so large a quantity of bile, we may hope that he will be able to keep cool until his '*Great Grammar of Grammars*' shall appear; and when that portentous event shall occur, we venture to predict that the great work which has so many *not* things in it, will soon be as cool as its author. This prophecy, however, may not be palatable to our critic; for, having failed in writing for money, he appears now to be scratching for fame; and it is evident that he believes the size of his forthcoming volume, taken in connection with its pompous title, will render him immortal.

I do not know that I can more profitably close these remarks, than by calling the serious attention of my antagonist to the sentiments contained in the following extract from the preface to my *Eloquence*, a personal application of which, I doubt not, would do him good:

'Without taking into consideration the enormous difference between carping at the deficiencies, and condemning the faults, of others, and that of *avoiding faults* and *supplying deficiencies*, and losing sight, also, of the important truism, that knowledge derived from experience even, in order to subserve any useful purpose, either in authorship or in its application to business, must be drawn from *successful* experience, many of our book-mongers seem to take it for granted, that to be able to raise plausible objections to the books that have fallen in their way, and to profess experience in teaching a particular science, constitute the grand climacteric of all that is requisite in order to form a successful *writer* upon that science. But it is not the man who has merely *taught*, or who has *taught long*, or who is able to point out *defects* in authors, that is capable of enlightening the world in the respective sciences which have engaged his attention; but the man who has *taught well*. It is the man of genius and enterprise; he who has brought to the task of his calling uncommon powers of discrimination, and a sound judgment, and whose ambition has led him not to rest satisfied with following the tedious routine of his predecessors, but to *strike out a new and a better track*, or at least to render smoother and brighter the path long trodden. It is to such men, and such only, that we are indebted for all our great improvements in the construction of elementary works for schools and private learners.'

S. KIRKHAM.

New-York, July 25, 1837.

NEWSPAPERIAL.—Our readers are not ignorant of the high estimate which we place upon the '*NEW-YORKER*' weekly journal. For industry, talent, interest, and general usefulness, we scarcely know its superior. In a recent eloquent appeal to the justice of its numerous delinquent subscribers, it announces that hereafter, owing to the pressure of the times, it can only be afforded at three dollars per annum for the folio, and four dollars for the quarto edition; at the same time giving notice, that it will credit all payments, until the first of November, at the original price of two and three dollars.

THE SUNDAY MORNING NEWS, already well established in reputation, and very widely circulated, has received a valuable addition to its attractions, in the accession of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq., formerly of the '*Ladies' Companion*,' and Mr. JOHN JAY ADAMS, to its editorial department.

'HUDSON'S EXPRESS' is the title of a new and well-conducted daily journal, of the smaller class. It is under the editorial supervision, as we learn, of JOSEPH PRICE, Esq., recently, and for a considerable period, Editor of the New-York Mirror.

PARK THEATRE.—The season at this house commenced under a sad disappointment. The public had been led to anticipate the pleasure of listening again to the magic tones of Mrs. Wood, and of revelling in that intellectual delight which all have felt who have heard her exquisite performances in opera. But alas! their hopes were blasted, and the manager's prospects of a rich harvest somewhat diminished, by the news that unavoidable circumstances will prevent our old friends from visiting us so soon as was anticipated. We still hope that the season will not entirely pass away, without being marked by their distinguished performances. In opera, however, we have had, during the month, in Miss HORTON, a singer whose exertions have served to keep alive the growing musical taste of the Park audiences. Mr. HOAN, with a voice absolutely regenerated, and BROUGH, with his deep thunder-tones, have sustained the tenor and the contralto, and by their united efforts given effect to our old favorites, 'La Somnambule,' 'Cinderella,' 'Fra Diavolo,' and the 'Frieschutz.' Miss Horton merits no small praise for the able manner in which she has given the elaborate music of these operas, all made sacred by, and become as it were identified with, a missing artiste. The style of Miss Horton is so highly finished and pure, and governed by so much taste and judgment, that her execution is as easy, smooth, and tranquil, as the gentle current of a brook. She makes no effort which she does not accomplish. There is no attempt at the grand and astonishing; she is content to give the music of her author, without gliding it (as is too often attempted) by roulades and cadenzas, altogether foreign to the genius of the music, and the intentions of the composer. Miss Horton's voice is a limited soprano, but so sweet and sonorous, even in its harsh tones, that the hearer is compensated for its want of power, in the exquisite delicacy of its cadence, while the finished effect which it affords to the most minute passages of the music, is a worthy compensation for a lack of any of those whirlwinds of power with which it seems the intention of some prima donnas of the present day to overwhelm an audience, and 'snatch nine souls out of one weaver.'

Mr. BROUGH has passed his time profitably during his absence from us. His voice has become even more rich and powerful than when he left us, while his acting and manner upon the stage have received much amendment. His 'Dandini' is equal to the best, and his performance of 'Basil,' in the 'Marriage of Figaro,' altogether beyond the best, that we have ever witnessed at the Park. Mr. HOAN's voice has recovered itself to a miracle. Indeed, it has gone somewhat beyond its best quality of former days. It has acquired a mellowness and a power 'which were not so before.' With the great musical genius and acquirements of Mr. HOAN, it will be his own fault if he does not take that high stand as a performer, which he has so long enjoyed as a composer and professor in his noble science. We have not had opera alone at the Park. Tragedy and comedy (in which latter Mr. HILL, more clever and 'cute than ever, has been conspicuous,) have had their turns, and in some instances have been ably sustained in their principal characters. As for filling either tragedy or comedy *completely* with the present ingredients which go to make up what is called the 'stock company' of the Park Theatre, the effort would be as vain as an attempt to portray all the colors of the rainbow with blue and crimson. Mr. WILLIS's Tragedy of 'Bianca Visconti' was represented in the early part of the month; and notwithstanding the draw-back of very indifferent acting, in the principal character, and the worse than bad acting of some of the minors, it met with much success. The play will be found noticed at length in another place.

Mrs. SHARPE has been delighting her old admirers, and many new ones, by her vivacity and truth in comedy. She has long been absent from the Park boards, and has returned, we are happy to say, with renewed health, and a spirit as earnest as ever to instruct and delight. Her performances in tragedy with Mr. FORREST, the improvement of that gentleman, the addition of Mrs. RICHARDSON, (umqwhile our favorite Mrs. CHAPMAN,) to the Park company, are all subjects of gratulation and comment, but are too late for the present number.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — Early in the month, Mr. BOOTH went through his usual round of characters at this establishment, before large audiences, and with triumphant success. We had the great pleasure to attend upon his personation of Richard III. and Sir Giles Overreach, and are free to say, that we never saw the representation of either character excelled. That of Sir Giles, especially, was *masterly*, beyond any previous effort of the actor. The interest was so intense, during the last scene, that a play-bill, falling from some 'rapt god' in the gallery, eddied *audibly* down into the pit, amid the 'shuddering stillness' which the great power of the artist had created, even in a theatre never remarkable for silence. It was emphatically the triumph of mind over matter. We can say little either for Mr. or Mrs. HIELD, who were announced in large letters. The acting of the former, particularly in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' was beneath criticism. He evidently never *studied* the character which he assumed, but was content to skim the superficies, and leave the rest to rant and fustian. Surely this course, on the part of one in whose *professional* countenance inanity seems to contend with grimace, and whose gestures and action are not unlike those of a galvanized baboon, is very unwise. Mrs. HIELD has great energy of action, but unfortunately the unpardonable fault of emulating her husband in over-doing every thing. The features of her expressive but plain face, owing to this cause, seem to be worked by a secret forty-horse power. The engagement of these performers, in conjunction with so intellectual and capable an artist as Mr. BOOTH, must be considered as ill-advised and unfortunate.

NATIONAL THEATRE. — We shall hereafter preserve a record, somewhat in detail, of the performances at this very superior establishment. Mr. WALLACK has fully redeemed his promise to the public, by bringing together the best stock company in the city, and by already producing three or four stars of the first magnitude, in their several spheres. Of Mr. VANDENHOFF, who has at once established among us the high reputation which had preceded him from England, as a tragedian, we shall speak more at large in our next number. Miss Turpin in opera, and Mr. BROWN and Mr. WILLIAMS in comedy, have won, in a few evenings' performance, the high professional standing which their merits are so well calculated to command. The WALLACKS, themselves 'hosts,' it would be supererogation to praise. In brief, in the legitimate drama, and in order and correct stage management, the National holds an honorable preëminence.

THE OLYMPIC. — This new establishment has taken the town by surprise, in one respect at least. It is the most beautiful theatre on the Atlantic sea-board. Its decorations, scenery, etc., are rich and tasteful; the entire stage is carpeted, the stage-management is well conducted, and both in internals and externals, it reflects credit upon the liberality and taste of the proprietors. We have been unable, as yet, to attend upon any of the performances; but are informed that they have been highly creditable, bringing out Mr. BARRETT, Mrs. MAEDER, (CLARA FISHER.) Mr. FLINN, Mr. GATES, and other Thespians of eminence. We wish the 'Olympic' success, which we doubt not it will command by deserving it.

DUPRE'S DON JUAN AND HAIDEE. — The time of this picture is when Lambro, the father of HAIDEE, surprises her with DON JUAN; and the scene is too well known to require description. The painting itself is beyond comparison, in richness, beauty, and effect, the finest effort of art yet exhibited in this country. We shall not attempt a detailed sketch of its numerous points of attraction; but simply enjoin upon all who may read this paragraph, within an hour's walk or ride of the Stuyvesant Institute, to repair thither 'at the meetest vantage of the time,' to become for a season 'dazzled and drunk with beauty.' At the same exhibition-rooms, is another painting by DUPRE, of 'St. John in the Wilderness.' It is a faultless production.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING AND RURAL TASTE. — A correspondent has elsewhere touched upon these themes, and we are glad to perceive that they are attracting something of public attention. The want of taste of which the writer complains, is but too general. Propriety and beauty of location, in our cities, even, are often sacrificed to the mere external ornaments of the edifice itself. Speaking of a picturesque and pleasant mansion near London, COOPER sarcastically observes: 'We should pull the building down, if we had it in New-York, because it does not stand on a thoroughfare, where one can swallow dust free of cost.' There is a good deal of truth in this. A superior house may not unfrequently be seen here also, occupying, by choice of the owner, some such 'cheerful position' as KNICKERBOCKER'S hotel, which 'commanded a pleasant view of the rear of the poor-house and bridewell, and the front of the hospital.' Our country-seats, too, are still sometimes chosen, as formerly, if we may believe our venerable foster-father, the pleasant *locale* being often 'on the borders of a salt marsh; subject, indeed, to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested in the summer-time with musquitoes, but *otherwise* very agreeable,' producing abundant crops of salt grass and delicate bulrushes. In England, says IAVING, the rudest habitation, the most unpromising portion of land, in the hands of a person of taste, becomes a little paradise. 'The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water — all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading, yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.' What might not portions of America be made, under the influence of similar action?

VOCAL MUSIC. — MR. H. RUSSELL has recently visited us again, delighting thousands with his soul-stirring music. His late concert at the City Hotel was crowded with the élite of the city; and he gave many of his old, and one or two new productions, with surpassing effect. Indeed, his superior has never been among us. If we might be thought worthy to advise, however, we would counsel our friend, as he journeys eastward, to omit the perusal of the long letter, before singing the pretty song of 'Woodman, Spare that Tree!' by our contemporary, COL. MORRIS. We but speak the sentiments of a large majority present at the concert, when we say, that the perusal referred to is in exceeding bad taste, and altogether unnecessary, since the lines need no explanation. Any person can understand them, who understands any thing; and a long preface to that old and noble song, 'The Brave Old Oak,' which has quite the same general features, would be equally appropriate. We must not omit saying a word for Mr. BROWN, MR. EDWIN, and MRS. WATSON. They sang with their accustomed skill and feeling; and a Miss LEWIS acquitted herself with great credit.

LITERATURE OF THE WEST. — A kind friend, himself possessed of one of the finest minds in the West, thus speaks, (and he speaks truly, as we have often contended,) of the literary capabilities of the West. 'There is,' says he, 'more racy, original talent in the West, than you easterners dream of.' * * * 'The day is approaching, when a voice shall come out of the West, that will do honor to a dozen of the most worthy and intellectual young men which any section of our Union contains. We have the greatest country that the sun looks down upon; and before we all get gray, we will prove that our pretensions to intellectual vigor and originality are not unfounded. All we ask is a chance; and that must, in the natural course of things, transpire, before many thousand suns go down. Mind, Sir, I point my long fore-finger at you, and tell you so!'

A NEW ORTHOGRAPHY. — We have been not a little amused, in perusing a communication recently received from a correspondent in the western part of this state, wherein the writer gravely proposes an entire change in the present mode of spelling English words. His own plan may be gathered from the first paragraph of his article, which we subjoin, wherein it is shadowed forth. The writer seems sanguine in relation to his naked theory, which might help many of the English Grub-street brotherhood, (vide *COOPER*,) in their slipshod and difficult labors for the press; but when a printed book shall be extant, after this fashion of orthography, we think the general ear will be erect to devour it up. Seriously, our correspondent must be aware that he has a 'sinewy opposite' to encounter in the tyrant Custom; and he will find that if he were to wear a gross of quills to the pith in setting forth and defending his project, it would avail him little. Sertinli, the 'hul sistim' iz a veri kuris propozishin on hiz part, and tharfore we giv our rederez a snul spesmen:

'MR. EDETUR: It haz ben sed that ourz iz an aje ov improvement, and most erfaticalli it iz so. Siens, which waz wonse but an objekt ov wonder and kuriositi, iz now the handmade ov the arts. Mind, itself uninteligibel and inexplorabel, haz drawn aside the vale that hid from the vu ov the anshunts the suttel lawz ov nachur, and the operashun ov thozse lawz, and exhibited the hul sistem az won vast but simpel mashene, regulated by undeviating and universal prinsipelz. It haz brot into subjekshun powerz which ware bi the anshunts considered the mirakulus ofspring ov supernal beingz. It haz turned aside the litingnz ov heven, and subyekted tu itz purposez thingz not rekognized bi the sensez. Evri thing around us barez ainpel prufe ov the onward march ov impruvement. Ol that relates tu the plazure, and bizines, whether moral, intelektchual or fizikal, ov life, exhibit rezerch and refinement. Evri thing haz undergone, or iz undergoing, a radikal chanje, thrising of its stamp ov rude ineleganse, and assaming the form and polish ov rich perfekshun; *ol but the orthograph ov our language*; and that, in an aje ov intelektchual glori, retanze of the kumbrus deformiti ov Gothik rudenes. No adegate attempt haz ben made tu smuthe down itz ruf fechurz, and bring it tu the modern standard ov perfekshun, simplisiti. And if simplisiti iz the standard ov buti and perfekshun in ani thing, it shud emfaticalli be so in relashun tu the use ov thozse sinze or simbolz that purtane tu the expressehun ov our ideaz. Yet our orthografi prezents a konfuzed jumbel ov inkongruus speling, without sistem or proprieti. Sum letterz having the distinkt sound ov thre, others ov tu, and mani wordz having won, tu, thre, and fore, silent letterz.'

The writer here goes at large into diverse illustrations, which we must beg leave to decline publishing. At the same time, we fully agree with our correspondent, that our language needs simplifying, in many respects; that *governour*, *errorr*, and *colour*, are a little too strongly spelled; and that domestick and 'sheep-tick' do not imperatively require the same termination. But our friend goes too far. He altogether 'out-Grimkes GRIMKE.' Can he not labor in the circle of reform, 'without a reel or stagger to the circumference,' a fault so common and so reprehensible?

NEW-YORK COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. — We gather from a circular of the trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New-York, that a new, large, and commodious edifice, now in progress of completion, and admirably adapted for the purposes to which it is to be devoted, will be finished in season for the ensuing course of lectures, which are to be of the most extensive character, and to embrace every department of medical science. Anatomical investigations will be pursued under peculiar advantages, the supply of subjects for dissection being abundant and cheap. The anatomical museum has been greatly increased, and is amply provided with preparations for the illustration of a full course of lectures. The obstetrical museum, and the cabinet of materia medica, are well supplied with preparations in wax, drawings, and specimens; each subject of medical jurisprudence is illustrated by preparations and plates, and tests of every article of poisons are exhibited in detail; all chemical subjects are illustrated by actual experiment, through the medium of a superior chemical apparatus; the theory and practice of physic is constantly illustrated by visits to the New-York hospital; general, surgical, and pathological anatomy will be illustrated by preparations, plates, and dissections on the subject; while the lectures on physiology

will embrace all the known laws of the animal economy. Among other important acquisitions, may be mentioned that of ALBAN G. SMITH, M. D., late Professor of Surgery in the Medical College of Ohio, who assumes the chair of Surgery, and that of Dr. BRIGHAM, of Connecticut, who fills a new professorship of Special Anatomy. In short, every provision has been made for a medical college of the first order of excellence. It can scarcely fail, therefore, of entire success.

LITERARY RECORD.

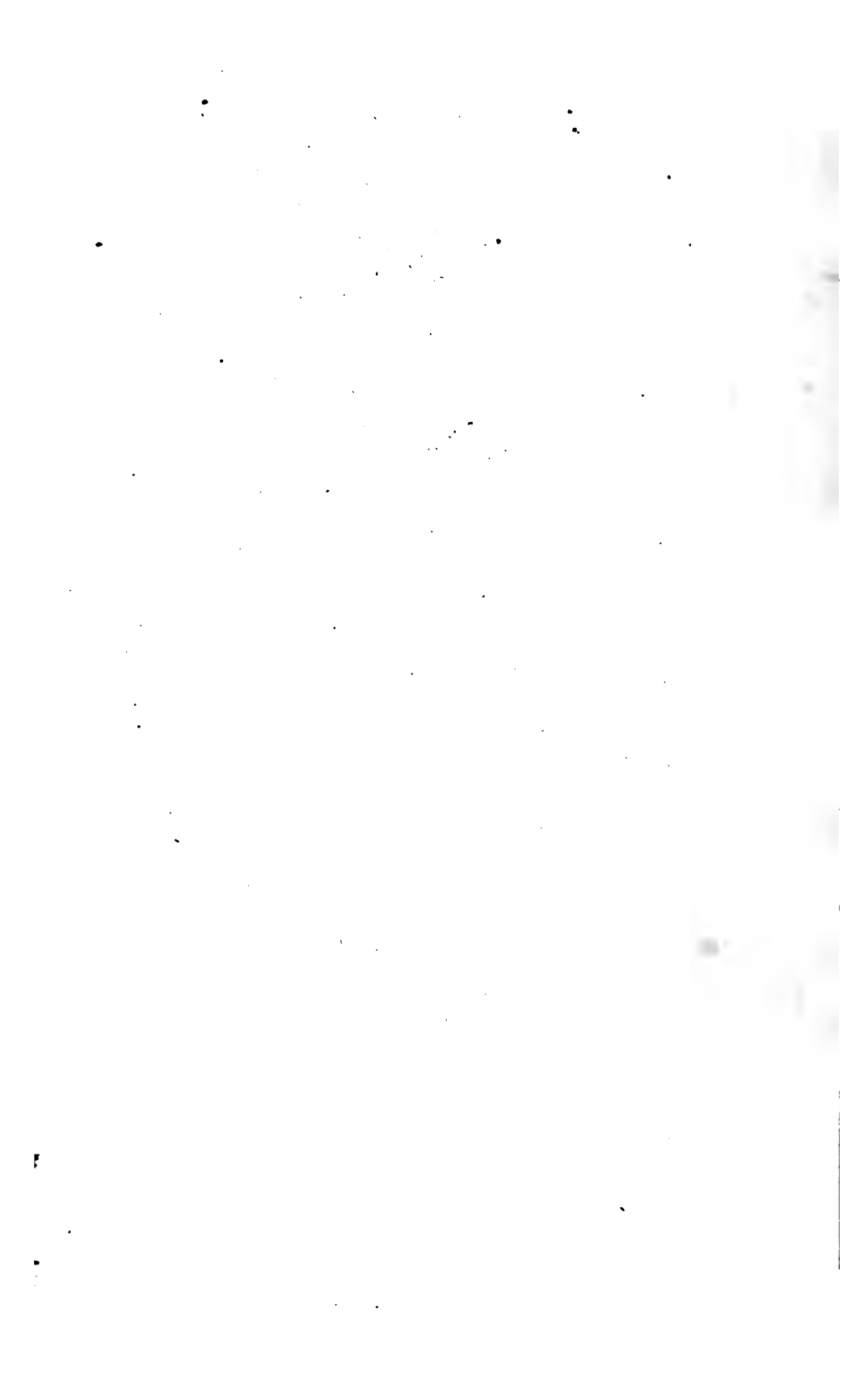
THE 'ALBION' — PORTRAIT OF MISS TREE. — The Albion of the 16th September contains a full length portrait of Miss ELLEN TREE, in the character of 'ION,' which is one of the most exquisite engravings, in large quarto, ever presented to American readers. It is engraved by DICK, from a superior London lithograph, with recent corrections of the likeness, by HENRY INMAN, Esq., to whom Miss TREE gave a sitting for the purpose. The terms of the 'Albion' are but six dollars per annum, for which an amount of the best selected periodical literature of England and Scotland, larger by far than can be presented in any similar journal, is given, in an exceedingly neat and tasteful form. Among the various interesting papers in recent numbers, we remark a new and extended 'passage' from the 'Diary of a London Physician,' unexcelled in power by any of its predecessors. Five dollars will insure a subscription to the Albion for ten months, including the superb portrait mentioned above. The publication office is at No. 1 Barclay-street, opposite the Astor-House.

LONDON SCRAP PRINT REPOSITORY. — We have pleasure in calling public attention to an establishment recently opened by Mr. A. LOWE, at No. 4 White-street, one door from Chapel, where the agency of ROBINS' well-known 'Gallery of Fine Arts' will be kept, together with scrap-prints of every description, including views in London, England generally, Wales, etc., with fancy female portraits, in costume, colored, together with the humorous sketches of the world-renowned CRUIKSHANK. We can heartily commend the fine views in Robins' 'Gallery,' and the laughable sketches of 'G. C.'

'NEW-BRIGHTON MIRROR.' — This is a very beautiful quarto publication, modelled after the manner of its New-York archetype, which it equals in typographical properties, and is tastefully and judiciously cared for, in point of literary matter. The first number is adorned with an engraving by ROLPH, from a painting by CHAPMAN, representing New-Brighton rising like a sweet creation of enchantment from the silver bosom of our glorious bay, with all its graceful edifices, and the noble, dome-crowned 'Pavilion' of that accomplished host, MILFORD, 'preëminent by ample odds,' swelling up in the midst. It is a charming picture of a most delightful spot; and the journal which presents it is worthy of both. Success to it.

POEMS BY THE 'AUTHOR OF LACON.' — A friend recently from England has kindly favored us with several brief articles of poetry, upon miscellaneous subjects, written by Rev. C. C. COLTON, author of 'Lacon,' which have never been published in this country. They are from the original manuscript, in the possession of an intimate friend of the gifted but eccentric author, and are characterized by that sententiousness and force for which the writer was so distinguished. They will grace our pages at intervals, hereafter.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq. — A late number of the 'New-York Mirror,' well supplied in its literary department, contained an admirably-engraved likeness, from a painting by INMAN, of this eminent American poet. It is one of three similar portraits which have preceded it, of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK and N. P. WILLIS. The three are alike excellent, both as correct portraits and works of art.





Henry Russell

TABLE I.

Page 2

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also mentions the scope of the study and the limitations of the study.

2. The second part of the report is a literature review. It discusses the previous studies on the subject of the study. It mentions the findings of the previous studies and the gaps in the knowledge. It also mentions the theoretical framework of the study.

3. The third part of the report is the methodology. It discusses the research design, the data collection methods, and the data analysis methods. It mentions the sample size and the sampling method.

4. The fourth part of the report is the results. It discusses the findings of the study. It mentions the statistical results and the conclusions drawn from the results.

5. The fifth part of the report is the conclusion. It summarizes the findings of the study and discusses the implications of the study.



THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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'NURSERIES OF AMERICAN FREEMEN.'

NUMBER ONE.

GENERAL EDUCATION is the attribute and glory of republican America. It constitutes one of the strongest pledges of the success of that interesting experiment in politics, which has astonished and enlightened the nations of the eastern continent, and which promises, in future times, to be the grand means of extending the blessings of freedom to the civilized world. Education, in some of the most enlightened European countries, is like the sun rising in majesty, and gilding with surpassing brightness a few mountain tops. Education in the United States is like the sun pouring his cheering radiance over every hill, and into every valley.

The peculiar importance of universal and well-conducted education, in a republican government, must be evident from the slightest consideration. Every American citizen is a juror, before whom each officer of the government is on trial, in regard to his capacity and fidelity. The public prints are the pleaders, oftentimes very artful, and sometimes not altogether honest; and these jurors need to be well furnished with an enlightened understanding, that they may not be imposed upon by misrepresentation and sophistry. Universal suffrage can never be safely trusted but in the hands of an intelligent and virtuous population. And it is questionable whether another country can now be found, beside the United States, where education is sufficiently general, and conducted upon such principles, as to form a sufficient basis on which to rest the structure of a republican government.

The want of a well-educated population has been the occasion of most of the difficulties and disorders which have agitated the South American republics, where one stormy revolution has succeeded another, and where a strong tendency has been evinced to return to the death-like calm of despotism. This is a great reason why France, with all her aspirations after freedom, and all her toil, and sweat, and blood, to obtain it, has had no more success in securing its substantial blessings. This is one reason why reform in the English government is a work of such immense difficulty, and why it cannot be obtained but by a severe struggle, and, as it were, by inches. Some master-spirits in that country, in which there is much to admire, and to approve, and to imitate, have recently engaged in a noble effort to advance the cause of popular education. These men, whether they may be aware of it or not, are firing a train that may

eventually produce an explosion, which will shake the lordly aristocracy of that country to its base. There is reason, however, to hope, that in England arbitrary power will gradually give way to liberal principles, and that the desired end may be at length attained, without violent convulsion. This may be hoped for with greater confidence, since intelligence is always friendly to order.

But aside from its political bearing, a general and well-conducted education is a matter of vast importance. Every man has a mind, which can never take its proper rank, and secure its highest enjoyment, without being enlightened; without a proper development of its power, and a suitable direction in applying them to practical purposes. A fire-side in Iceland, a land of frost and of poverty, becomes a scene of contentment and happiness, because it is surrounded by a reading population; and the long and dreary winter's nights pass pleasantly away, in the entertainment afforded by historical narration, or native poetry, or other means of mental cultivation. Every family is a school, and every child receives the rudiments of an education by his own fire-side. In civilized countries, valuable books constitute one of the cheapest, most domestic, and noblest amusements, for the enjoyment of which, however, a good education is an indispensable requisite.

But leaving this strain of general remark, it is proposed to give the subject a practical bearing, by a brief consideration, in the present number, of the importance of a legislative provision for the support of schools, and for the qualification and preparation of teachers.

A legislative provision for the support of schools is a matter of great importance. Every free government is bound by the principle of self-preservation to afford every necessary facility for the education of its whole population. And the most substantial aid which it has in its power to afford is, to furnish pecuniary assistance, by setting apart adequate funds, to bring the means of instruction alike within the reach of the poor and the rich. Schools, and especially common schools, are the *Nurseries of Freemen*; and not merely of those who are to exercise the important right of suffrage, but also, to an unknown extent, of those who are to sustain the weight of magistracy, and to wield the destinies of the nation. Many a man, during the short continuance of the American republic, who has risen to the highest stations of honor and of trust, who has surrounded his own name and that of his country with distinguished honor, and filled both continents with his fame, has grown up from the humblest circumstances in life, and has been indebted to the common schools of the country for the elements of his reputation and his usefulness; and but for the system of universal education, might have lived in obscurity, and never extended his influence beyond his native village. FRANKLIN, the statesman and the philosopher, was once a humble printer's boy; and had he lived in a country where the aspirations of genius are checked by the principle that every man must keep his place, and not attempt to rise above the condition in which he was born, he might have lived and died a merely respectable setter of types. DAVID RITTENHOUSE, the son of a plain farmer, was educated a goldsmith; and by his extraor-

dinary mechanical genius, he invented a planetarium, which may justly be regarded as one of the mechanical wonders of the world. Pursuing his researches, he became one of the first practical astronomers of his time, and he succeeded the venerable Franklin as President of the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia. ROGER SHERMAN, until the age of twenty-three, occupied a shoemaker's bench. To him it would have been injurious to apply the adage, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' To the acquirements of a good common school education, he added, to a respectable extent, the higher attainments of legal and political science; and no man brought into the councils of this country, at the trying period of the revolution, a sounder head, or a more patriotic heart. To these distinguished examples, hundreds of others might be added, who, if they have not fully equalled those that have been mentioned, in fame, have perhaps not fallen behind them in respectability and usefulness. And what has been true in this respect, in time past, is true at present, and is likely to be equally true in time to come. No man now fills a greater space in the national councils, than the son of a plain farmer in New-Hampshire, who commenced his brilliant career on the benches of a common school, in his native town. And no man can tell what future farmers' or mechanics' sons may occupy the highest and most responsible posts of the nation. In the free government of the United States, every man is, to a great extent, the artificer of his own fortune and fame. Common schools are the means by which native genius is to be, in the first instance, taught to put forth its strength, and by which it is to be raised from its obscurity.

The people of the United States are, to a good degree, awake to the importance of affording legislative aid to the common and higher schools of the country; and in every state in the Union, public funds are, to a greater or less extent, devoted to this object. The new states seem likely, in this respect, to equal, if not to surpass, the old. The funds which they have appropriated to this purpose, have been chiefly new lands, which are constantly rising in value, and which, in many instances, promise, in a future day, to swell to a very respectable amount.

But while the means of education are brought within the reach of all, it is important that they be not made too cheap. Men are prone to set a small value on that which costs them nothing; and a provision too abundant, instead of stimulating to exertion, may but minister to negligence. The state of Connecticut has, it is believed, at present a greater productive school-fund, in proportion to its population, than any other state in the Union. It amounts to about the sum of two millions of dollars. This fund was not produced by the contributions of its inhabitants, but originated principally from the sale of the Western Reserve, an important part of the state of Ohio, to which it laid claim on the ground of its original charter, and which, by way of compromise, was ceded to it by the United States. In no state could the experiment of an abundant public provision for the support of schools have been tried with greater prospect of success, than in this. Previously to this endowment, the cause of education there was in a prosperous condition, and its population had been taught, from their childhood, to hold it in high estimation. Although

no enlightened and patriotic inhabitant of that state would wish that this fund should be reduced in its amount, it is questionable whether the cause of education there has advanced in proportion to the abundance of its resources, and whether the largeness of this provision has not, in some instances, if not generally, contributed to keep the public mind less awake to the subject, than if its inhabitants had been compelled to rely more extensively on their own resources and exertions.

Without some legislative aid, there is reason to apprehend that the advantages of education will not be universally enjoyed; and therefore, every enlightened state will be inclined to make a competent provision for this object. If the common schools of the country need this aid, the higher schools and academies need it still more, as their expenses must necessarily be greater. They are required to carry on the work which is begun in common schools, to prepare members for the higher seminaries of learning, and especially to raise up a generation of teachers for the inferior schools. A number of academies, scattered over every state, should be placed on a respectable and permanent foundation, by a competent pecuniary endowment. This subject has not been overlooked by the legislatures of the respective states. A portion of the public revenue, which has been distributed among the several states of the Union, has been wisely set apart for the advancement of the cause of education. What species of internal improvement can be compared to this? Canals and rail-roads, and other similar works, are indeed of great importance. But these things have a principal reference to the physical wants of men. But physical wants are of minor importance, compared with the intellectual and moral elevation of the human mind. Republics, in a particular manner, must depend upon this intellectual and moral elevation for their highest prosperity. Legislative aid should be so afforded that, instead of producing apathy and indifference on the subject of schools, it may but stimulate to greater exertion. In proportion to the munificence of a public provision, the standard of education should be raised; competent teachers should be employed, and all the preparations for instruction should be on an extended scale. Much on this subject remains to be done; and availing themselves of the legislative aid, there is pressing need that the most gifted minds in the country should combine their strength to bring the schools of the nation, of every grade, and particularly the common schools, to answer the high purposes of their institution.

While it is important that adequate funds should be provided for the support of schools, it is still more important, that due care should be taken that these funds be employed in a prudent, wise, and efficient manner. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars may easily be wasted, from year to year, and rendered of no avail, for the want of a proper management. That schools should answer the object for which they are designed, nothing is more essential, than that they should be under the instruction of competent teachers; and that suitable provision be made for the preparation and support of such teachers,

The government of a school is a matter of no small difficulty and importance; and to conduct it successfully, requires great sagacity, and a knowledge of human nature, the fruit of much observation and experience. The government of a school is unlike that of any other community. It should be neither despotic nor republican; it should be patriarchal. It bears a greater resemblance to the government of a family than to any other, and yet it differs, in many respects, from this. Children have grown up under the authority of their parents; and where parental government has been in any measure what it should be, obedience to it has become a matter of habit. Children are, moreover, dependent on their parents for their comfort and support, and therefore the authority of a parent is supported by a powerful consideration, which teachers of schools have not at command. If the proper government of a family is a difficult work, as every parent will be ready to acknowledge, the suitable government of a school is a work of still greater difficulty.

Without the maintenance of silence, diligence, and order, it is impossible that the business of education should be successfully prosecuted in schools. But to bring the volatility, and thoughtlessness, and love of ease and of play, so natural to children and youth, to a thorough subjection to these principles, is no easy task. The nature and dispositions of children must be carefully and philosophically studied; different modes of management must be tried, and those which are found by experience to be most successful, must be adopted. Every teacher of a school needs much of the patience of Job, and the meekness of Moses, suitably blended with dignity and authority. He should have an entire control over his own passions; and if he has a natural attachment to children, it will greatly aid him in his work. It should be his aim, by an amiable, dignified, and discreet deportment, to secure both the affection and respect of those committed to his charge.

But a talent for government, however important, will not alone fit a teacher of a school for his station. He needs not only a gifted, but a well-furnished mind. He should not only possess a thorough acquaintance with the text-books which he uses, and be able to explain all their intricacies, and to unravel all their difficulties, but he needs, in addition, a great variety of collateral information, which he may bring to bear on all the subjects of instruction. He should be himself a living, walking, speaking text-book. Every system of teaching which is what it should be, will be a course of familiar lecturing. The teacher should possess a fund of information on a great variety of subjects, and should be perpetually bringing forth, from the treasury of a well-furnished mind, the varied riches of literature and science. The qualifications which have been mentioned are important, not only in the higher seminaries, but also in common schools. The amount of instruction which will be given by a thoroughly qualified teacher, will greatly exceed that which is given by a person of inferior qualifications, even where very young children are concerned, and the time of the pupil, and the money of the parent, will be saved by the employment of such teachers.

In this view of the proper qualifications of teachers, we need only inquire what is the character of those who are usually employed, to

discover the great deficiency which exists on this subject. The common schools of the country are extensively taught, in the winter season, by a set of intelligent and enterprising young men, who, in the summer season, are engaged in agricultural or other employments, not connected with literature; or in the neighborhood of colleges, in some instances, by young men who are in them receiving an education, and who resort to this means to help them to sustain the expenses which they necessarily incur. Far be it from the writer to speak lightly of those farmers' sons who have more taste for literature than the generality of their fellows, and have better improved the advantages which they have enjoyed, and who aspire to the office of teachers; or of those young men in colleges, who are conflicting with the disadvantages of poverty, and by diligence and perseverance, are raising themselves to usefulness, and perhaps to fame. Many a man, who has been an honor to his country, and sustained with reputation the higher offices of the state, has been, in early life, a teacher of a common school. The academies of the country have hitherto been chiefly taught by young men, who have completed a collegiate course, and having exhausted their patrimony, have resorted to this means to provide themselves with the funds necessary for the study of a profession. Before they have had time to become thoroughly acquainted with their business, they have relinquished it for another employment. In a large proportion of instances, the teachers of schools have labored under the disadvantages of youth and inexperience, and to a great extent, of a contracted education.

In the summer season, the common schools of the country have been chiefly taught by a fine collection of amiable, virtuous, and intelligent females, in many respects well adapted to the instruction of those younger children who, at that busy period, are alone extensively found in common schools. But these teachers have generally labored under the disadvantage of a very limited education.

In the cities, teaching has been more extensively a profession, and has received a more liberal patronage; and from these circumstances, it might be expected that the schools of the cities would have risen to a highly respectable standing. This has been, in some instances, true, but is by no means a general fact. Mere pretension and display, on the part of a teacher, often command more patronage than solid and unostentatious merit. The advertisements of teachers, of almost every description, in the cities, will be found to contain a catalogue of studies nearly sufficient for a collegiate course; studies, many of which some of these teachers do not thoroughly, if at all, understand. And in order that illiterate parents may have a high idea of the proficiency of their children, they are hurried through this course with a most unprofitable rapidity. The hurry and bustle and thousand diversions of a city are not favorable to mental cultivation. Show extensively occupies the place of substance; and even an intelligent teacher will often be found sacrificing his own better judgment to a perverted public taste. Fashionable accomplishments, particularly in the education of females, have been suffered to throw into the back-ground those intellectual pursuits, which can alone raise the mind to its proper dignity, and produce a full development of its powers. If most of the teachers of the cities would pretend

to less, and attempt less, they would accomplish more, in the substantial business of education. Like some farmers in the country, they should cultivate a less extent of ground, and they would produce greater crops.

The interests of schools imperiously require that something effectual should be done, to raise up a different generation of teachers from those who have hitherto held in their hands the destinies of American youth. In order to this, teaching must become more extensively a permanent profession; and such must be the support afforded to teachers, that it shall constitute a sufficient inducement to them not only to devote themselves to this employment, but to undertake the labor and expense of acquiring the requisite qualifications for this important trust; and the community must learn to distinguish between the well-furnished teacher and the mere pretender to literature and science.

Suppose, for a moment, that the mechanic arts were learned and practised as the profession of teaching has extensively been. Let us take the trade of a shoe-maker, for example. Let us suppose that farmers' sons, of a strong mechanical turn, during the leisure of the winter season, should begin with mending their own shoes, and, pleased with the efforts of their untaught ingenuity, should take in hand the shoes of the rest of the family; and having gained a little skill by practice, should set up as cobblers for their neighbors. What kind of shoes, can it be thought, would be worn by the community, if such were the common shoe-makers of the land? And does it require less education to become a competent teacher of youth, than a good shoe-maker? That person must think very highly of his feet, and very meanly of his head, who can entertain such an idea.

The community have, in some measure, yet to learn, that they will never practice a true economy in the business of education, until they are willing, at a reasonable expense, to secure the services of a thoroughly-furnished instructor. It must come to be considered, that a little smattering of information is not sufficient to prepare a person for a teacher of a common school. A collegiate education is not essential to this purpose, because many of the branches taught in a college will not be required to be taught in common schools. But in those branches which *are* taught, the education should not be less thorough than that which is acquired within the walls of a college.

The academies of the country are, at present, the seminaries in which the great body of teachers for common schools must be prepared; and in order that the academies should become suitable seminaries for teachers, they must be universally taught by able and experienced men, and the business of conducting them should no longer be made by young men a stepping stone to some other employment. These institutions should be, especially, under the charge of men who make teaching a permanent profession. But something beyond this is necessary, that a supply of competent teachers of common schools should be raised up. Seminaries should be instituted for the express purpose of preparing teachers. Such institutions, established on a broad foundation, and sustained by a liberal endowment, would be of incalculable importance to the interests of common

schools. The instruction given in them, being specially directed to this object, would be more appropriate and more effectual. Connected with such institutions, should be model-schools, in which the most approved methods of instruction may be exemplified, and in conducting which, those educating for teachers should occasionally bear a part. The clerical, the legal, and the medical professions have been most essentially benefitted, and their character has been greatly elevated, by the establishment of institutions expressly for the preparation of young men for these professions; and the same result might be expected from a similar course in regard to the preparation of teachers.

In a subsequent number, we shall offer some observations upon text-books; the importance of a systematic arrangement and inspection in the management of schools; the illustration of the sciences by appropriate apparatus; and the cheering prospect which the advancement of education holds out, in regard to the stability and permanence of the American government.

H.

SADNESS.

'I cannot but remember such things were,
'That were most pleasant to me.'

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

I KNOW not why! — but oft a deep gloom shading,
Steals o'er my gayest mood, my happiest hours;
The glory from my ardent soul is fading —
A tempest withers Hope's reviving flowers!
I know not why!

II.

I know not why! — but oft, when laughter thrilling,
Leaves its light echo joyously behind,
Tears from their secret founts mine eyes are filling;
I shudder, as the leaf shakes in the wind —
I know not why!

III.

Do I not know? Can Fate her stern course alter?
Are they not shadows of the brightness gone,
Which make the fond heart faint, the red lip falter,
Leaving me mournful memories alone —
They tell me why!

IV.

They are past and gone!
Those days that were so glad and bright,
Oh, can we call back one?
Ah, never! — would we might!
The memories of our early years,
Shall hallow still this cherish'd spot —
And hopes, though faded, ne'er forgot,
Whose light is quenched in tears!

L. B. SMITH.

YOUNG LOVE.

AN EXTRACT: BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

WHY are we not like Nature, ever new,
 Freshening with every season? It is pain
 To gaze, when sick and wasted, on the blue
 Arching as purely o'er us, and the stain
 Of the curled clouds, that gather in the train,
 Which the low sun makes glorious with his smile;
 To see the light Spring weave her rosy chain,
 And sow her pearls, no longer can beguile,
 When age, and want, and sin, our sinking hearts defile.

Youth is the season when we most enjoy,
 If we would know the sweets of life; the mind
 Is then pure feeling, for no base alloy
 Of gain hath blended with the ore refined
 By the wise hand of Nature, who designed
 The beautiful years to be alone the time
 When we can fondly love, and loving find
 In the adored the same glad passion chime,
 As if two spirits met in one most tuneful rhyme.

O! there are eyes that have a language — sweet
 Comes their soft music round us, till the air
 Is one intensest melody; we beat
 Through every pulse, as if a spring were there
 To buoy us into upper worlds, and bear
 Our fond hearts with link'd arms, on whitest wings,
 To a far island, where we two may share
 Eternal looks, such as the live eye flings
 When it collects all fire, and as it blesses, stings.

O! could we stop at this glad hour the wheels
 Of Time, and make this point eternity;
 Could check that onward flight, which ever steals
 Hues, forms, and soul, as the twined colors flee,
 Which are above the seven-fold Harmony,
 Whose perfect concord meets in the soft light
 That sits upon a wave of clouds — a sea
 Of rolling vapor, pearly and purely white,
 That as a curtain hangs the pale-lit throne of Night.

O! could we dwell in rapture thus for ever,
 Hearts burning with a high empyreal flame,
 Whose blended cones no reckless storm could sever,
 But they should tremble upward, till the same
 Fine point of centred heat should ever aim
 Higher and higher to the perfect glow;
 As Dante saw from that celestial Dame
 Once loved, now worshipped, Heaven's own splendors flow,
 And gather in her smile, that looked so calm below.

It is not in us; we were fashioned here
 For a more tranquil feeling, such as home
 Sheds on two hearts, whose true and lasting sphere
 Is round the holy hearth; hearts do not roam,
 When they are pledged by the young shoots that come,
 Like the green root-twigs, sweetly to renew
 Our life in their dear lives, which are the sum
 Of all our after being, where we view
 Heaven, as the soul's fond smile those rose-lips tremble through.

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER SEVEN.

I HAVE already described setting out for the law school at L ——. After a long and tedious ride over rocky hills, we arrived late in the evening at the town. It is situated on a river, on each side of which are meadows of the most fertile soil, one mile in breadth. On the east side of this river, a short range of mountains rise, grand and imposing, from the generally level face of the country about them. Here is perhaps the finest scenery in New-England. You have a great variety within one half hour's walk. Gardens of exotics, well-tilled farms, more resembling gardens than farms, mountains, a river, woods, cottages, princely edifices; here a street like a city, and the next turn brings you into something simply rural.

Here too might be found, at a later day, the finest school in the country, perhaps in the world, if we may judge from the talent employed in its management, and the splendor of the scale upon which it was got up. The founders of this school are probably in our country the only instance on record of men who had gained high places in the literary world, leaving all their hard-bought honors, and the ease of professorships in the first literary institution in the country, to embark in the thankless task of keeping school. This school has not succeeded according to its merits — as what school does? It enjoyed a temporary reputation and success, as long as it was the fashion and a novelty; and after the curiosity of the public was satisfied, it diminished, and no longer numbers its three hundred pupils. It is the same with our clergymen. People in our country are for ever changing their ministers. It is so with servants, ploughs, and all machinery, moral and physical. Variety, curiosity, experiment, are the words that govern. We are forever tearing things to pieces, to see what they are made of, and how they are constructed. There is not and never has been a permanent private school in America; and our endowed academies sink and rise, and only continue to exist, because from their legal nature they cannot die.

In the town of L —— you might have found, at the time I write of, a race peculiar to the soil of New-England; the descendants of old families, who have inherited wealth from their fathers, and with it a set of feelings that attaches them to old customs and habits. The furniture of their houses is antique, and they themselves are a little tinctured with puritanical manners. There are few places so aristocratic as this. They do not show their pride in equipage and dress, like new-born gentility, but in the distance of their manners, and the seclusion of their lives. A race has grown up and flocked in around these moss-covered families, which is thriving and industrious, but the line is strictly marked between them and the old settlers, who yet consider the land as their own, and themselves as the pillars of the place.

Some of the old men wear gold-headed canes and white-topped boots and cues, though the cocked-hat is obsolete; and the old ladies appear upon gala-days in brocade gowns, worn by their great-grand-

mothers, for aught I know, with heads carried as none but old prim, stiff ladies know how to carry their heads: a little in the style, we may suppose, Jupiter carries his head, when he walks among the clouds, where there is no vulgar earth to look upon.

The morning after my arrival, I called upon Judge H — , the principal of the law school, and found him, Cincinnatus like, digging in his garden. He rested upon his spade, as I approached him; took my letter and read it; gave me his hand, when he had finished, and as I looked in his face, and saw his clear eye and benevolent countenance, I loved him. He was a spare man, with the air of a student about him; his face was pale, and worn with much thinking; his manners kind and winning, with the least affectation any one can imagine. He introduced me to his lovely family, and they made me feel at home in a moment, by the sincerity and unostentatiousness of their reception.

Some people, when a stranger is introduced to them, are chiefly occupied in making an impression upon him of their importance and dignity, while the best bred only think how *he* may be made easy and comfortable.

The judge pointed a boarding-house out to me, and appointed a time to talk farther with me, and I took my leave, thoroughly impressed with the idea that I was the happiest man in the world, and the judge and his family the best and most agreeable people. 'Now for a look at law-students at a law school,' thinks I.

I found a fine set of fellows here, from all parts of the United States. Here was a student from the West, with his dark eye and coal-black hair, and Indian-red cheeks. He was remarkable for his independence and fearlessness; for his up-and-down dealing, and for the originality of his figures, and the indifference all western men feel to weather, domestic comfort, and the elegancies of life. Then comes the hot-blooded Southerner, contending between his ignorance and his pride; for the Southerners, (although there are honorable exceptions,) who come to the North for an education, are too much gentlemen in their own sense, to be able to handle any thing heavier than a cigar; though now and then bolstered up to holding a pistol at some friend they have injured, for the sake of the *éclat* of the thing. We see enough of this race of spoiled children at college, where they attempt to lord it over the institution and its members. They mistake the contempt which permits their folly to pass unnoticed, for submission.

Here, too, appeared the yankee, with his honest phiz, from the green mountains of Vermont; with his heart in his hand; telling every body who will listen to him all his family affairs and domestic arrangements. Nevertheless he has his points of shrewdness. You are off your guard by his honest and simple confidence in you: find him at a nine-pin alley, and he is your man, as he says, 'at can knock 'em down.' Put him down to 'all fours,' and he will play *game*; but he does not aspire to whist or billiards; of the latter perhaps he never heard. But if you would see him in his glory, look at him at a scrub-race, mounted on one of his father's colts, taken without leave from the pasture; his hat a little on one side; his neck begirt with a colored handkerchief, the ends flying; the skirts of his coat pinned

about in front, and he is in his element. A Vermonter is rarely a drunkard, away from his native state ; but to him, and the smooth-faced, precise inhabitant of Connecticut, we are indebted for the bad odor in which yankees are held in the middle and southern states, among the lower order of people, by their sharp bargains, by biting those who intended to eat them up ; for they are not always the aggressors in a bargain, beyond the latitude of trade law.

The strongest attachments of the Vermonter are for his horses and cattle, for he was brought up among them, and is taught to regard them as the sources of profit. Until the age of twenty-one, he is buckled close to the barn-yard and stables ; but at that age, he is free, and goes from home to seek his fortune in the capacity of pedlar, clerk, student at medicine or law, or to college, if he has a bookish turn, but never as a servant.

Vermont is the most republican of any state in the Union. There, people are more upon an equality than elsewhere ; the rate of intelligence, education, property, are more upon a par. It has no clownish aristocracy, like New-Hampshire ; no mushroom importance, like New-York ; no *golden* privileges, like Massachusetts ; but simple and contented, intelligent and industrious, hospitable and honest, without pretensions and disdaining show, running into no wild chimeras of improvement, and only a little mad upon masonry, it stands firm as its own Green Mountains, full of the purest American character.

Here was the inhabitant of the coast, the polished New-Englander from sea-board, with his literature and his sectional pride, his love of the arts, his belief that Cambridge College is the first institution in the country, and the Unitarian doctrine the most splendid of religious speculation. He is small in stature, for the most part, and has an intellectual face, and a head full of bumps. His dress is simple and neat ; his feet and hands are small, but his fingers are short and clumpish, showing that he is not anxious to talk of his grand-father. His manners are retiring and unobtrusive, not as if he lacked self-respect, but as if he feared others would not estimate him properly. It is his pride of character that keeps him silent, and causes him to stand aloof among strangers ; for he would not be thought guilty of the vulgar habit of presumption, for his right hand. Show him that you respect him, and he is transformed in an instant ; he is all openness and sociability, ready to be obliged, or to bestow favors. He sympathizes with you, till you almost love him like a brother — so aptly does he glide into the bent of your feelings. You will find him more literary than scientific ; he writes better than he talks ; judges better than he acts ; for he is much given to impulse and enthusiasm of the subdued kind, which works like fire around his heart, while the exterior man — the surface of his demeanor — is calm and passionless ; he thinks more than he says, and reads more than you have any idea of. His taste is refined, and his sensibility acute.

Science belongs to Yale College, with her grand professor Silliman ; but fine writing, criticism, and moral philosophy, belong to Cambridge. Cambridge sends forth eloquent divines, poets, sculptors, and painters ; Yale breeds sound lawyers, scientific doctors, and superstitious theologians.

The tall Virginian, with his rakish air, his big mouth, his large teeth, his long legs, and profuse hair, was next pointed out to me. He may be known the world over, by his independent way of chewing tobacco. He squirts out the juice, black as your hat, by the gill, as he walks the streets, or stands at the door of the hotel. He seems as if surrounded by slaves, so towering is his look. He is rarely a student, except in inventing strange oaths or a new-fashioned hat and cane. His family descent is his hobby; and this, in his opinion, makes up for all deficiencies.

Any one may single out the Georgian and the inhabitants of any of the Gulf-states. They are small, dark, men, who look as if they wore daggers. Their air is indolent and careless, when unexcited; but if they receive some slight or opposition, their dark eyes flash, and their lips close tight, with the intensest passion. They are confused by northern manners and yankee plainness. You rarely see them laugh, though they sneer most bitterly at things they dislike, or which are foreign to their own customs. As they come to the North to be educated, they herd with the Carolinians at our colleges and schools; continually quarreling among themselves, and slandering each other, they only agree to hate the 'd — d yankees.'

CHAPTER XV.

I FOUND among the students many whom I had known at college slightly. They received me with the greatest kindness and cordiality. They knew enough of my struggles, and thought well enough of my good intentions, to do all they could to heal the wounds I had received. Beside, they knew they had misjudged me at college. I certainly had some good qualities; I was very sincere; spoke my sentiments, any thing that came into my head, right out, without regard to consequences. However imprudent such a course is, we cannot help liking a person who possesses a quality so rare. It was not a virtue in me, but I did it from a wild impulse, a recklessness of consequences; and finding that it gained me friends, and raised a good-natured laugh, I carried it to excess; criticizing my own faults, confessing every weakness, and telling people just what I thought of them.

I do not know when I have passed a more delightful evening than the first after my arrival in this place. With me were C —, and F —, and L —, and D —, all old friends, who had always clung to me, and predicted my reformation. We were all changed, as men always change after leaving college, and mingling in the world, and getting rid of the hateful jealousy, the struggle for rank, the boyish pride, and hot blood, which characterizes students at college, pitted against each other for the prize of parts. We sat together at a spot overlooking the finest landscape I know of. It was a calm summer evening, and the holy rest of nature poured quietness and complacency into our hearts. We silently regarded each other, and let fall the easy remark, each word opening to us the fact that we were different beings from what we were when we parted.

Men educated in the same way, do not talk in round sentences,

like the characters in a novel. They interchange ideas by a word, a look, a smile, a gesture; even in silence they hold communion, in looking at a picture or a prospect. Observe how the Indians talk; this is a perfect instance of the near sympathy they have for one another. A shrug of the shoulder, a grunt, or a gesture, a movement of the head or hand, is sufficient to convey their meaning.

My friends saw that I had a good room; they let me into the habits of the place, and drew a fascinating picture of the life they led. I never was so happy. All the dark spots in my life vanished, and I looked only upon bright and joyous anticipations. I was away from scenes of hateful remembrance, and seemed to have begun anew. I felt grateful for the chance that brought me there.

I do not intend to dwell long upon this law school; and I have introduced it more for the sake of showing the effect of character upon character, than any thing else, and to illustrate how our very best sympathies, unless properly guarded, may lead us into error.

Law was pursued in this institution with all the plan and regularity with which any school is conducted. Recitations were held every day, and the lessons marked out. I admire this way of getting into the dry details of an uninteresting profession by the beginner. By getting lessons, short lessons, every day, at the end of a few months the student finds himself the master of much information and technical knowledge which he never would have attained by himself, without the severest self-control and discipline.

It is every thing to the student at law to get a right start; to lay the foundation well for future reading and practice. Very many lawyers, particularly in the state of New-York, get a knowledge of their profession after they are admitted. The time of their clerkship is spent in copying legal instruments, and attending to the matter of practice, while principles, and the origin and reason of these forms and technicalities, are regarded with indifference. Surely, no man can be a good lawyer — useful, protecting the poor, and guarding the rights of the widow and the orphan, exposing crime and supporting straight-forwardness and virtue — who is not also a good scholar, a general reader, a nice observer, and sound reasoner. Certainly, a mere machine to hold a pen, and bully in pettifogging suits, cannot be this.

My friend C — kept a friend's eye upon me, for he soon saw my failing; and so he dragged me to my duty by the gentle and strong persuasion of a friend; the kind and well-meant hint, more influential upon a generous mind than rivets of iron, or the severest authority. I was a good student here for three months. My self-satisfaction and confidence, my reasonings in my own favor, (most dangerous to our peace are such) put me off my guard, and — But I will tell you.

I had frequently observed a tall, thin, pale, and very genteel young man passing the street. I had seen him once or twice at a law lecture. He evidently belonged to the school. I was surprised, too, that he seemed to know no one, and none of the students bowed to him, as they passed each other in the way. The first time I saw him, his back was toward me. He was elegantly, fastidiously dressed. His walk was very fine, and was the gait of a gentleman. I felt a

strong interest to see his face ; and when I came to look upon his pale, melancholy countenance, haggard with care and disappointment, I felt my heart lean toward him ; I pitied him from the bottom of my soul.

I discovered that our study-rooms were contiguous, and determined to work myself, by some means, into an acquaintance with him. One night, as I was sitting late at my window, looking at the moon, and thinking of by-gone times, when I had one beside me to enjoy such scenes with, the sweetest and most melancholy voice met my ear I had ever heard. The song it sung was plaintive, and the sounds seemed like breathings out of the heart. This feast continued for hours. Now I could only hear a low chant, and then a wild burst of melody, that seemed to pierce the sky ; varied again and again, with the most astonishing skill.

I found out, by some means, that the voice was that of Collins, the name of the young man whom I was so anxious to know.

I could not be satisfied, until I had his acquaintance. I wished to become his friend. I knew what it was to be wretched and lonely, and I felt criminal in neglecting him. I talked with particular friends about him, but they answered equivocally. ' They did not know why Collins did not associate more with them. His distance was his own work ; he was a singular young man, and they believed he lived upon opium ; that he was strange and eccentric, and chose to be alone.' C — said : ' You had better let him alone ; he can do you no good ; his case is a hopeless one, and as for his melancholy, it is all fudge.' All I heard, only determined me to seek him out, and find what could occasion such habitual sadness.

Collins received my advances in a very gentlemanly way, though he showed no disposition to palm himself off upon me. He had been absent, until a short time before I saw him, from the school, and treated me as a new-comer ; spoke very handsomely of the students, and seemed to know the character and course of every man in the institution. I was charmed with the elegance of his manners, the acuteness of his mind, and his general acquaintance with literature. He soon returned my civility, and we gradually became acquainted.

He pursued his usual habits without any secrecy, and apparently as if there was no harm in such courses. His mornings were usually spent in a deep sleep, more resembling a lethargy than refreshing rest, from which nothing could rouse him. He rose about mid-day and read until night, hardly taking any nourishment. At night he seemed to revel in a world of his own creation ; he would sit for hours in one position, chanting low airs, his spirits kept alive by opium and worse stimulus. I never could discover the least mark of intoxication in Mr. Collins, as every body called him. His person was scrupulously neat, his dress always adjusted with the nicest regard to fashion and elegance. His language was at all times proper, and his sentiments refined. His mien was dignified and graceful. Had it not been for his haggard cheek, and the unnatural brightness of his eye, sensual indulgence would be the last vice one could have attributed to him.

The mind of this young man was radically wrong. He had no fixed principle, and if he did right, it was to be in good taste, not to be in opposition to error. Blackstone says, that ' to do right is only

to pursue one's own substantial happiness ;' and it may be said, that to do right, is to pursue good taste, elegance, refinement, true pleasure, and pure happiness.

Collins was unhappy; he hardly knew why. Possessed of a poetic temperament—nurtured in the lap of ease and wealth—every thing provided for him, he had never learned to *think*, to reason, but gave free scope to any impulse that came across him. Misfortune he could not bear, for he had never calculated for its inevitable coming; disappointment unmanned him, for he esteemed that wealth exempted him from the common lot of mortality. He had had an unfortunate attachment—as what young man has not?—and he thought he must be melancholy and wretched, to be Byronic and sentimental.

He was, as I found out upon a longer acquaintance, for my own foolish fancies made me singularly acute in tracing the rhapsodies of feeling in others, in a false and unnatural state of mind; a maniac, a madman, unsound. We are apt only to attach the name of madness to extravagant actions and incoherent words, but there is a madness which escapes the common eye—a madness of the soul, which as effectually destroys the balance and contracts the usefulness of man's life, as the wildest inconsistencies of conduct.

With every means of happiness within his reach, but for a strange and ridiculous fancy; with riches, the highest connexions, a fine person and good education, this young man indulged the idea that he was soon to die. It was impossible to shake off this illusion. Considering himself as doomed, he told me that he thought he was bound to make the most of the little time that remained for him, and he supported himself under this idea, so terrific to an ill-regulated mind, by opium, brandy, and any kind of stimulus.

Now his disease was this: Having taken by some accident this impression, he resorted to a bad remedy to drive it away. Each application only drove the poison still deeper into his system. He allowed himself no lucid interval. Could he have been prostrated by a fit of sickness, and placed under proper care, and recovered slowly from his disease, his mind might have been restored. But once in, he continued to weaken his strength by artificial stimulus, and his mind had no opportunity to resume its natural tone. The drunkard only can recover from his malady by going through the ordeal of a trial by water. He must expect to be prostrated. He must suffer intense agony for days, and perhaps weeks, but if he perseveres, his cure is certain.

Collins visited at some houses, and was caressed by a few, as 'a character.' He enjoyed the reputation of being an elegant scholar, among persons to whom he had never given the slightest evidence of scholarship, and who probably did not know what the classics were. This is very common. Who ever knew a case of a young man's throwing himself away, particularly if his connections are respectable, when it was not said: 'What a pity! He is the flower of the family; might be any thing, only ——'

The ladies, dear souls! saw in him a desolated genius. It would be laughable to tell the thousand and one stories circulated about his love affair. They used to get him to sing his plaintive airs, and how

it went to their hearts to hear the tones of a broken heart. He, under the influence of powerful doses of opium, enjoyed this. He yielded to the idea that he was what they thought him, and was happy in the luxury of wo. After one of these displays, he would ask me to relate to him what occurred the evening before, for he did not know, though all the time he appeared to the company as perfectly rational.

The students did not expose him, though they saw pretty nearly what he was. I, I cannot tell why, was with him constantly, and took pleasure in his society. It was something new to me, and gave me an opportunity of studying myself.

The example of this man constantly before me, the fact that I associated with him, contrary to the wishes of my friends, in the course of time alienated from me the good feeling of my former friends; or they felt bound to resent my neglect of them, by corresponding coldness. I did feel bitterly toward them, for their neglect of Collins, and always took his part; and when lightly spoken of, resented it as an insult to myself.

In this way, I lost the confidence and friendship of those men who could have still been, would I have permitted it, of inestimable advantage to me in healing my own distempered mind.

Collins and myself at last were constantly together, and each other's only companions. I gradually fell into his habits. Certain it is, that we enjoyed some Elysian hours. In the lonely still nights, when all else seemed lost in sleep, and the sound of labor broke not upon the ear to remind us that we were in a toiling world, we used to sally forth and wander through the meadows that skirt the river in this delightful region. Under the soothing influence of that drug, which creates first a heaven and then a hell, we talked and sang to the stars, and the beautiful earth, and the bright moon, and thought we were happy. A man must be far gone for this world, who goes straight about such an excitement of his system, when he knows, as we did, the agony that was to follow, after the charm had ceased. I was the greatest sufferer. My constitution was naturally strong; capable of great action and réaction. While Collins was left in dull apathy and lethargy, I woke from the trance of joy to excessive nervous pain. My mind was filled with dismal images. I had horrid forebodings. My broken vows to my father—the probable misery I had caused her who really loved me—the days of quiet and peaceful happiness I might have enjoyed by a different course—my ruin—glimpses of what I am—all came to my mind, and inflicted the keenest torture. I lived over again all the pains I had ever suffered. It seemed as if miseries were accumulated to crush me. I meditated self-destruction. I prayed for death. This frame of mind would continue for days, during which time I kept my room, and lived upon the most simple diet. But when recovered in body and mind, and going out with strongest resolution, as I thought, some new temptation would assail me, and the same scene, the same agony, the same remorse, were acted over and over again; and what makes it more astonishing, there was a sincerity in this resistance, which repeated failure could not lead me to doubt.

My only object in forming this acquaintance, was pity for Collins'

solitary state, and a desire to alleviate the pain he seemed to suffer. My motive, if I know my own heart, was good. Even believers in human depravity will give me credit for honesty of intention. 'The way to hell is paved with good intentions,' says the preacher. How true!

In one of my fits of voluntary seclusion, I read 'Hope Leslie.' Let me here give the evidence of my own experience in favor of that book. The study of the law was relinquished, and I read only works of feverish interest, when I read any thing. After the indulgence of irregular passions, every one who has suffered, knows that the mind is left in a flighty state; we have strange visions, and think strange thoughts; in short, we are quite poetic. Poetry, novels, music! how grateful they are! They lead us away from ourselves, and we are just unsound enough to yield entirely to the illusion. Under such circumstances, I read 'Hope Leslie.' I was a week about it, and I read all the time too. I was so enchanted with the book, that I consumed it as the child eats his sugar-plums, by little and little, to make it last the longer, dwelling over each passage; reading a scene, and then walking the room, and picturing out the lofty Indian, the heroic Magawisca, the generous youth, and the gentle mother. How I revelled! Beside, I felt strengthened and elevated by the high tone of moral sentiment contained in that work. It was the happiest week I ever lived, infinitely surpassing all possible reality.

LINES

IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF AN INIMITABLE SCOTTISH POET.

I would I were the slight fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread;
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head:
I would I were a wild flower springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast!

I would I were in yonder heaven,
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night:
I would beneath those small white fingers
I were the lute her breath has fanned—
The plaintive lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loath to leave her fairy hand.

Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder,
To happiness and Mary nigh;
While I at midnight, sadly weeping,
Upon its deep transparent blue
Can only gaze, while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too!

SONNET: TO MRS. ———

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

SWEET Lady! in the name of one no more,
 Both of us loved, and neither can forget,
 Make me thy brother, though our hearts before,
 Perchance have never in communion met:
 Give me thy gentle memories, though there be,
 Between our forms, some thousand miles of sea,
 Wild tract, and weary desert: let me still,
 Whate'er the joy that warms me, or the thrill
 That tortures, and from which I may not flee—
 Hold a sweet, sacred place within thy breast!
 In this, my spirit shall be more than blest;
 And, in my prayers, if haply prayers of mine
 Be not a wrong unto a soul like thine,
 There shall be blessings from the skies for thee.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER SIX.

SWITZERLAND, (CONCLUDED) GERMANY.

LAUSANNE, AUGUST 26. — We left St. Bernard, well pleased with our hosts, and hastened back to Martigny, where we procured an open carriage, and proceeded directly to St. Maurice, there to lodge. The ride along the banks of the Rhone, in the cool of the evening, was delicious. As it grew dark, the bonfires of the chamois-hunters were lit up here and there on the distant mountains; and among other things, we passed a beautiful cascade, seven hundred feet high, flowing out of a solid rock. At half past three this morning, we were aroused from our slumbers at St. Maurice, to take the omnibus for Villeneuve, at the head of the Lake of Geneva. It was just after sunrise, on another soft and lovely morning, when we stepped on board the steamer 'Le Lemane' to sail down this glorious lake, now placid and smooth as a mirror. The boat was well filled, principally with English tourists. We passed near the walls of the famous Castle of Chillon, where Bonnivard, Byron's 'Prisoner,' lingered in chains:

'Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace,
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface,
 For they appeal from tyranny to God!'

The castle is at the foot of the hill, on the very margin of the lake, and seems almost to rise out of the water. The poet has finely pictured in his 'Prisoner' a striking scene of loneliness, amidst na-

ture's fairest works. We passed Clarens, too, the 'sweet Clarens' of the author of 'Héloïse':

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections. 'T is lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness: here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch,* the Alps have reared a throne.'

At eleven o'clock we arrived at Lausanne, *via* its port, Ouchi, for the town is a fourth of a mile up the hill. This is a large but irregularly-built town, and is much frequented by the English. The house where Gibbon lived yet remains, and is now occupied by an English family. Here I took leave of the friendly party, and am to proceed alone to regions as yet to me unknown.

BERNE, AUGUST 28. — Had a moonlight night-ride from Lausanne, whence we departed at seven, P. M. I am now coming to the Cantons where German is usually spoken, so I suppose I must play deaf and dumb, and talk by signs, *guessing* the import of what they say to me, as I did, for example, at the diligence office, when I paid my fare; but in this case I was left in a non-plus. When I took my seat, they motioned me *out*; and I stood patiently waiting to be disposed of. My luggage was put on, the diligence was filled and started off, leaving me there, *solus*, in deep cogitation. Well, 'thinks I to myself,' they are *very* polite! Presently, however, a smart buggy came along, and the driver civilly beckoned me to take a seat. Feeling very cool and good-natured, in I jumped, at the risk of going where 'the d — l drives;' for I really was somewhat in the dark, and I could n't be positive whether it was not the 'old gentleman' himself. Soon, however, these dismal doubts were dispelled by our overtaking the diligence, and receiving an English gentleman into the buggy; and then the simple truth flashed upon me, that the diligence was full, and they were 'forwarding' me in an extra, as they are obliged to do, by law of the land, all who apply before the time.

In some learned discussions about England, I happened to say that the law securing the descent of property of the nobility, there, exclusively to the oldest son, seemed to me very unjust. My companion said he 'gloried in it;' though he himself was a 'younger son, he abhorred democracy and equality.' And with some more talk, I fell asleep, and left him to his cigar.

I was somewhat diverted with a prevalent custom of the Germans — that of embracing and *kissing* each other, when taking leave. I refer, of course, to the *men*; for an affectionate salutation of this sort to the *ladies*, it would be unpardonable to omit. But to see the 'grave and reverend seignors' bussing each other, is a little queer.

At two, A. M., we stopped at a place called Peterlinden, and got some coffee in a 'loft.' About daylight, we were riding in sight of Lake Neufchatel, and passed the little village of Morat, where the

* Flowing in and from the lake.

Swiss heroically defeated an invasion of the Burgundians, in 1440 : of which Byron says :*

'There is a spot should not be passed in vain,
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,†
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain.

* While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon, twin names shall stand.'

It is vastly amusing and edifying to observe the 'whims and oddities' of the various people one meets with on these routes, or indeed any where. The English and Germans generally like each other, while both dislike the French ; and all are equally prejudiced against we poor Americans — perhaps not without reason. There are too many young Americans, who ape the worst traits of the English character, abroad, and make themselves ridiculous, by an affected hauteur and reserve. There were two such at ———, whom our Scotchman pronounced 'contemptible puppies; for they considered themselves too good to speak to the Misses ———, because they kept a *pension*;' and he added, rather rudely and illiberally, that 'all Americans are alike, when they think they have got money enough to act the aristocrat.' This sweeping charge was not worth notice, and would never be made by the better class of English or Scotch; but it must be owned, there is *some* ground for it; and it is too bad, that a few dandy upstarts abroad should excite prejudice against the whole of us.

At nine this morning, we rode through a long shady avenue, lined with elms, into the handsome town of Berne, the capital of Switzerland. It is built on a peninsula, formed by the windings of a little stream called the Aar, in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain. The two principal streets are long and uniform, the buildings being all of gray stone, projecting on heavy arches over the side-walks. In the Rue Grand are several public fountains, adorned with grotesque figures. At the city-gate, a couple of wooden 'grisly bears,' (the arms of the Canton,) look down upon all visitors, with a scrutinizing but rather inviting glance. The cathedral is a very curious piece of antique architecture, especially the great door, which is elaborately ornamented with emblematical sculpture. But the most attractive spot in Berne is the public promenade, by the side of the river, from whence you have a magnificent prospect of the whole range of the Oberland Alps, covered with perpetual snows, probably the most imposing array of mountains in the world, at least the finest to be seen at one view. A visit to some of this range, through the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, is usually a prominent object to the Swiss tourist. Near the summit of one of these peaks, where 'winter reigns supreme,' the Jung Frau, is the awful precipice where Byron's 'Manfred' was stopped by the chamois hunter from taking a final leap.

The city and canton of Berne have always been noted as the most aristocratic of the confederacy, both in laws and in the spirit of the

* See also 'Anne of Gierstein.'

† A heap of bones of the vanquished remain to this day on the field.

people. Each canton, it seems, has a different costume :* That of the Berne damsels is marked by white starched over-sleeves, extending to the elbows, and a broad black lace ruffle stuck up over the head, which makes them look like Peter Wilkins' flying islanders.

29TH.— Like Mr. Cooper, we patronize 'Le Faucon;' and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham has invited me among the *Anglaise* to hear the church service read in his room. The principal topic of the day in Berne is the dispute with Louis Phillipe, which at present looks rather squally.

ALPNACH, LAKE OF LUZERNE, 30TH.— The ride from Berne to Thun was very agreeable, notwithstanding I was obliged to take the *interieur*, among some inveterate smokers. The scenery continued to be beautiful, but very different from that we had passed a few days since — the 'lofty heights' being in full view, but far distant.

Thun is a picturesque little village situated in an enchanting place on the Aar, near the head of the lake of the same name, which forms one of a series of the most charming sheets of water in Europe. Instead of the diligence route to Luzerne, I was tempted to enjoy the luxury of a sail over these lakes; and accordingly left Thun yesterday morning in a little steamer, which plies on the 'Thuner See' to Interlachen, another pretty village, situated, as its name implies, between two lakes, Thun and Brientz. It contains several good *pensions*, and is much frequented by tourists in search of health; and well it may be; for the region round about is a paradise. 'The air itself is a nosegay, the coarse bread a banquet, and the simple whey of the Alps is worth all the elixirs of the apothecary.' You may not sympathize, perhaps, in my enjoyment of this Swiss tour — would you were here to enjoy it with me! — for I know it is tantalizing to *read* of the 'fairest places of the earth,' when one must long in vain to be in them; and yet, it is pleasant to tell those we love of the pleasant things we have had the good fortune to fall in with.

On our way to Interlachen, from the boat, we passed through the queer and romantic old town of Unterseen. Interlachen is near the Lake of Brientz; and there, with the assistance of an obliging French gentleman, who volunteered as my interpreter, I hired a small boat with four rowers, to take me over the lake to the town of Brientz, a distance of ten miles. There I got 'some lunch,' and hired a horse and guide for my luggage, to Lungern, going myself, by way of variety, on foot, over the Brunig Alp. A violent thunder-storm, which had closely pursued us on the lake, overtook me on the summit of the rugged Brunig, and, at the expense of a thorough drenching, I had a fine chance to observe the sublime commotion of the elements; and sure enough,

——— 'Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaped the live thunder'

The movements of the clouds beneath me, after the shower, were

* The costume is worn only by the peasantry.

extremely beautiful and grand; rising in detached masses, gracefully and majestically up the sides of the mountains, and parting slowly from their summits, or from the green vales below, like a veil which had covered a mystery. Huge masses of rock overhang the path in several places, threatening to tumble suddenly upon the unwary traveller, or the cottages below; and abundant are the proofs that 'such things have been.'

I have said so much about fine prospects, that the one from the Brunig shall only be referred to, and you may read of it elsewhere. At Lungern, I dined, and hired a chaise to take me, solus, to the Lake of the Four Cantons. The ride was along the banks of two more lakes, Lungern and Sarnen, both of which are of a sea-green color, deep as the blue of the 'Leman.' There was little to remark, except an occasional water-fall, or the ruddy peasant girls on the banks, spinning flax.

At sunset, after traversing four lakes, and a mountain of no mean dimensions, since breakfast, I was received by mine host at the 'Cheval-Blanc,' at Alpnach, who is much noted, it seems, as an honest, attentive, and eccentric Swiss publican 'of the old school.' The hotels, be it observed, throughout Switzerland, are generally excellent. The plain but substantial fare which they give you, among the mountains, may be partaken of, after a ramble in those regions of pure and bracing air, with better relish than a princely feast in courtly halls; and in the larger towns they will spread a *table d'hôte* which would do credit to Meurice, of the Rue Rivoli, or Boyden, of the Astor House. At all the inns, visitors are expected and even required to write in the 'Book of Chronicles' not only their name and residence, but occupation, destination, and 'where from:' and in the 'highland tour' they usually add 'remarks,' scraps of doggerel, and praise or abuse of the last visited inn; such as 'Avoid the 'Epee' at Zurich;' 'Go by all means to the 'Cygne' at Luzerne.' Italy being blockaded by cholera and quarantines, this season, its neighbor Switzerland is more than usually swarmed with tourists; and a good many American names may be found recorded in the medley albums.

LUZERNE, AUGUST 30. — In company with a couple of very agreeable English gentlemen, who had just returned from Italy, we took a boat at Alpnach, and were rowed down the Lake of the Four Cantons to this beautiful place. This lake is one of the largest, and certainly the most picturesque, in Switzerland, being irregular in its shape, indented with little bays, and affording, in its whole extent, every variety of scenery. After doubling several of its promontories, in a sail of two hours, we landed almost on the very steps of the favorite 'Hotel de Cygne' at Luzerne. It is a capital house, close to the water, and as we sit at dinner, we have on one side a fine panoramic view of the Bay of Naples, and, on the other, the *real* panorama of this beautiful lake and surrounding mountains.

We dined sumptuously at the *table d'hôte*, and then walked out to a garden in the suburbs to see a famous piece of sculpture from a model by Thorwaldsen, the Swedish artist. It is a colossal lion,

pierced with a barb, cut out on the side of a hill of rock, and under it are inscribed the names of the Swiss guards who fell in the French revolutions of '89 and '30. It is remarkable that Swiss soldiers are yet employed as the body-guards of the kings of France, Naples, etc., as more trustworthy than their own people. These guards are formally 'let out' by the Swiss government; but how such a proceeding is compatible with national honor, I am at a loss to conceive. There are two covered wooden bridges at Luzerne, each fourteen hundred feet long: the interiors are adorned with curious old paintings, of the Dutch school, comprising a regular series of scripture subjects.

You will recollect that this is the place from whence the travellers set out in the graphic opening scene of 'Anne of Gierstein.' It is in the vicinity of the scenes of Tell's exploits, of the battle-field of Sempach, and many other interesting spots. The gloomy and 'cloud-capt' brow of Mount Pilatus, where tradition says Pontius Pilate threw himself into the lake! is a conspicuous object on one side; and opposite, is the isolated Mount Rhigi, on the top of which we propose to lodge to-night, as all faithful travellers here do, for the sake of 'the most magnificent sunset and sunrise prospect which the world affords.'

SUMMIT OF THE RHIGI, SEPTEMBER 1. — Yesterday, at eleven, A. M., I took boat with my companion, (an intelligent young student from Cambridge, Eng.,) and we pushed across the lake to Kusunacht, near William Tell's chapel, and the place where he escaped from Gesler. Thence we proceeded without a guide, the ascent appearing to be quite easy; but we had the luck to lose our way and lose each other: nevertheless, we pressed forward to the goal, like Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' tugging and climbing under an intensely hot sun, up, up, up, every step seeming to be the last, until I for one almost gave up in despair, when the friendly halloo! of some peasants pointed me to the path. At length we met each other near the top, on the side toward Altorf; and at six P. M. arrived at the inn, almost fainting with hunger and fatigue, and well able to do justice to a good supper.

Much as report had raised my anticipations, the view from the Rhigi Kulm far exceeded them: yet perhaps that from some points half-way to the summit, if not so extensive, is more pleasing and beautiful.* From the top, the eye takes in too much; and large towns and lakes appear like baby's play-houses and frog-ponds, and much as they would from a balloon. But the grand *whole* is certainly magnificent; a view of the *whole of Switzerland* could not be otherwise:

'Lakes, rivers, long drawn vales, towns, hamlets, towers,
From Gothard's glacier-snows to Swabia's bowers.'

Thirteen lovely lakes, of which those of Luzerne, Zug and Zu-

* The Rhigi is not remarkable for its height, being but five thousand seven hundred feet above the plain; but being isolated from the great range, it affords much the widest view.

rich are the nearest and most conspicuous ; with a hundred villages scattered along their banks. On the south, the sublime and gigantic array of the snowy Alps of Unterwald and the Grisons, even to the borders of Italy ; while on the other hand, 'the view extends into the very centre of Swabia, presenting a richly-colored relief, over which the eye of the spectator roves in silent rapture, as the eagle, hovering in mid air or from his *aërie*, in some isolated pinnacle of the Alps, looks down upon the states and kingdoms scattered at his feet. The sound of sheep-bells from the pastures, mingling with others that, with a deeper and more distant chime, call the villagers to *matins* ; the smoke of the first fires, curling in light blue wreaths above their sheltering woods ; the lowing of herds, rushing to their morning pasture ; the mountain peaks, varying in tint and distinctness as the light oversteps their summits ; the glaciers, gradually changing their snowy glare into a purple, and then a rosy glow ; spires and pinnacles catching the first ray of light, and assuming their wonted station as land-marks in the scene ; sails, half in shade and half in sunshine, skimming the lakes with their rural produce and population ; the Alpine horn, pealing its signals from the pastoral bergs around ; the pilgrim-troop, with solemn chant and motley costume, bringing their donations to the confessional of 'Our Lady ;' the screams of the vulture in pursuit of his prey, and many other sights and sounds which it would be tedious to enumerate, strike the eye and imagination of the stranger so forcibly, that he feels for a time as if transported into the mysteries of a new world.'

This is in the early morning ; but the most beautiful sight this evening was a *sea of clouds* resting on the minor hills, far beneath us, the peaks just peeping above, like so many little islands in the ocean. Bodies of vapor also hung, like a canopy, over a part of the lakes ; but with us the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun went down in cloudless glory ; and when the last morsel disappeared, the Germans of the party doffed their beavers, and made him a low parting bow,

ZURICH, SEPTEMBER 1. — Cooling as was the change of air on the Rhigi, after such a *warm* ascent, I never felt brighter than after my nap in that high position, five thousand seven hundred feet above the tide. By-the-by, the announcement at nine, of '*La lune ! la lune !*' produced a rush from the supper table, but the keen, bracing atmosphere soon compelled the ladies to retreat to their rooms. At 'four-and-a-half,' we were roused from our slumbers by a 'trumpet's martial sound,' announcing the approach of the 'king of day.' It was beautiful to watch the changing tints of the sky, for an hour before the sun appeared. Not a cloud was to be seen in the horizon, for we were far above them ; but when the sun's dazzling rays began to be reflected on the hill-tops, and on the sea of vapor beneath us, and the mists began to roll away from over the lakes, gradually disclosing their varied outline, or lifting the canopy from the quiet towns, the scene was truly exquisite to look upon.

I left the 'Kulm' alone, at six, and came down in an hour and a half, on the side toward Goldau. This is the village that was de-

stroyed in 1806, by the fall of a part of Mount Rossberg, when nearly five hundred persons, and property to the amount of half a million, were suddenly buried under a mass of earth, which our Mr. Cooper ascertained to be equal in bulk to all the buildings in New-York put together!* From thence I walked along the banks of the Zuder See, to the curious old town of Zug. This lake is nine miles long. The road on its banks is lined with fruit trees, and I filled my pockets with nice fresh prunes for the gathering. Blackberries in profusion are there also. It was another delicious day, and I experienced none of the miseries so elegantly described, à la Wordsworth, in the Album at Alpnach :

'I wandered 'midst the untrodden ways
Beside the banks of Zug ;
And there I met with scores of fleas,
And there with many a bug,' etc.

There was ringing of bells, and firing of cannon, which made a tremendous echo across the lake, but for what cause I did not learn. At Zug I got dinner, and a direction to a by-path 'across lots' of potatoe-fields to Horgern, on the Zurich See, where I was to take the steam-boat to this place. I was alone, and not a soul on the way could speak any thing but vulgar German. I was stared at as if from the clouds ; and albeit not conscious, like the third Richard, of any special deformity, yet,

'As I passed, the dogs did bark at me.'

At one village, a cur at the first house commenced the salute, which was continued to the last, by every

'Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And cur of low degree.'

The folks did not know what I meant by Horgern, because I did not *roll* it out with their horrid nasal pronunciation. I stopped to fill my flask at a spring, and had the luck to learn of a farmer that I was going just the wrong way. At length, after achieving another mountain, a splendid landscape was spread out before me ; the beautiful Lake of Zurich, bordered with vineyards, and neat villages, flanked by another range of snow-capped Alps. With staff in hand, and knapsack on back, as I approached

'The margin of fair Zurich's waters,'

I met a posse of 'fair Zurich's daughters,' and of course doffed my beaver to the fairest, wherest they were all vastly tickled, and perhaps a little jealous of the 'favored one' (a-hem !) but *bon jour*, or 'alack-well-a-day,' was all I could say, so I proceeded to the 'margin,' found there was no steam-boat, hired a boat, took in a lady, who applied for a passage, and pushed off for Zurich. It was a lovely afternoon, and as pretty a sail as I have yet had. I had this morning seen the sun rise from the summit of the Rhigi ; and now, after walking thirty-five miles in nine hours, under his hottest beams, I saw him set on the Lake of Zurich. This lake is nearly twenty miles long.

* See his calculation in figures, in 'Sketches of Switzerland.'

As we came near the town, we passed several charming pleasure-gardens, on the very margin of the water. Zurich is situated much like Geneva, being built on both sides of the rapid stream which flows out at the head of the lake. It is quite a large and city-like place, and evidently a flourishing one. I saw several large buildings in the course of erection. The walks and rides in its environs, and the sail on its waters, are delightful in the extreme.

It was eight o'clock, P. M., when my boatmen landed me on the dock, and it was with no little trouble that I found the *Gastoff Zum Schwardt*, or Hotel de L'Epée, for my pronunciation of the name would not pass. It is a good inn, near the lake, but always full, and very dear. Mine host politely gave me a ticket for the town museum and reading-room. I had sent my luggage here by diligence from Luzerne, and expected to meet my Rhigi companion; but he does not appear, and I must proceed alone to the Rhine and Germany, 'unknowing and unknown.'

SCHAFFHAUSEN, SEPTEMBER 2. * * * In the ride to this place, I had my first glimpse of the Rhine, at the village of Eglisan: and now I have been out to see the celebrated FALLS OF THE RHINE, near Schaffhausen. I came to them from *above*, and was disappointed; but I found the right view is from the *bend*, on the other side. The falls are certainly beautiful and picturesque, but not very grand or marvellous. If the falls even of the Androscoggin at good old Brunswick were in Europe, they would be quite a 'lion' in their way.

Having now 'done Switzerland,' you may ask, 'Have we not scenery at home, equal to any in that land of wonders?' And, at the risk, as Mr. Cooper says, of being called unpatriotic and 'spoiled by travelling,' I must say *no* — at least so far as my knowledge goes. The 'Notch' at the White Mountains is *equal* in wildness and grandeur to any scenery in *Scotland*; of course it exceeds any in England, and probably, the rest of Europe, which is saying a good deal; but *Swiss* scenery, *i. e.*, among the higher Alps, you must bear in mind is on a vastly *larger scale* than either. Think of mountains two or three times as high as Mount Washington, in some cases rising almost perpendicularly, or overhanging valleys eight or ten thousand feet below, their summits tapering off in fantastic shapes, and pyramids of rock. It is scenery of a different character, probably, from any other; unique in its wild sublimity. So also with extensive prospects. Our Catskill Mountain House is scarcely half as high as the Rhigi Kulm, and as to the relative merits and variety of the view, I would again refer you to Mr. Cooper's comparison. But with these exceptions, we need not go abroad to discover 'the beauties of nature.' Our rivers and river scenery are as much superior to those of Europe as Niagara is to the Falls of Trenton: even the far-famed Rhine, if I may judge from this portion of it, is not worthy to be named with the Connecticut, far less with our noble Hudson.

The Swiss views, recently published, with letter press by Dr. Beattie, are very correct as well as beautiful specimens of art. They will give you a much better notion of the country than any book I

know of. You will perceive I visited most of the originals, having passed through the cantons of Geneva, Wallis, Waadt, Freyburg, Berne, Luzerne, Unterwalden, Schwyz, Zug, Zurich, and Schaffhausen, beside an excursion to Savoy and Piedmont. How much Knowles' Mariana says in the simple exclamation :

'Switzerland is a dear country — Switzerland!'

The name will always recall to me many pleasant associations.

I am not a little puzzled in choosing my route through Germany. I desire to go through the Tyrol to Bavaria, Munich, Prague, and Dresden; but it is a long tour, and little travelled. 'The Glyptique' collection of the fine arts at Munich, and the great Dresden Gallery, are doubtless worthy of a visit; but on the whole, I think I shall content myself with the 'sights' of Frankfort, Leipsic, Mayence, the sail down the Rhine to Coblenz and Cologne, and thence to Aix la Chapelle, and the cities of Belgium.

GERMANY — THE RHINE.

CARLSRUHE, DUCHY of BADEN, SEPTEMBER 5. — I was somewhat amused by a good-looking Irish gentleman, who, after paying some pretty sensible compliments to the flavor of the *bon vins* of mine host at Schaffhausen, very kindly offered me his confidence and friendship, 'free gratis for nothing,' and proposed a walk to the falls, observing by the way, while telling me this, that, and the other, in the between-you-and-me sort of a way, that a rascal, whom he had unsuspectingly made his bosom friend and room-mate at Aix-la-Chapelle, had, with equal good nature, very benevolently relieved him of the care of his purse and gold watch. Poor Pat! I fear he was in a fair way to be operated upon again, with equal efficacy.

Schaffhausen is a queer old Germanized town, quiet and dull. The Hibernian and myself were the only guests at the principal hotel. I had another dreary night-ride from thence to the frontier of this duchy, where passports and luggage were duly inspected. At sunset, I arrived at Offenbourg, a decent town, where I found a very nice inn, kept by a nice man, who deals in wines and broken English. He entertained me excellently well, and sent me on to this place this morning in an extra. We stopped to dine at a town, which I took for our ultimatum, and leisurely disposed myself accordingly, when lo! by mere accident, I observed the carriage starting off, with my portmanteaus safely behind. 'Ou allez vous?' — 'à Carlsruhe!' So much for being among people of a strange tongue.

There seemed to be a uniformity of costume in several of the towns. Red vests and breeches and broad-brimmed hats, were universal among men and boys; i. e., of the peasantry only, for *they* are a distinct order of beings on the continent. The most laborious part of farming, etc., is performed by the women; the 'fair sex' here are expected to hold the plough, rake the hay, and dig the potatoes. What brutes must the men be!

Carlsruhe, the duke of Baden's capital and residence, is one of the neatest towns I have seen on the continent. The streets are

broad, straight, and well-paved, and the buildings all of stone, painted cream-color. The chateau of the duke is in the form of a crescent, opposite a block of private houses in similar style, thus making an elegant circle, with a garden and orangery in the centre. In the rear of the chateau, is an extensive hunting-park. The whole of this duchy appears to be one level plain, not specially fertile; and there is little to remark in riding over it, except the extensive squadrons of geese, tended by the lasses like a flock of sheep, and the battalions of *ganders*, in the shape of the duke's soldiers.

Our introduction to his Serene Lowness, the Rhine, did not give us the most favorable impression of his majesty. If one should see that part of the river between Switzerland and Mayence, and no more, he would pronounce its far-famed beauties all a joke. It passes here through this flat uninteresting duchy, the banks affording nothing more attractive than pine bushes, six feet high; and the river itself has lost its primitive attraction at Schaffhausen, for here it is of a brown muddy color, instead of its once transparent green. Occasionally, however, the monotony of the shores is relieved by a pretty town, which, the atmosphere being clear, and the view unobstructed, may be seen from a great distance. Among others, we passed Spires and Worms, noted for their cathedrals, which are very conspicuous objects from the river; and Mannheim, a handsome town, with a fine palace, (now chiefly in ruins,) in the midst of a beautiful park. Near Mannheim is Heidelberg, celebrated for its university, which is the oldest in Germany. These places are in the 'Grand Duchy' of Hesse-Darmstadt, which adjoins that of Baden. The boat stopped a short time at Mannheim, and we went on shore to see the palace.

It was dusk when we came in sight of the famous and very pretty town of Mayence, our steamer passing *through* the bridge of boats over the Rhine, which was promptly opened to admit it. The spires, and domes of the town, as seen from the river, give it quite an imposing appearance. We stepped on the quay, with very little bustle, and without any obstruction or examination. The hotels near the river were all full, but we found good lodgings at the 'Trois Couronnes' in the interior. I shall proceed to-morrow to Frankfort and Leipsic, with the intention of returning here to take the Rhine to Cologne.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE, SEPTEMBER 7. — The ride from Mayence to this city occupied three hours and a half. The approach to Frankfort is not remarkable, except for the beautiful grounds and gardens laid out on the site of the ancient walls and fortifications in the environs. Frankfort, you know, is one of the four free cities of Germany,* (Hanse-Towns,) and is entirely independent of any other state, being a co-equal member of the Germanic confederation, and important also as the seat of the Diet. Some parts of the city are very handsome, and the whole has an air of busy prosperity: it seems to be very like Paris, on a smaller scale. The hotels are renowned

* The others are Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck.

for their size and excellence; and as the great semi-annual Fair is in operation, they are at present abundantly well patronized. This Fair is quite an important affair to the city: all the public squares, quays, etc., are filled with temporary stalls and 'magazines' of articles, manufactured in different parts of Germany, the merchant announcing himself 'from Berlin,' or Dresden, or Leipsic. They often bring samples, only, of their wares, and from them make extensive 'package sales.' I should think that one half, at least, of these were filled with pipes — a fair illustration of the smoking propensities of the Germans. These pipes are long and clumsy, but most of them are very prettily ornamented. The Germans are verily inveterate lovers of the weed. They smoke every where and on all occasions; the toll-keeper puffs away while he opens the gate, the conducteur, regulating the diligence, the shop-keeper, while he makes your bill. All classes and degrees are alike in this respect — the duke, the 'professor,' the peasant. The charms of the practice are especially exemplified in the interior of a crowded diligence on a hot day, when three fourths of the passengers are doing their best to suffocate one another with fumes of smoke from pipes, and brimstone from matches. Remonstrance from a novice in the science is vain, for though otherwise polite and obliging, they seem to think smoking so much a matter of course, to prize it above their meat and drink, even above their wine, that they do not imagine it *can* be disagreeable.

The river Maine, which falls into the Rhine at Mayence, or Mainz, is an insignificant stream, only navigable by flat boats which go *down* with the current, and are drawn up by horses, as in canals. Frankfort is built on both sides of the river, but the greater part is on the north. The quays are broad, and afford a handsome architectural display, the buildings being all of a light cream color, like those of the French capital. I observed no very splendid public buildings, but the principal street, containing several of the great hotels, is very spacious and stately. In the Hotel de Ville is preserved, among other archives, the original of the celebrated '*Golden Bull*.'

LEIPSIC, SEPTEMBER 10. — Here am I, in the very heart of Germany, in the centre of Europe, within ten hours' ride of Dresden, one day of Berlin, two of Prague, three of Munich, four of Warsaw, ten of St. Petersburg, and a few more of Rome, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, all of which I would fain honor with a visit, did time and the 'needful' permit; at present, however, this will be my ultimatum, and to-morrow I shall commence what the Frenchman said Napoleon did, after the memorable battle of this same Leipsic, not a retreat, but a *mouvement retrograde* toward home. My journeyings will now be toward the setting instead of the rising sun.

The ride to this city proved, as I expected, extremely tedious and disagreeable. We left Frankfort at half past nine, P. M., and were forty-one hours, including two nights, on the way; the distance being two hundred and twenty miles. I was again doomed to the *interieur*, amid five smokers, as usual, neither of whom could speak English or French; and the idea of the mistakes and vexations to which my

solitary ignorance exposed me, was any thing but comfortable. I escaped, however, with nothing worse than the loss of a cloak in the Frankfort diligence; for on coming to the Prussian dominions, we were transferred to a respectable vehicle, on which was inscribed :

'König. Preuss,
Schnell Post.'

(Query, mail or snail? It does not merit the latter appellation so well as some of the French, to say the least.) The public conveyances on the continent are all driven by a postillion, in a kind of livery, with 'seven league boots,' a trumpet with tawdry tassels, and a leathern hat: he always rides the 'nigh' horse, and never goes more than one post, as each 'team' has its own postillion. Every diligence is superintended by a *conducteur*, who has the best seat in the coupé, but does nothing himself, except delivering the mails and small parcels on the way. The French and Swiss *conducteurs* are often surly and uncivil, but those in Prussia are very attentive, good-looking, and even well-educated. The most learned doctors of the university will converse with them on familiar terms, with deference and respect.

There is evidently much less exclusiveness in grades, and less show of haughty superiority in the wealthy, and even the noble, in these *despotic* countries, than in *liberal* and enlightened England. From the Grand Duke downward, it is usual to give a bow and a '*bon jour*,' or '*adieu*,' to the meanest servant in return for the same salutations: and these courtesies certainly do not seem to be misconstrued into that familiarity which breeds contempt, but rather to strengthen respect and attachment to the superior.

In coming to Leipzig from Switzerland, I passed through no less than eight independent states and principalities, viz: the 'Grand Duchies' of Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Gotha, Hesse-Cassel, the free city of Frankfort, and the kingdoms of Prussia and Saxony. The boundaries of these great-little duchies are marked by a plain stone on the way-side, inscribed, 'Weimer,' 'Gotha,' etc., as the case may be. I observed nothing else to indicate that the country was governed by so many different masters. There is nothing on the route deserving the name of scenery: even a gentle hill to relieve the dull, tame prospect of long and often barren plains, occurs but seldom. Of the towns I shall see more on my return.

I was sorry to find that the noted book-publisher, Mr. TAUCHNITZ, Senior, died of apoplexy, very suddenly, a few months since. His son, who continues the business, is a very courteous and intelligent man, and speaks English fluently. He received me very kindly, and invited me to dine with him at twelve o'clock, M. In England, I was several times invited to dine at seven, P. M. The usual dinner hour at hotels in Germany is one.

Before dinner, Mr. T. escorted me to the lions. In the principal Lutheran church, I was a little surprised to see paintings, altars and images! — things opposed, as I thought, to the very spirit of Lutheranism.

The 'booksellers' have just completed a handsome 'Exchange,'

where the brethren of the 'trade' from all parts of Germany assemble semi-annually, at the Easter and Michaelmas fairs, to settle accounts, and make sales of new books, etc., by sample. The book-trade is carried on here very extensively, and with a great deal of system. Leipsic is the head-quarters for the business in all the German states, and all publishers in other places have their agents here. You will be surprised, perhaps, at the fact, that the number of new books published annually in Germany, is greater than all issued during the same time in Great Britain and France put together.* What a nation of book-makers! What a mass of intellect in active exercise! In a country not much exceeding in extent the single state of New-York, there are six thousand *new* works, comprising *nine millions of volumes*, printed every year, beside reprints of old works, and all pamphlets and periodicals! One would think the Germans *ought* to be a learned people!

Mr. Tauchnitz's establishment is one of the most extensive in the trade. He showed me the stereotype plates of his well-known editions of the Greek and Latin classics, of which he publishes a complete series, in an economical, *pure text* form, one set filling a box twenty inches square. So you may easily ascertain the exact *bulk* of all the intellect of antiquity!

The Leipsic University, which is one of the oldest in Germany, is also about to occupy a neat and extensive edifice just completed. The ancient fortifications of Leipsic, like those of Frankfort, have been removed, and the space they occupied is laid out in gardens and public promenades; a change decidedly for the better, as every peaceable man will say.† As to beauty of architecture, this city has little remarkable; the buildings are mostly antique and uncouth, and the streets narrow, and without side-walks.

At dinner to-day, at Mr. —, the second dish consisted of thin slices of two sorts of fish, literally *raw*. It seemed to be regarded as a rare delicacy, but I could not stretch my politeness enough to do justice to it. The dinner, otherwise, was excellent. You know the old man who made the 'Bubbles from the Brunens,' feelingly describes his consternation at the never-ending courses of a German public table; but he does not mention two-thirds of the dishes I have tasted at a single sitting. The feast commences, all the world over, with soup; then comes the dry *soup-meat*, 'which a Grosvenor-Square cat would not touch with his whiskers!' but which is nevertheless rendered quite palatable by a highly-seasoned gravy; then, cutlets, omelets, and *messes* of various sorts; followed by poultry, wild fowls, beef, etc.; fifthly, pudding, which with *us* is a sign that the meat is disposed of; but lo! 'sixthly and lastly' comes a huge quarter of veal, roast chickens, *young* lobsters, salad, etc.; seventhly, tarts and confectionary; 'and, to conclude, a dessert of prunes, grapes, peaches, cakes, etc., the whole capped by sundry nibbles at a fair, round cheese, or peradventure, as to-day, with coffee, in Lilliputian

* The average number of new works per annum, issued for the first time in Great Britain in the last three years, is about 1200; in France, 4,000; in Germany, 6,000.

† A happy combination of safety, beauty, and convenience, is shown in the ramparts of the city of Geneva.

cups, which I took for baby's play-things. Verily, one has a chance of finding *something* to his taste in this variety.

After dinner, Mr. Tauchnitz ordered his barouche, with two beautiful bays, and a footman in livery, (Mr. T. is a book-seller,) and we rode out to the field of the memorable battle of 1813, about a mile from the town. The whole vicinity of Leipsic, for several miles, is one vast plain, which has always been, and probably will continue to be, the theatre of battles, when the nations of Europe see fit to fight at all. We walked to a slight elevation, where Napoleon had his head-quarters during the battle. The French had garrisoned the town for six years previous; consequently they had their choice of position. Napoleon had made a *mouvement retrograde* from Dresden, after giving up his second expedition to Russia; he was followed by the allied army, and here they met. Three days' hard fighting, and the slaughter of twenty thousand men, was the consequence. The French were routed; but their possession of the town enabled them to proceed in their retrograde toward Frankfort, (the same route I had come,) and on the fourth day the allies entered Leipsic. Mr. T. was on the field during the fight, and he gave me a graphic description of it. '*Here* stood Blucher, with his Prussians; *there*, Prince Swartzenberg and the Austrians.' What a scene of horror must that field have been, when twenty thousand human beings lay there, bloody corpses, and half as many more had fallen, wounded and mangled, sighing for death as a relief from their misery!

Otho, the young king of Greece, is now in Leipsic on a visit. He is shortly to be married to a German princess, whose name I have forgotten.

MAYENCE, SEPT. 13. — At six, P. M., on the tenth, I was again in the diligence. There were but three passengers; one of them asked me in German to sit with him in the interior, but having persuaded him in English into a *coupé* seat, he complacently remarked that he was pretty sure, from the first, that I was English. I declined the honor, with equal good nature. 'Scotch?' No. 'Irish?' No. He looked puzzled. 'You must have spoken English from childhood?' 'Yes. I never spoke any other language.' 'Perhaps you have resided some time in England?' 'Never was there but three months.' Curious whether he would discover me, I kept mum.

'From the East Indies?' No. 'But you are a British subject?' Oh, no. I acknowledge no king whatever.

'South America?' (!) No.

And, strange to say, I was the first, after all, to hint that there was a republic usually called the United States of America. It did not occur to him, at the moment, that the English language was known to *some* extent in 'our country;' but singularly enough, when the happy land was mentioned, I found him far from being ignorant of it. He had read of our 'manners' from his own Duke of Saxe-Weimar down to Captain Hall and the Trollope; and he was now writing a critical essay on American poetry. In short, he was Dr. O. L. B. WOLFF, professor of belles-lettres in the University of Jena; the author, you will recollect, of the History of German Literature in

the London Athenæum, and of other essays which have made his name well known with us. He seemed a good deal interested in our literature, and we beguiled the hours far into the night, in learned talk, parting near the battle-field of Jena, with mutual promises of future correspondence.

The road lies over several memorable fields. Near Lutzen, they pointed to a stone, '*Voilà la, Gustave tombeau !*' It was the spot where the 'Great Gustavus' Adolphus fell, in the thirty years' war. We passed the house where Charles XII. of Sweden signed his treaty with the Elector of Saxony. At Erfurt is the cell where Martin Luther lived when he was an Augustine friar. At Gotha, Weimar, Eisenbach, and Fulda, the capitals of their respective duchies, are the 'châteaux de residence.'

The approaches to most of the continental towns are through long avenues, shaded by elms or poplars, extending sometimes a couple of miles. One naturally looks for something handsome, after passing such an imposing portal ; but it does not always follow. One of the finest of these triumphal arches leads to a filthy hamlet, which would disgrace our backwoods.

They have a peculiar costume, at one of these towns ; but in general, there is no costume in Germany. Both at Frankfort and Leipzig, I noticed two remarkable items, the Jews and the pretty girls. The Jews wear long black gowns and girdles, with beards of nearly equal length. They seem to be here a distinct and 'peculiar people.' As to the German ladies, there is certainly more beauty among them than I have seen elsewhere in Europe.

My second entrance into Frankfort was from a better point of view, crossing the stone bridge over the Main. I had been riding four nights, *sans* sleep, and in the vulgar phrase, was 'quite done up.' It was of course delightful to find that the 'fair' had so thoroughly filled the domicils of every publican in the place, that not a nook or a corner in all those immense hotels was to be had for love or money. I wandered here and there, houseless and alone, till dusk, with a fair prospect of a loafer-like lodging in the street ! This was actually the only alternative to going off at ten, P. M., to Mayence. There were probably at least ten thousand strangers in the place at that moment.

The entrance into Mayence, at one o'clock at night, was quite *impressive*. On the opposite side of the river, in Cassel, is an extensive military establishment, through the gates and court of which we had to pass. The postillion sounded a martial air on his trumpet, and the sentinel, opening the ponderous gates, admitted us to the bridge of boats on which we crossed the Rhine to the city. Every thing was still and quiet, but our rumbling diligence ; the stars and the lights of the town were looking at their portraits in the river. At the city portals, another blast of the trumpet* procured us admis-

* The 'Old Man' of the Bubbles denounces these trumpets, but verily they are preferable to the long tin horns of the English 'guards,' which are indeed enough to

— 'break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder;
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound ;
He raises his head as if waked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around !'

sion, but no living thing was to be seen, except the military 'guardians of the night.'

To-day it rains torrents. So I will merely tell you, in guide-book style, that Mayence, as well as Cologne, owes its origin to the Romans, and was occasionally the residence of some of the emperors. The city has also been an electorate of the German empire, but at present it belongs to Prussia; and it is remarkable, that with a population of thirty-two thousand, it has a garrison of twelve thousand soldiers. It claims the honor of being the birth-place of Guttenberg, one, at least, of the inventors of printing, of whom there is a statue in one of the squares. I have been to see the cathedral, noted only for antiquity, and for the numerous monuments and statues of church dignitaries in the interior.

COBLENTZ, (ON THE RHINE,) SEPTEMBER. — The steam-boat left the quay at Mayence this morning at six, with about one hundred passengers, mostly English, on their homeward retreat. For two or three miles, the banks of the river continued to be low and tame. We passed the palace of the Grand Duke of Nassau, a fine edifice, near the river. The classical Brunns of Langen-Schwalbach are a few miles in the interior.

We were this day to see the only interesting part of the 'glorious Rhine,' that between Mayence and Cologne. Along here, there are a plenty of little islands, and the banks of the river abound with picturesque rocky crags, capped by ruins of castles, and relieved here and there by a green meadow, a vineyard, or a neat village. Johannisberg, a chateau belonging to Prince Metternich, is one of the first from Mayence. This estate has fifty-five acres of vine-grounds, from whence comes the most celebrated of the Rhenish wines. Speaking of Metternich, I need not remind you of his portraiture as 'Beckendorf,' in that unique production, 'Vivian Grey.' Then we passed the ruins of Klopp and Ehrenfels,* Vantsberg castle, at present occupied, from which we were saluted with a gun; the ruins of Falkenberg, Guttenfels, Schöenberg, and

* Among the Rhenish legends, versified by PLANCHE, is one of the 'Mouse-Tower,' near Ehrenfels, commencing:

'The Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth,
But he had not charity!

He would stretch out his empty hands to bless,
Or lift them both to pray;
But, alack! to lighten man's distress,
They moved no other way.'

A famine came; the poor begged in vain for aid, 'till he 'opened his granaries free,' and then locked them in, and 'burned them every one.' 'The merry mice! how shrill they squeak!' said the prelate:

'But mark what an awful judgment soon
On the cruel bishop fell!
With so many mice his palace swarm'd,
That in it he could not dwell.
They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They eat each savory dish up,
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the bishop!

He built him in haste a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance,
But they swam the river, and scal'd the wall,
And worried him past endurance!

'He flew to the castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair,
But they found the road to his new abode,
And came in legions there!

'One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter!
They had pick'd his bones uncommonly clean,
And eaten his very mitre!
Such was the end of the Bishop of Mentz;
And oft at midnight hour,
He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
And sits on his old 'Mouse-Tower.'

the rocks of 'the Seven Sisters' in the river;* Sternberg and Liebenstein, 'the Brothers,' etc., all famed by many a pathetic legend. There are also the pretty villages of Rudesheim, Geisenheim, Bingen, Oberwesel, Saint Goar, and others, too tedious to mention; and the rock of Lureley, with an echo which repeats seven times.

I am now before the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, the strongest fortress in Europe, built on a rocky elevation, commanding the river for several miles. The city of Coblentz, nearly opposite, and connected with it by a floating bridge, is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by five thousand Prussian soldiers. It was founded by Drusus, the Roman general, thirteen years before Christ.

COLOGNE, 14TH. — I am now in the ancient and honorable city of 'Les Trois Rois,' and of the eleven thousand virgins.

On leaving Coblentz, the shores are again 'flat and stale,' (though perhaps not 'unprofitable' to the vinters,) until thou comest unto Remagen, when there are a few miles of the picturesque, and then the *scenery* of the Rhine is finished. On the score of natural beauty, it would take a good many Rhines to make a Hudson; but, as Willis says, *here* we are constantly reminded of the *past*; history, tradition, and song, have given every thing a charm, and even these rough old ruins are tinted with a *couleur de rose*; but amidst the hills, and streams, and forests, of the so-called *new world*, our thoughts stretch forward to the future. We have already the rich material, and perhaps the time will come when Europe may not claim superiority, even in works of art, or in historical associations and reminiscences; albeit we have no princely palaces or baronical strongholds, and, thanks to our democratic rulers! we are in no immediate danger of them.

* Perhaps you may be amused by this legend. It runs as follows:

'THE Castle of Schöenberg was lofty and fair,
And seven countesses ruled there:
Lovely, and noble, and wealthy I trow —
Every sister had suitors enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sigh'd at the feet of those ladies bright:
And they whispered hope to every one,
While they vow'd in their hearts they would
have none!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel:
Women are altered now, I ween,
And never say what they do not mean!

'At the Castle of Schöenberg 't was merriment
all —

There was dancing in bower, and feasting in hall;
They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than thought away!
But not only moments — the days fled too —
And they were but as when they first came to
woo;
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter and scornful
word!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel:
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain!

'Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—
Each fancied a favored rival nigh;
And darker every day they frowned,
And sharper still the taunt went round;
Till swords were drawn, and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble
breast;
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions
bold!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel;
Times have changed, and we must allow,
Countesses are not so cruel now.

'Morning dawn'd upon Schöenberg's towers,
But the sisters were not in their wonted bow-
ers;

Their damsels sought them the castle o'er —
But upon earth they were seen no more;
Seven rocks are in the tide,
Ober-wesel's walls beside,
Baring their cold brows to heaven:
They are called, 'The Sisters Seven.'

Gentles, list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel:
And ladies now may love deride,
And their suitors alone be petrified!"

But the Rhine is interesting — intensely so ; and I can only regret, my dear — , that you are not here to share with me this long-wished for pleasure.

'The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy, wert *thou* with me.

'And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

'The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me more dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.'

If misery loves company, as the proverb says, why should not happiness be also sociably disposed ? There is to me a special loneliness in being in these regions of song, with a crowd of strangers, but with no 'congenial spirit' who in after days would recall to us the fond recollection of happy hours passed together in the distant land ; who with a single word might bring vividly before us a glowing panorama of scenes remembered as a dream. And is there not as much or more enjoyment in these remembrances, than in the 'first impression ?'

Beside the Drachenfels, there are a score of ruins this side of Coblenz, such as Rolandzeck, Godesberg, and other hard names ; and we also passed the pretty town of Bonn, the seat of an ancient and well-endowed university. From one of the castles, near the river, we were saluted with three cheers by the garrison.

To-morrow I shall write from Aix-la-Chapelle, for here I must say, albeit not in the Byronic vein,

'Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way ;
Thine is a scene alike where souls united,
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where nature, not too sombre nor too gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful, but not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.'

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

'THEIR voice shall be heard in other ages,
When the kings of Temora have failed.'

OSMAN.

Ye say, we sing no household songs,
To those beside our hearths at play;
No minstrelsy to us belongs,
No legends of our by-gone day:
No old traditions of the hills,
Our giant land no memory fills —
We have no proud heroic lay!
Ye ask the time-worn storied page —
Ye ask the things of other age,
From us — a race of yesterday!

Of yore, in Britain's feudal halls,
Where many a warlike trophy hung,
With shield and banner on the walls,
The bard's high harp was sternly strung
To praise of war — its fierce delights —
To 'heroes of an hundred fights,'
Ever the 'sounding shell' outrung!
Gone is the ancient Bardic race —
Their song hath found perpetual place
Their country's proud archives among!

The warlike Norsemen of the isles,
Ere o'er the wave held sovereignty —
A sound is swelling where, erewhile,
Their ringing spears made melody:
Rude hunters of the seal and whale
Are chaunting out the Saga's tale,
To the wild winds sweeping by —
How their heroes heard the Valkyriur call
To the feast and song in Odin's hall —
To the white mead foaming high!

The stirring Scottish border tale,
Pealed from the chords in chieftain's hall —
The wild traditions of the G    ,
The wandering harper's lays recall:
All have their legends, and their songs —
Records of glory, feud, and wrongs.
What nerved the fair chivalric Gaul,
When woke the bold 'Parisienne'?
The 'Marsellois'? *what* foeman then
Roused him to conquer or to fall?

What thought the Switzer's bosom thrills,
When sounds the 'Ranz de Vache' on high;
A race as ancient as their hills,
Still echoes their wild mountain cry:
He springs along the rocky height —
He marks the lammergeyer's flight —
The chamois bounding by:
He snuffs the mountain breeze of morn —
He winds again the mountain horn,
And the loud Alps reply!

Our fathers bore from Albion's isle,
No stories of her sounding lyres —
They left the old baronial pile —
They left the harp of ringing wires!
Ours are the legends old and dim,
The household song — the evening hymn,
Sung by your bright hearth-fires!
Each tree that in your soft wind stirs,
Waves o'er our ancient sepulchres —
The ashes of our sires!

Yea, forth they went, nerved to forsake
 Home, and the chains they might not bear —
 And woman's heart was strong, to break
 The links of love which bound her there.
 Here, free to worship and believe,
 From many a log-built hut, at eve,
 Went up the suppliant voice of prayer.
 Is it not writ on history's page,
 How the strong arm claimed *our heritage?* —
 Of the lion claimed his lair!

Our people sang no loud war-songs,
 They shouted no loud battle-cry —
 A burning memory of their wrongs
 Lit up their path to victory!
 With prayer to God to aid the right,
 The yeoman girded him for fight,
 To free the land he tilled, or die!
 They bore no proud escutcheon'd shield —
 No blazoned banners to the field —
 Nought but their motto — 'LIBERTY!'

Their sons — when after years shall fling
 O'er these romance — when time hath cast
 The mighty shadow of his wing
 Between them and the storied past —
 Will tell of foul oppression's heel,
 Of hands which bore the avenging steel,
 And battled sternly to the last —
 By their hearth-fires — on the hill-side free,
 Till the swell is caught by the echoing sea,
 And hymned by the wandering blast!

LONG-

THE DEAD HUSBAND.*

BY ALFONSO WETMORE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE 'GAZETTEER OF MISSOURI.'

MORE than one half of the inhabitants of the globe have an imperfect idea of the sufferings that are endured by their kindred, even in the vicinity of their own dwellings. The same laudable sentiment that induces display of the elegancies of life, causes concealment of our miseries, or humiliating misfortunes. The social feeling which induces us to lend aid to a neighbor in peril, or in the full tide of prosperous action, tends to the exhibition of our good fortune; it is sympathy in both instances. It is the sufferer who seeks concealment, having no flattering prospects to offer for the congratulations of the sympathetic. It is the jealous distrust of our natures that induces the pedestrian, who is toiling onward with a humid brow, to cast a nervous and discontented glance at the tenants of the post-coach, as it darts onward; and he welcomes the cloud of dust that insures concealment of his woes, created only by contrast. It is only when crime brings suffering on the innocent kindred of the criminal, that there exists serious cause of discontent.

* THE writer of this very spirited sketch of western life, assures us that it is essentially true, having been narrated to him by a respectable citizen, only six miles from the closing scene of the tragic adventure. A fictitious name has been substituted, out of delicacy to the survivors of the family.

EDG. KNICKERBOCKER.

JOSEPH JOPLIN was one of half a dozen sons of a tavern-keeper in the county of Buncombe, North Carolina; and consequently he became initiated in early life into the ways of the world; by which general expression, it may be in this case understood, an acquaintance with whiskey and tar-kilns, long rifles, and quarter-races. When this younger son of the publican of the 'Piny Woods' had nearly attained the stature of the family standard, six feet three inches, and a few months before he had reached his twentieth year, he led up before the township justice of the peace a hope-inspired damsel. She vowed herself his partner, in weal and wo, in life and death. His circumstances at the time were only middling. He owned 'a likely young nag, a dollar bill, and a good rifle-gun.'

A few months after the festivities of the nuptials had left the sober realities of life in bold relief, the young couple began to look beyond the precincts of the paternal double cabins, in order to fix the trace leading to the most inviting region. Their departure was accelerated by 'a small scrimmage,' in which Mr. Joplin was unfortunately a principal actor, at a shooting-match. His antagonist had darkened the manly disc of our hero a little; but then the young bridegroom boasted that he had taken an 'under bit out of his left ear, and stove two of his front teeth down his throat.'

The young couple departed with the buoyancy of hope, (that flattering endorser of accommodation paper,) for the western district; the husband on foot, leading in the devious pathway of his bride, who was mounted on the nag. This animal was well laden with household stuffs, consisting principally of quilts and 'kiverlids.'

The adventurers reached the point of destination, six miles from the last cabin, on the borders of the Indian country, in season to make a crop. When the corn was gathered in, the fall hunt half finished, the venison drying, and the 'bear bacon' cured, the Indian Summer, with its mild haze, shed a soft and cheering influence upon the new-beginners.

On one of the quiet evenings, made more interesting by the tranquillity of the day of rest, the settlers were entertaining a neighboring family with a happy display of the best the house could afford, with 'a streak of fat and a streak of lean.' While the children of their guests were playing antic gambols about the door, a scream of infantile alarm arrested the attention and deep interest of the settlers. As the three males of the party snatched their arms, the anticipated war-cry rang responsive in the precincts of the cabin. The foremost of the assailants fell, and another shot wounded and arrested the advance of the leading warrior, while the affrighted mothers drew in their fugitive infants. As the cabin-door was closed against the foe, a distracted mother saw her youngest child snatched up by a retreating brave, while his comrades dragged off their dead leader. A gun had been hastily charged, and the fearless Joplin, having thrown open the door, drew it to his face; but the wary savage held up, to shield his person, the little captive. 'Fire!' screamed the distracted mother; 'better dead than a prisoner!' At the critical instant when the little sufferer parted asunder its legs, the sharp report of the rifle of the white man was heard, and the crimson current, of a deeper hue than the painted skin of the savage, rippled

down his naked trunk. He reeled, and hesitated, and ere the smoke of the rifle had blown away, the frantic mother, with knife in hand, was seen flying to the rescue. The savage, cool and collected, even in the agonies of death, interposed the infant between the thrust of the Amazon and his person, and the unhappy mother plunged her weapon into the bosom of her own child!

The warrior's knife closed the scene as he fell, and was bathed in the heart's blood of the fearless woman, the wife of Joplin's nearest neighbor. The Indians fled without a single scalp.

After the funeral obsequies of the mother and child had been hastily performed, and they were consigned to the same unostentatious grave, the neighboring settlers assembled, and rendezvoused at Joplin's cabin. They elected him their captain. Here they continued during the autumn and winter, with various fortune in sharp skirmishes with their unrelenting and always vigilant enemy.

Early in the spring, they broke up their little settlement, and retired back to the more populous part of the country. Captain Joplin returned to the paternal mansion in the Piny Woods, to exhibit the beginning of the third generation, in the person of young Buckeye Joplin. After lingering awhile in his old haunts, and recounting the perils he had cheerfully met and overcome, he looked out again upon the land of promise, the western expanse, for another channel of enterprise.

The second expedition of our hero was undertaken by water. Having packed his family across to the Tennessee river, and exchanged his 'nag' for a canoe, or 'dug-out,' he embarked in his long and devious voyage to the Mississippi. Joplin occupied the stern as steersman, but his spouse was provided with a paddle, which she plied alternately with her knitting, as they glided onward to an unknown land. The voyage was barren of incident, and only varied by fishing and hunting for the subsistence of the family. They entered the Mississippi, and descended this river to the mouth of White river; and as this was backed up by the spring freshets, the voyagers turned their course up the stream, and crossed the connecting cut, or bayou, to the Arkansas river. They continued their voyage, until they found a landing-place of an inviting aspect, near Little Rock. Here the emigrants landed and pitched their half-face camp. After a year or two of hardship and privation, incident to the settlement of a new country, the Joplin family, somewhat increased in numbers, began to enjoy the fruits of industry. The improved condition of the captain's pecuniary affairs afforded him the means of indulging in his ardent propensity for attendance on all the gatherings, which he had never dismissed from his mind while his necessities restrained him. In the absence of her husband, the pains-taking woman kept the shuttle flying, or sung an accompaniment to the instrumental music of the spinning-wheel. From these gatherings Joplin sometimes returned with marks of personal rencounters; and time, and the soothing care of the even-tempered woman, were requisite to soften the exasperated backwoodsman, and to obliterate the signs of the feud on the distorted visage of her husband. On these occasions, the ferocity of his disposition predominated on the first day after the

gathering; on the second, he was moody and thoughtful; and the third brought on repentance, and promises of reformation.

The great races at length came on; and Captain Joplin's colt, sired by Chain-Lightning, out of the celebrated full-blooded dam Earthquake, had been entered for the jockey purse, and the owner was 'obliged to be present.' This he promised should be his last race, and his last fight on any race-course. The good woman ventured, as she handed him his holy-day jeans, to urge his return home at an earlier hour than usual. Very fair promises were made; but, about the hour of midnight, the 'whole team of bear-dogs' opened a boisterous greeting as the roistering captain approached his cabin. The cold bacon, and cabbage, and buttermilk, were set out by the flickering light of a *Corinthian* tallow peach-wicked candle, and the meal was despatched in silence. When the gentleman from Buncombe had picked his teeth with his pocket-knife, he whispered an appalling secret in the ear of his wife. She drew a long sigh of resignation, wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron, and began packing his saddle-bags, while Joseph Joplin cleaned his 'rifle-gun,' which he called 'Patsy,' after his wife. He had finished trimming the bullets he had cast, when, all things being ready, he rose to depart.

'Joseph Joplin,' said his wife, 'I always allowed it would come to this; but the Lord's will be done!'

In reply, the captain briefly remarked:

'If he don't die of the stab I give him, Mike Target will pass me word, when the boys go out into the bee-woods. I leave you every thing but the colt and my bear-dog, *Gall-buster*; and, so as I never comes back, tell the boys 't is my wish that they never gives the lie, nor takes it.'

The period of Joplin's absence was more than three years; during which space of time his patient spouse kept up the monotonous music of her wheel, and the regular vibrations of the shuttle. Her hearth was kept warm and clean, and her children were amply clad in cleanly attire, and well fed. Every Sunday was set apart for extra washing of faces, combing of tow-heads, reading a chapter or two, and chanting a hymn. She had rented her field, so as to secure her bread-stuffs; and her little stock of cattle had increased, while they supplied milk and butter for the subsistence of her children. Each tedious year had she spun, wove, and made up for her absent husband a new suit of jeans, which she hung in the cabin beside her own holiday apparel, that she carefully abstained from wearing, until she could attire herself and husband in their best, on some joyous day of meeting. His Sunday hat hung on the hook where the breech of his rifle had rested. Every day of rest she made it a point to brush the dust from the smooth beaver, and drop a tear into the crown. From the day of his departure, no account had ever been received of him. The sheriff, with a rude posse, had searched the premises on the day after the affray, and the neighboring country had been scoured in vain. The racer had outstripped all pursuers, and the fugitive was secure in the unexplored regions at the foot of the Ozark mountains.

The wounded sportsman who had defrauded our hero, contrary to

the most flattering hope, had been effectually cured of the wound that Joplin, in his intoxicated rage, had inflicted. The wife, rejoicing in this piece of good fortune, had resorted to every device within the compass of female ingenuity to convey intelligence to the unknown region, the abode of her husband; but she had almost despaired of ever seeing him again, when an old bee-hunter disembarked from his pirogue opposite her cabin, on the Arkansas river, to dry his blankets after a hard storm. Of this old adventurer Mrs. Joplin learned that he had met a trapper on the head waters of White river, who called himself Griffin, and the description of his person induced the fond wife to think it might be Captain Joplin himself. On his way out to the bee-woods the following season, the old hunter carried with him a letter to the following effect:

'DEER CAPTING JOE JOPLING; arter my best respects, hoping these lines may find you; he arn't dead no more nor you and mee; you mout come home, I reckon; the childrin all right smartly groin; you would never know the baby.

'PATSY JOPLING, at the Piny Bend.'

Long and anxiously did the poor affectionate wife wait the return of the father of her little brood, and often in the train of her flattering imagination start as some stranger entered her cabin, with the exclamation, 'I thought it was Capting Jopling!' In her leisure moments, too, she was in the habit of fixing her ardent and steady gaze on the point of rocks behind which she had seen him depart. In all the torture of delay, not a reproachful exclamation was ever uttered by the sufferer. A sigh hastily drawn, and a rudely-constructed prayer, evinced the emotion she deeply felt. The fond woman could perceive, as her children increased in growth, strong resemblances of their father developed in every lineament. But the likeness in 'the baby' was absolutely wonderful. 'If,' said she, 'little Joe was grown, and daddy war here present, they would never know themselves apart.'

It was on one of those mild and sunny days of rest, in the Indian Summer of autumn, that the wanderer returned. The careful mother was surrounded with her children, and was, at the moment he entered the cabin, giving the last touches to the flaxen locks of the youngest child.

'You had as well give my hair a little combing, Patsy,' was the calm salutation of our hero.

'Capting Joseph Jopling!' exclaimed the half-frantic wife, 'ar it you at last!' She smoothed down the folds of her garments as she arose, and, with a smile of welcome, as she gave her hand, said, 'Howdy, Joseph?'

On a close and more deliberate scrutiny of his person, Patsy seemed to think, with her husband, that his hair needed the comb. His locks were matted together like the wool on the forehead of a buffalo; not a comb or an intrusive pair of scissors had interrupted the wild luxuriance of its growth, in a period of more than three years. When his hat had given way to the irritation of cane-brakes and green briars, and the peltings of the storms of summer and winter, he had cultivated the covering with which nature had bountifully provided his cranium. By occasional cropping of his locks with his butcher-knife,

as they grew out so as to obstruct his vision, he left his upper-works with a singular aspect; and when the growth of three years' beard is considered, with the bears' oil glistening on its uncombed surface, it is not strange that his charitable wife should give him some ironical compliments, such as these:

'Jopling, you're a beauty! Sally, bring the soap. Joseph, you are a picture! The poor baby don't know its daddy; did he think daddy was a painter? Get your daddy's razor out of mammy's box; put on the tea-kettle, Sally, and heat some water, while I make up a pone of bread. Josey, did you cook for yourself all this time?' and as she bustled about, she began to sing a long-neglected air, to which she had trod a measure in the joyous days of early youth, in the Pine Woods of Buncombe.

The first six months after his return home, Captain Joplin was diligently occupied in repairing his farm, which had fallen into a slovenly condition. He was content with the society of his domestic circle, and remained quietly at home. But, when the great annual races came on, he was tempted to spend a day, only as a spectator, on the track, and accordingly appeared there early on the first morning. He had many acquaintances there, all of whom were thirsty beings; and before the sun went down he felt rich, and generous, and glorious. The ferocious stage of the disease came on after dark.

The return of the husband to his cabin that night was at an earlier hour than usual. He was pale and nervous, and blood was on his hand, and his garments were discolored. He notified his wife of the necessity of his immediate departure. She insisted on leave to accompany him, which was readily granted. Such of their effects as could be speedily packed, were hastily put in portable form. In an hour, the family were mounted on their riding animals, and in the road leading down the river. Few words were exchanged among the fugitives; and the place of destination was never mentioned. On reaching the first ferry, at about the hour of midnight, they turned shortly to the left, and crossed to the opposite bank of the river, without requiring the aid of ferrymen. On landing, Joplin scuttled and sunk the ferry-flat, to cut off pursuit. They continued their route until about ten o'clock, with little regard to road or trace; and having found a deep ravine, apparently untrodden by human footsteps, they halted for refreshment. After a brief repast of dried venison, the party continued their route, and at sun-set were fifty miles from their habitation. It should have been observed, that the fugitives left their cabin in a blaze, with a hope that in the neighborhood a belief would prevail that the whole family had been consumed. To strengthen this belief, the cunning woodsman had deposited the carcasses of two deer he had killed the day before, and several joints of bacon, in the corner where the family usually slept, that these might be mistaken for their bones. The impression which it was policy to make, on examination of the ashes, obtained currency to a great extent, and it delayed pursuit. When the doubts that were entertained by some of the destination of the fugitives finally induced search, it was too late to discover any trace of the Joplin family. It was be-

lieved by many, who supposed they had fled, that they departed down the river in the ferry-boat that had disappeared.

In the mean time the flight was continued, until Joplin reached his old haunts, in a cane-bottom on Flat Creek, a small tributary of White River. Here security was made doubly sure by the bear-rough that sheltered them, and by the distance they had removed from the settlement in Arkansas. They had, moreover, taken the precaution to locate within the boundaries of Missouri. The fugitive from justice was likewise in the vicinity of a cave, known only to himself and the red hunters who had formerly resided in this quarter of the country. In this subterranean chamber, the dry bones from a neighboring battle-field had been deposited by the tribe who had been the greatest sufferers in a sanguinary conflict. As cheerless as this place might appear, Joplin had reposed in it alone many nights on his former visit to this region of country; and in this place he had *cached* his furs and peltries, which now constituted his surplus for his new beginning in the world. The erection of a cabin was a task not easily completed, without the aid of neighbors for the raising; but, when the roof had been placed over their heads, and fastened there with weight-poles, and the puncheons composing the floor laid down, the mother of this little colony began to sing, and spin, and bustle about over the irregular surface with cautious footsteps, and stealthily, in her daily task. She had not forgotten the essential portions of her wheel and loom in her departure from the ruin of her old habitation, and the mechanical ingenuity of the woodsman, with his axe, augur, hand-saw, and butcher-knife, supplied the deficiency. The good woman continued still to indulge on Sunday in a clean apron, a chapter, and a comb. These were luxuries she could not readily dispense with. In his former visit to this wild region, Joplin esteemed it no hardship to refrain from the use of bread-stuffs; but he was constrained to make some apology to his wife and children for the privation he would be obliged to impose, until he could raise a crop. He however assured them, that with a mixture of bear-meat and venison, and a 'sprinkle' of turkey-breast, they would do very well without bread, provided they could get time to cut bee-trees.

This isolated family had innocence and contentment in full possession, and independence prospectively within reach. The disturber, known in the west by the name of 'long green' and 'blue ruin,' in Pennsylvania, 'old rye' and 'cider royal,' and by the Indians appropriately named 'fire-water,' and more emphatically 'fool-water,' was happily beyond their reach. The only race-path known in this new settlement was that on which the husband and wife contended for the prize of domestic comfort. In this, the fabrication of jeans by one party, and the dressing of buck-skins by the other, furnished profitable amusement. The only visit made by the daring woodsman to the settlements secured him the patriarch of a flock, and a few meek companions, from the fleeces of which 'the winter of his discontent' was made comfortable. In their retreat, the Joplin family were in a fair way to make their circumstances easy, by such skill as is usually acquired in frontier experience, when a hard winter, attended with much variable weather, set in earlier than was anticipated. The woodsman had exerted himself violently in the

chase, to secure his supply of 'bear bacon,' while the Indian Summer lasted. To this cause he attributed the 'dumb ague,' that laid him up when the first snow-storm commenced. With this disease he lingered a few weeks. The only medicine within reach of the settlers was a small parcel of walnut pills. Whether the bark of which these were composed had been scraped up or down the tree, so as to fit it for an emetic or a cathartic, does not appear; but no relief was afforded by administering even 'a double dose,' and he grew weaker as much with the repetition as by discontinuance of the remedy. When he could no longer rise without assistance, or stand alone, the anxious and confiding wife inquired, for the first time, how far it might be to the residence of the nearest neighbor. When she was told it was one hundred and sixty miles, it is uncertain which predominated in her mind, hope or despair. She continued silently and thoughtfully to minister to his wants, to the extent of her circumscribed means, until, when, late at night, the wintry winds were rudely perforating the openings around the cabin-door, and the house-dogs growled a dignified response to the dismal howlings of the wolf, the hoarse death-rattle in the throat of the sufferer was perceived. This added consternation to alarm. To the earnest and almost unconscious inquiry now uttered by the trembling wife, 'Shall I send for a doctor?' no answer was given. Her husband had expired!

The embarrassing position now occupied by the widow had never been anticipated. If her strength could have overcome the resistance of the hard-frozen earth that would enable her to say to the Indian deity of the wilderness, 'With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,' her force, and that of her infant children united, was insufficient for the removal of the body. Widowed destitution was never more complete. There was her dead husband on one side, and her weeping and distracted babes on the other. A single night of bitter wakefulness and watching was the last that she ventured to linger out in her dreary abode; and it seemed to her an eternity of darkness. Early on the morning after the death of her husband, the lone widow packed up a supply of provision, and, with her children, mounted, left her cabin and unburied husband to search for a neighbor. She carried the rifle with her, in order to make fire at her encampments on the journey. On closing the door on the house of mourning, the distress of parting was made doubly agonizing by an inquiry of one of the children, made in these words: 'Are you going to leave daddy?'

The first day's route lay up through the valley, and along the bank of the creek on which her dwelling was situated; and she was therefore guided by it. After the first night's encampment, where she had been surrounded with wolves, and nervously agitated by their howlings, and occasionally the startling scream of a panther, she resumed her journey. The little family of wanderers had marched a short distance from their place of lodging, when all knowledge of their route failed. After wandering sometimes in one direction, and then retracing their steps and striking off at some other point of the compass, the bewildered mother encamped for the second night. The next morning the half-distracted traveller determined to retrace her steps. Two days brought her back to the dreary and desolate abode. The cabin was surrounded with a snarling pack of wolves,

which were contending for the remains of her little flock of sheep. These were scared away by the faithful dogs that had followed the family. The interior presented the frightful evidence of mortality. A cat had made horrid inroads on the face of the deceased, and was still feeding on the mutilated corpse ! The necessity of burial was in no manner diminished by this horrid spectacle. The afflicted woman scarcely knew why she had returned. She passed another long winter night in her house of mourning, hovering with her little brood around the cheerless hearth.

When morning at last arrived, the family again departed, having confined the cat under a tub, to prevent a repetition of her cannibal feast. After a journey of five days in a southwardly direction, and when the widow began to hope she was approaching a settlement, she was cheered with the view of smoke arising from a hunter's camp. He was out in search of game, but there was an abundance of venison hanging over the embers of his camp fire. This proved a seasonable supply, for the poor woman had that morning given the last morsel of her stock of food to her children, while she piously fasted herself. The hunter was as much gratified, on his return to his camp that evening, to find it so well peopled, as he had been in the successful hunt of the day. The hospitality of the camp was profusely urged upon the strangers, and bear-meat, venison, and turkey, and elk marrow-bones, were proffered with the frank and liberal manner of a woodsman.

This camp was sixty miles from the nearest settlement ; and it was speedily arranged that the hunter should accompany the family back to the house, to inter the dead husband. As the party approached the cabin, the family halted, and the hunter advanced to look into the condition of the interior, before the mourners ventured to take another gaze of horror. Hunters, as well as sailors, have their superstitions, which deduct somewhat from their general fearless bearing. They believe in charms on their rifles, and sometimes employ a person skilled in magical incantations to 'take off the spell.' It is not, therefore, unaccountable, that this woodsman felt greater apprehension in approaching the cabin where a dead body lay, than he would in conflict with an Indian, or in a close hug with an 'old he bear,' provided his butcher-knife was stiff, of approved temper, and sharp at the point. He 'laid out' an old she wolf with his rifle, that was scratching at the door of the desolate habitation, and was on the point of raising the latch, when he heard issuing from within a low moaning sound. Venturing to peep through an opening where the chinking had fallen out, a single glance at the frightful and mutilated corpse satisfied his heated imagination that the sound proceeded from the dead husband. He ran off with wild affright, under a full conviction that the house was haunted. The earnest entreaties of the widow induced him, in company with herself, to approach the cabin once more. They looked in at the same moment, and beheld, as their superstitious imaginations severally painted the scene before them, in the conception of the hunter, a black, cloven-footed beast, sitting on the body of the deceased, while the widow insisted that something like a swan was hovering over the remains of her dead husband. The moaning was renewed ; the confinement of the cat was not

remembered, and the spectators of the horrors within ran away in despair. The hunter once more ventured near enough to the cabin to throw a torch upon its roof. When the flames had spread, and were rapidly reducing the house to a mass of vivid ruin, the funeral party mounted their horses, and turned their backs upon the ashes of the DEAD HUSBAND.

THE DYING BOY.

BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And soon to gather up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.
'T was night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last request:

'Mother, I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation on my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brows I feel the cold sweat stand.
Say, mother, is this death?
Mother, your hand!
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

'Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down at night and pray,
Nor in the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.
Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet —
You'll miss me there!

'Father, I'm going home!
To that great home you spoke of, that blessed land,
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,
And tortures do not come;
From faintness and from pain,
From troubles, fears, you say I shall be free —
That sickness does not enter there, and we
Shall meet again!

'Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the coming buds and flowers —
Forget it not!
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

'Sister, the young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away — my short course run —
And will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

'Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary, and must sleep:
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep —
You'll all come soon!

Morning spreads over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The fragrant odors of the lovely spring.
He breathed it not. The laugh of passer-by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful note,
But worried not his slumber. He was dead!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART ONE.

'Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.' — 'JULIUS CESAR.'

WHATEVER conflicts with the opinions or prejudices of mankind, must commend itself to public favor by something more than its simple truth, or according to the world's estimate of its danger or folly, persecution or ridicule will ever wait upon its progress to general belief.

The phrenologist has not been compelled to ascend the scaffold, nor has he been tortured with 'a slow fire of green wood,' for his heretical opinions; and for this mercy, he is indebted to the enlightenment of the age in which he first proclaimed his discoveries: but he has been preserved, in order to be 'roasted' by the burning satire of his contemporaries, and to be 'served up' for the gratification of those epicures in wit, who, with the aid of a good tailor, can do more for the cause of truth by a look and a laugh, than a Gall or a Spurzheim, by the labors of a life. To these laughing philosophers, your phrenologist is a very eccentric man indeed — very; to their humble apprehensions, his science appears quite stupid — quite; and all he converses about, appears to them to be nothing more nor less than 'bumpology,' positively. Moreover, they have heard some amusing anecdotes upon the subject. A travelling disciple of this wonderful science, who wrote out characters for eighteen pence per head, once departed from the scene of his labors without paying his bill, and his landlord was represented as so far becoming a convert to his guest's theory, as to believe in the organ of '*unpaysativeness*!'

These philosophers ill conceal their mirth at the frequent occurrence of mistakes made by those gentlemen termed practical phrenologists, and have been known to violate every rule for the sup-

pression of ungentlemanly laughter, when the fact has been related, that a manipulator of heads, supposing himself (being blindfolded,) to be in a prison, pronounced the wealthy mayor of a city to be a thief; a retired butcher to be a murderer; and a minister of the gospel to have been convicted of rape!

More important opponents have been found among the traders in the current literature of the day; as well your 'penny-a-liner,' as the man who has had the courage to write a book, and the good fortune to vend a copy-right, have been unmercifully witty at the expense of my brethren; and without waiting to inquire whether any important truth was concerned in phrenological investigation, they have only sought to know whether any thing ludicrous could be derived from it. These oracles Ignorance consulted, and the response was — a laugh.

One American author, whose writings denote the combined action of mirthfulness and destructiveness, very magnanimously allowed the phrenologist the distinction of being one of the 'Three Wise Men of Gotham.' He is portrayed as sallying forth with no less enthusiasm than La Mancha's renowned knight, nor with less 'rueful visage,' upon a forlorn pilgrimage to some Golgotha, in quest of specimens to illustrate the truths of his mighty discovery; while one of his high compeers sails in quest of the great central hole of the earth; and the other stands in a glow of intense rapture, viewing the sudden perfectability of human nature. But alas for such noble enthusiasm! If our grave author's relation of the facts be genuine, (and who doubts his historical accuracy?) the

'Three little boys that a-sliding went,
All on a summer's day,'

met with an enviable fate, compared with that of these children of wisdom. The captain's boat never entered the wished-for haven; the philanthropist failed to make the lion and the lamb lie down together in peace and safety; and the unhappy phrenologist, in his 'meditations among the tombs,' erred in pronouncing upon the traits of mind that once inhabited the poor fragments he had gathered up; and he found his science blown to atoms, because he mistook the cranium of a fool for that of a philosopher! — a mistake which the vanity of an author might possibly make in his own case, with far better opportunities of judging aright.

A science that could survive an attack like this, must have had *brains* indeed to support it; and he who ventured to proclaim its truth, after a world's laugh had announced its folly, must have possessed more than an ordinary share of moral courage.

But the science of Human Nature survived this satire, and having outlived the sneers of learned prejudice, and the obstreperous mirth of vulgar ignorance, now commands much of the serious attention of mankind.

The world had long known the principal facts which suggested phrenological inquiry, but had omitted to pursue the investigation necessary to form a correct conclusion from them. Established theories in government, civil and moral, and in mental philosophy, pre-

sented great obstacles to such an inquiry as has finally been made. For many centuries, man had been regarded as a depraved moral being — instinctively inclined to do wrong — without a countervailing good sentiment; and the phrenologist has not yet been forgiven, in certain quarters, for his refutation of this slander. To him it was obvious, that no man could be found devoid of any good attribute. One is condemned for injustice; may he not be benevolent? Another professes to hate mankind, and yet loves his own offspring, and cherishes them with the most tender solicitude and care. One is a coward, but nevertheless benevolent and just; another is cruel, and yet he is enthusiastic and brave. Here is a prodigal; but he is kind and noble in his dispositions, and may yet return to paternal love, with forgiveness and blessings upon his head. There, again, is a thorough hater, and yet by the influence of the same temperament, a most ardent lover, whom no maiden would despise. Who had failed to observe as much as this? — and yet where was the apologist of his race — the defender of man's moral nature against the charge of total depravity?

Again: The intellects of men varied in activity and strength, and this difference was known to be early developed in persons born and nurtured under the same roof, and subjected to the same mental and moral discipline. The father who discovered that his son could not easily acquire a knowledge of words, but could nevertheless demonstrate with readiness the most difficult problem in mathematics, observed the fact in profitless silence. The phrenologist pointed the father to the conformation of his child's brain as the origin of his mental peculiarity; and demonstrated, that the effect which the parent had observed in silent wonder, had an adequate cause. For this he was ridiculed; while he who stupidly believed in the effect without the cause, was reverently regarded as both orthodox and wise.

The world knew that the genius of Fulton was not adapted to the writing of romance, while no one ever supposed that Sir Walter Scott was possessed of mechanical skill; yet it was regarded as mere accident, or great good fortune, that these distinguished men stumbled into a career of thought which demanded the world's admiration; and few dreamed that the causes of their varied excellence were as great and different, as the effects were dissimilar. Burns walked a poet behind his plough; and yet no other Scottish farmer seemed a poet 'ready made,' although he may have been as strong, as tall, and equally handsome. There *must* have been some difference in the head of Scotia's own bard — something that elevated his nature, and lifted him above his walk in life. To adopt his own language, he must have been 'one of Nature's noblemen, who derived the patent for his honors directly from the Almighty;' and yet, by what *outward seal* the patent was impressed which conferred the native title to distinction, the world knew not, and but for phrenology, never would have known. Pope

'Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came;'

and so did Zerah Colburn; and yet how different their *numbers* were! So wonderful was this latter individual, when a mere

child, that he was esteemed by his friends as an intellectual prodigy; and parental love, fondly doting on its gifted child, and admiring

—— ‘such wisdom in an earthly shape,
Showed up a ‘Colburn’ as we show an ape.’

People had not ceased to wonder at the brilliancy of the boy, when his mediocrity as a man produced a second surprise. He excelled in nothing but numbers — and that was very mysterious indeed!

Woman has three characteristics, in great perfection and strength, to wit: fear, attachment, and veneration; so much so, that a wag might define woman to be ‘a timid, affectionate, and religious animal.’ Now the phrenologist has observed, that at certain points where he has located the organs of cautiousness, adhesiveness, and veneration, woman’s head is much fuller than man’s. The most ordinary observer will admit this to be the fact, upon inspection; but the answer he will be likely to make, will be, that this is so, because she is a woman; whereas she happens to be a woman, *because this is so!* Without the full manifestations of these organs of the mind, woman’s nature would be radically changed; her gentle dependance upon man for safety and protection would cease; her meek reliance upon her Creator, and her distinguished reverence for sacred things, would fail; and the gentleness, grace, and piety of her sex would depart from her. Ambition would usurp the place of loveliness; the lord of the creation would have to bear a *sister* ‘near the throne;’ and a rough contest for dominion would as much distinguish the sexes, as they are at present characterized by the fullest manifestation, of mutual courtesy and kindness.

Before phrenological investigation and discovery, man’s moral and intellectual nature seemed destined to perpetual mal-treatment. The passion of fear was appealed to alike, to quicken the intellectual faculties and moral sentiments of youth. If one failed to acquire a lesson in a particular study with the same facility as another, it was set down to his indolence; if one betrayed an unruly propensity, which another did not manifest, it was charged to the general corruption of human nature; and the lash, in either case, was regarded as the blessed quickener of mental and moral dulness. The lesson was no better acquired, nor was the dangerous propensity diminished in activity, after the application of this remedy; and yet the rod and the delinquent urchin remained inseparable companions.

The youth who, under the influence of angry excitement, had taken vengeance on his fellow, was never found to have had his destructiveness attempered with benevolence through the influence of scourging; nor has he who neglected mathematics, for the love of poetry, ever been flogged into an admiration of the exact sciences. The world was wondering at the reason of the failure, when the phrenologist stepped forth and informed them; but they laughed at him, and whipped the children still!

Again: The man who was never forbidden to steal, may never have stolen; while another, to whom has been repeated every day of his life the command, ‘Thou shalt not kill,’ may nevertheless commit murder; and yet both have been treated as though they possessed

the same sentiments and passions in an equal degree; and so of course they have received the same moral discipline. In him who knows no fear, how vain the attempt to inspire terror as the preventor of crime! And yet how readily would a noble sentiment respond to your appeal, and come to the rescue, when his virtue was at its greatest need, had it been trained to do so? Pride often concedes what cannot be obtained from a love of justice, while love of approbation will bestow in charity such sums as put benevolence to the blush for her scanty gifts. Cautiousness often gives to vice the fair aspect of virtue; while ingenuousness and courage often expose the purest man to accusation and censure. The love of glory may stimulate to deeds of heroism, which the dauntless patriot cannot excel; and people may worship the hero for braving danger in their behalf, when it was only his vanity he designed most particularly to serve.

The courtier approaches the minister of state with flattery, and obtains power and place; the robber awaits his sojourn through a lonely wood, and by putting in bodily fear, obtains his gold; while the thief secretly creeps into his mansion, and carries off his choicest plate and richest jewelry. Would the minister, the courtier, the robber, and the thief, profit by the same moral lecture, and the like mental discipline? Men often possess great religious reverence, who are as often detected at cheating in trade. Is the world right in denouncing such as hypocrites? May not great veneration and acquisitiveness, with moderate conscientiousness, produce this result? What correction has been applied to defects like these? Not the right one, surely. The patient wants no more religion than he has got, but a little more integrity. Quicken his conscientiousness, and he is cured.

Whose benevolence is heightened by fear? Who refrains from theft for the hope of reward? The just man tells you he has no *desire* to steal. Will the fear of punishment inspire devotion? The devout man *feels* to adore his Creator. Will fear convince the atheist of his error? — or the hope of reward convert him to a reasonable faith? Both of these have been lavishly dealt out to him, with very little effect. There are those who love contention better than truth. Will argument convince such? They avoid nothing so much as conviction, which puts an end to contention, and of course to all the pleasure derived from it. Such interpose combativeness between your argument and their reason, and your blows fall thick upon the shield only, and arouse it to more and more resistance. Why spin out the night in fruitless argument? Let them alone, and they will be convinced as soon as the spirit of strife slumbers, and reason assumes her throne.

The phrenologist observed all this, and much more; and he could not fail to conclude, that men's intellectual and moral natures varied almost indefinitely. Here was one distinguished for passion, there another for philosophy; one was celebrated for the brilliancy of his fancy, another for the solidity of his judgment. Here was a mathematician, there a poet; here a mechanic, and there a musician; and those who resembled each other in mental dispositions, still varied in activity and strength; so that there was as much difference in their

intellectual as in their physical power. Again, as we have seen, their sentiments were unlike. Benevolence was contrasted with meanness in every condition of human life, and conscientiousness warred with injustice, wherever man was found; so that the moral aspects of men, differed no less than their countenances.

A PRACTITIONER, HIS PILGRIMAGE.

PART ONE.

INVOCATION.

HAIL, great Hygeia! Healing Goddess, hail!*
 And lend one moment to a touching tale;
 One moment stay thy pestle-driving hand,
 And let thy half-compounded physic stand:
 That tale is this: I have a subject here,
 Not anatomical—but very near;
 A starving vot'ry of the 'healing art,'
 Who shows its wond'rous power in every part:
 But cannot find the language to describe,
 In proper guise, a member of thy tribe.
 Oh! then vouchsafe me a '*composing* draught,'
 Potent as ever willing patient quaff'd!

I thank thee, for I feel it working now,
 And *composition* flows, no matter how.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

'FELIX QUI POTUIT RERUM COGNOSCERE CAUSAS.'

THE doctor sate sole in his easy chair,
 And his visage was stamped with the marks of care,
 And his vacant eye said, as plain as eye could,
 That his mind was digesting but meagre food.
 At all events, it were safe to say,
 That his own wise thoughts were its food that day.
 What ails thee, doctor? Are patients thin?
 Nay, I know what you mean by that ready grin:
 Do n't suppose I thought physic would make a man thrive,
 When he's specially blessed, if it leaves him alive:
 No; I knew that the veriest wretch that lies
 On street-pick'd straw, and with wistful eyes
 Covets the *steam* of the baker's bread,
 With which he could never afford to be fed,
 If he puts in his stomach one nauseous pill,
 Will make himself only more *retched* still:
 All this I can fathom; but now I mean,
 Are your '*visits*,' like angels, far between?

* For parallel passages, naturally to be expected in distinguished authors treating of similar subjects, I give a general reference to *all* great poets, *passim*.

† '*Quam vitam aut heroa?*' may the reader ask; wherefore, for his benefit, we will declare, that the original of our hero was a Scottish physician, whom we heard of a 'public,' describing a marvellous visit to a 'weird woman.' After finishing his story, and a generous glass of whiskey-toddy, he went his way upon a sorry gray mare, whose acquaintance, I am confident, would have been cut by Rosinante, or Hudibras's famed Bucephalus, if she had solicited a passing recognition. The only change in the *circumstantia*, is his translation to another locality, and making the object of his pilgrimage one more immediately interesting here.

The *Angel of Death*, that is, of course,
That rides the pale steed, alias '*Pallida Mors*?'
Pray have you not 'cases' enough, to pay
For your coat of black and your breeches of gray?
Your perpetual mourning for visiting-friends,
Who, (alas for your purse!) met untimely ends?

Or art sad, that the dose, '*hora somni sumendum*,'
Which was meant to soothe suff'rings, should very soon end 'em?
And lamentest, with tears such as doctors weep,
That the patient, in consequence, slept his *long sleep*?
Or art thinking, if longer you could not have kept him,
If your dose had been '*pitula, numero septem*?'
Now don't be down-hearted; for people enough
Still live who will patronize medical stuff;
And to whom do you think that a man would come quicker
To find out his ailment — in short, be 'made sicker'?'*

But softly! It's wasting one's breath to ply
A doctor with questions, and get no reply;
And indeed, as he's sitting companionless,
For a wiser man 't would be hard to guess }
That I had been making a *mental* address: }
So I'll call into service that eye of the mind,
Which can see though its owner be never so blind,
And in my own absence can safely depend
On the word of my fancy — a poet's best friend;
And will venture to say my report shall compare
With the best ever written, it matters not where.
For the truest reporter, (his minutes will show,)
Though he uses 'short hand,' often draws 'the long bow.'

The doctor, alone, as I said before,
Was pond'ring some mystical subject o'er;
It puzzled him sorely to know what to think,
And, the scales being even, which side to make sink.

Now made he a gesture, with eloquent hand,
As one who explains what he can't understand;
And anon, with his finger laid fast by his nose,
Impatiently heard what he meant to oppose;
Then, with sagest look and a lengthened face,
He seem'd to maintain t' other side of the case;
But however he view'd it, before or behind,
He never could see it at all to his mind;
And he made a wry face, as a doctor will,
When he sets the example of taking a pill.
But one thing he determin'd -- at once to set out,
And fathom the matter beyond a doubt.

'The long and the short of the matter is this:
I'll visit this personage — vis-à-vis!
Come, saddle me up my snow-white horse,
That looks like some phthisical donkey's corse,
When, surmounted by me, with my 'phials of wrath,'
He carries me round on my death-dealing path,
Hobbling along in the murky night,
And glimmering pale through the dim twilight, }
With a little more spirit, an excellent sprite. }

'But alas! he will travel no road beside
The road to that patient's — the last who died!

* The motto of the Kirkpatrick family, derived from the answer of one of their 'forebears' to Robert Bruce, when he 'doubted he had slain the red Comyn' — 'I make sicker' — we commend to the especial attention of the 'Faculty,' in the event of their application to the herald's college for a new blazonary of the professional arms.

In that case, to be sure, I used exquisite skill,
But — it's rather too early to carry my bill :
Let him stand — for I'll own he has duty enough,
And '*Recipiat pabuli quantum suff.*'

No MAN who inhabits the smallest room
That ever had tenant, (this side of the tomb,)
Let its shape or its furniture be what they may,
If his seat have been in it for day after day ;
If its little odd corners, the hardest to find,
Were familiar as bosom-friends, time out of mind ;
If his coat have hung here and his boots lain there,
And his breeches been toss'd about any where ;
No man ever left such a well-known spot,
Uncertain if soon to return or not,
But he stopped at the door, though he knew not why,
And took a last look, and perhaps heav'd a sigh.
So the doctor paused at the open door,
With his hat in his hand that he always wore ;
(Its crown was low and its brim was wide,
And an old prescription was stuck inside.)

It seemed as the sight of his elbow-chair
Embodied each lurking shade of care ;
'What a thankless life is this we lead !'
He murmur'd, as murmurs the broken reed,
That whispers low at the river's side,
To the wind that is ravaging far and wide.
But bless me ! where am I ? I ought to compare
A Doctor Despondent to something less fair.
'Tis strange what a walk a man's fancy will take
To find out a figure, for simile's sake.
But he said, in a very sad tone indeed,
'What a thankless life is this we lead ;*
The good Samaritan's part is mine —
Like him I administer 'oil and wine ;'†
But those who see me depart to-day,
Will think me an incubus, passing away :
Oh ! — speaking of incubi — would not a wife
Make something less bitter this dose of a life ?
She would clean out my phials, and make out my bills,
And would do to experiment on with my pills :
I'll consider — ' he said, as he shut the door, }
And put on the hat that he always wore, }
In his haste precipitate, 'hind side before.

He hurried on foot to the car-dépot ;
The engine was puffing, in haste to go.
He seated himself on the hindmost seat,
And he lean'd back his head, and he put out his feet,
And he looked a peculiar look with his eye,
And the man who sat opposite, wondered why ;
And he wondered more, when he heard him say
That *steam* locomotion had had its day ;
But what he was thinking, or what he could mean,
That man did not know : it remains to be seen.

END OF PART FIRST.

* '*Medicé vivere, est miseré vivere.*'

† *Oleum Ricini*, and *Vinum Antimonii* : Castor oil, and Wine of Antimony.

OUR VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.*

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

'WHY weep ye then, for him, who, having won
 The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
 Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
 Serenely to his final rest has passed;
 While the soft memory of his virtues yet
 Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.'

BRYANT.

THE master of our village post-office for many years past was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness, and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village post-master. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbors' affairs, he holds the key to all their correspondences. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating; he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband; but most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters, and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is first known the results of a village belle's foray through a neighboring district. Our young deputy post-master rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but, whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbors suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart than Loyd Barnard's — never a truer mirror than his face.

Every family, however insignificant in the stranger's eye, has a world of its own. The drama and the epic have their beginning, their middle, and their end, in the material world. The true story of human relations never ends, and this seal of immortality it is, that gives a dignity and interest to the affections of the humble and unknown, beyond that which fiction and poetry, even when it makes gods and heroes its actors, can attach to qualities and passions that are limited to this world's stage. This intrinsic dignity I claim for the subjects of my humble village tale.

Loyd Barnard's father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that

* We are indebted to an advance copy of 'THE TOKEN,' for 1838, for this admirable story, from the pen of one who touches nothing that she does not ornament; and happily it is only virtue and goodness which she strives to embellish. Like 'Our Burial Place,' written for the KNICKERBOCKER, by the same author, it is domestic and simple in its details, yet even more interesting than romance. It is to be regretted, that the circulation of such of our annals as blend instruction and valuable lessons with amusement, should be mainly confined, owing to their expensive dress and adornments, to the larger cities and towns. Bestowed at a season when the hearts of both giver and receiver are peculiarly open to kind impulses and good inculcations, they must be regarded as capable of a wide and salutary influence.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the state in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and, though he afterward inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste — the prescribed courtesies of the old *régime*, with the neatly tied cue, and the garment that has given place to the levelling pantaloon. He even persevered in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming, among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, a universal good will. The colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortunately or unfortunately each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country; and consequently, at threescore and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the sea, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B —, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of post-master; and, as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office has of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the addition of his pension as a revolutionary officer, made the colonel 'passing rich;' for by this time his sons and daughters were married, and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and the youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. 'Passing rich' we say, and repeat it, was the colonel. Those who have never seen an income of a few hundred dollars well administered in rural life, can have no conception of the comfort and independence, nay, luxury, it will procure. In the first place, the staples of life, space, pure air, sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye, are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of Providence. Then when, as with the colonel, there are no vices to be pampered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that money can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Cræsus of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came, for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day — a distrustful fear that the morrow might *not* take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature, (the colonel was addicted to such indulgences,) he had allowed himself to adopt a little destitute orphan-girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful, that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina — for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her — was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost the favor some beauty, divine or

mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth, coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Loyd Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call *auburn* red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such 'dainty spirits' as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

'Lina, my child,' said the old lady, one evening, just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the tea-things, our 'neat-handed lass was arranging,' 'Lina, do you expect Mr. Lovejoy this evening?'

'No, ma'am.'

'To-morrow evening, then?'

'No, ma'am; I never expect him again.'

'You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?'

Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard continued; 'I fear you have not duly considered, Lina.'

'What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?'

'We can't afford always, my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of husbands to his first wife.'

'That was a very good reason why *she* should love him, ma'am.'

Mrs. Barnard proceeded, without heeding the emphasis on *she*. 'He has but three children, and two of them are out of the way.'

'A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma'am, to give either to father or children for taking the place of mother to them.'

'But there are few that are calculated for the place; you are cut out for a step-mother, Lina — just the right disposition for step-mother, or step-daughter.'

Paulina's ideas were confused by the compliment, and she was on the point of asking whether step-daughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings.

'I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love.'

'For what then, ma'am, should I marry him?' asked Lina, suspending her housewife labors, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron.

'Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home.'

'Marry to get a home, Mrs. Barnard! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg to get a home, sooner than marry to get one; and, beside, have I not the pleasantest home in the world? — thanks to your bounty and the colonel's.'

Mrs. Barnard sighed, took Lina's fair, chubby hand in hers, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained

bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's embarrassment, joined in it.

'I am disappointed, Lina,' he said; 'it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband; you are easily suited with every thing else.'

'But I do n't want a husband, Sir.'

'There's no telling how soon you may, Lina; I feel myself to be failing daily, and when I am gone, my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother.'

'Can I not help him? Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?' thought Paulina; but she hemmed, and coughed, and said nothing.

'It would be a comfort to me,' continued the old man, 'to see you settled in a home of your own before I die.' He paused, but there was no reply. 'I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—as Loyd said, 'he had more gab than wit;' nor when poor Charles Mosely was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did Mrs. Barnard, and so did Loyd, as if we could not have you go so far away from us; but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the county; he is none of your flighty, here to-day and gone to-morrow folks, but a substantial, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd said—' Here the brands fell apart; and, while Paulina was breathless to hear what Loyd said, the old colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. 'As I was saying, my child,' he resumed, 'my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—'

What Loyd thought Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of the Edwin or Wilfred order; one of those humble and generous spirits that give all, neither asking nor expecting a return. He seemed born to steal quietly and alone through the shady paths of life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion or application of any sort. A merciful Providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquillity of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy, and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post-office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness, for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

'Ah, my son,' said the old gentleman, 'you have come just in the right time — but where is Lina gone?'

'She went out as I came in, Sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping.'

'Weeping!' echoed the colonel; and 'Weeping!' retched the old lady; and 'could we have hurt her feelings?' asked both in the same breath.

'Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?'

'Nothing, Loyd — nothing — nothing — don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer.'

Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye rivetted on his mother, till she added, 'But somehow it seems as if she could not any way feel to it.'

'Thank God!' murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and to both it was a revelation. The Colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting-needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads. But there were good reasons why the Colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most frugal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no counsel from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The Colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said, 'Are you *attached* to Lina, my son?' He used the word in its prescriptive rustic sense.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Strange I never mistrusted it! — How long have you been so, Loyd?'

'Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another.'

'Do you know what Lina's feelings are?'

'No, Sir.'

'But surely you can *guess*, Loyd,' interrupted his mother.

'I can *hope*, mother — and I do.'

'The sooner, my son, you both get over it the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you.'

'My child,' said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, 'trust in Providence; our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be? Loyd now does the business of the post-office; while I live they can share with us, and, when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd.'

Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or him-

self impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse, replied :

‘ The office continued to Loyd ! Who ever heard of old Jackson’s heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to ? ’

‘ My dear child ! ’

‘ Well, my dear, do hear me out ; do n’t the loaves and fishes *all* go on one side of the table ? ’

‘ Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear. ’

‘ Well, my dear, old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a revolutionary officer. ’

‘ I am sure he has proved that he *would* not. ’

‘ No, my dear, *could* not. Why, even his own party — and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts — ’

‘ About like the other party, my dear. ’

‘ My dear ! how can you say so ! Why, his own party are the most violent, given-over, as it were, and low-lived people ; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office. ’

‘ They would be sorry, I know ; for we have many good friends, and kind neighbors among them ; there’s Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton. ’

‘ Mr. Barton ! Lyman Barton ! My dear, every body knows, and every body says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this last dozen years to step into your shoes. The post-office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a snug man, and lives within his means ; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he *ought* to have the office. And, beside, is he not always working for the party ? writing in the paper ? and serving them every way ? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it ? No, no, my dear, mark my words ! you won’t be cold, before Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town. ’

‘ I do n’t believe it, my dear ; I do n’t feel as if Lyman Barton would ask for the office. ’

‘ Well, my dear, you’ll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be — you may laugh — I mean *I* shall see, if I am spared — you always have, colonel, just such a blind faith in every body. ’

‘ My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can’t remember that ever I had an enemy. ’

While this conversation was in progress, there was a *tête-à-tête*, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a mine of the only riches they coveted, ‘ dared be poor ’ in this world’s poor sense. Secured by the good colonel’s indulgence, for the present they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event, they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table ; and there

is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious laborer (or even gleaner) in her fruitful fields. Any thing short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh ye perjured traffickers in marriage vows ! ye buyers and sellers of hearts — hearts ! they are not articles of commerce — buyers and sellers of the bodies that might envelope and contain celestial spirits, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die ! To-morrow your home, that temple of the affections, which God himself has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life !

Our simple friends wotted not of the miseries of artificial life. These had never even crossed the threshold of their imaginations. The colonel gave his hearty consent for the asking, and his prudent help-mate was too true-hearted a woman to withhold hers. There are those wise as serpents, if not harmless as doves, in village life ; and such shook their heads, and wondered if the colonel calculated to live and be post-master for ever ! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when every body knew it was just as good as promised to Mr. Barton ! Loyd Barnard, a steady, *consistent* (our own side is always consistent) whig, expect the tender mercies of the Jackson party ! No, Loyd Barnard indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by ' old Massachusetts ' through her obstinate or her *consistent* opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or — prejudice. To confess the truth, he thought little about the future, and not all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature,

' Ne'er to forgather wi' sorrow and care,
But gie them a skelp as they 're creepin' along.'

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted — the publishment pasted on the church door — and the wedding-cake made. Never had the colonel seemed better and brighter ; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual ; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock at human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Colonel Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness ; and though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All — even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none — spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe, or, if we had, how could we depict the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed ? Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January,

the mercury being some degrees below cipher, and the gusty, cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good colonel.

There is a reality in the honor that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner.

The custom, growing in some of our cities, of private funerals, of limiting the attendants to the family and nearest friends of the deceased, is there in good taste. The parade of ceremony, the pomp of numbers, the homage of civility, and all the show and tricks of hollow conventional life, are never more out of place, never more revolting, than where death has come with its resistless power and awful truth. But a country funeral has, beside its quality of general sorrow, somewhat of the nature of the Egyptian court that sat upon the merits of the dead. The simplicity and frankness of country life has truly exhibited the character of the departed, and if judged in gentleness (as all human judgments should be rendered) it is equitably judged.

The colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to await the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment, in country phrase, the 'dwelling-room.' Within the little bed-room sat the 'mourners;' but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction; there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he had succored, counselled, and watched over; there were those whom he had visited in prison; there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention; there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady friendship, for the good colonel had a 'skeptical smile' for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed

——— 'some pulse of good must live
Within a human nature.'

And there were children with wet eyes, for the rare old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and one, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered, 'Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!'

And there, in the midst of this sad company, and with a face quite as sad as his neighbors', stood *Lyman Barton*. A little urchin, a particular friend of the old colonel's, and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered,

'Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?'

'Why, Hal, why?'

'He is making believe cry, just like a crocodile! *Every body* says

he has written to old Jackson already to be made post-master. I wish he was in the colonel's place.'

'You could not wish him in a better, my dear.'

'Oh, I did not mean that! I did not mean that!'

He would have proceeded; but I shook my head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

THE funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sigh of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp, and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the Colonel's favorite cat, who jumped into her lap, and purred, and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot, who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to ponder over some of his father's last words. 'Of course, my children,' he had said, 'you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage — for the present, I mean. It will be all, I am afraid more, than you can do, Loyd, when the post-office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But do n't be discouraged, my children; cast your care upon the Lord — something may turn up — wait — blessed are they who wait in faith.'

Both promised to wait, and both, as they now revolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbors, and one of those everlasting meddlers in others' affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

'I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am,' said he, shaking Mrs. Barnard's extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth, in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavored to assume; 'do n't go out, Miss Paulina; what I have to communicate is interesting to you, as well as to the widow and son of the deceased.'

'Some other time, Sir,' interposed Loyd, whose face did not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and bustling manner of his visiter.

'Excuse me, Loyd; I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser; we must take time by the fore-lock; others are up and doing; why should we not be?'

Loyd now comprehended the Major's business, and, pained and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but, remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say:

'We are obliged to you, Major Perrit, but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening.'

'Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd; but you must not be more nice than wise. They *must not* get the start of us. I always told my wife it would be so, and now she sees I was right. I tell you, Loyd, in confidence, your honored father was not cold, before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office.' It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress an *ahem!* at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor colonel. 'Barton's petition,' continued Perrit, 'will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours *must* go with it; here it is.' He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. 'A heavy list,' he added; 'but every one of them whigs; we did not ask a Jackson man; there would have been no use, you know; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose.'

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, 'This is too much, by George! He has had the impudence to send you the petition.'

'I could not have believed this of him,' thought Loyd, as he broke the seal; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope; he read them to himself, and then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud:

'MY DEAR FRIEND LOYD:

'Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the enclosed, that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve,

'I remain very truly yours,

'LYMAN BARTON.'

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by *Lyman Barton*, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of post-master might be given to Loyd Barnard. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for the colonel, and their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list, and exclaiming, 'This is the Lord's hand! by George!' he seized his hat and departed, eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the village.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable.

'It is, indeed, in one sense,' said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit, 'the hand of the Lord; for He it is that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness.'

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed his gratitude, when he that night, for the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was *equally* 'blessed to give and to receive.'

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding-cake was cut, and *Our Village Post-master* is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities, to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imitated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.

SONNETS: BY 'QUINCE.'

AUTUMN.

IMPERIAL Autumn! Season's Monarch! throned
In more than orient pomp and majesty —
Earth's harvest king! with smiles and sunshine crowned,
Full of perfection and maturity!
Thou art the vaunted glory of the year;
Scarlet and gold and emerald leaves are thine,
Rocks, trees and forests thy rich mantles wear,
And all earth's verdures in thy lustres shine:
Yet, as the expiring lamp most brightly glows —
Or as the hectic on Consumption's cheek —
So to the year, thy beauty points the close,
Thy added lustre does grim death bespeak:
But even in death thou own'st supremacy,
And mayest example — not exempl'd — be.

APPEARANCES.

In fruit most tempting, ashes hidden lie;
In richest flowers lives not the sweetest breath;
In berries are, most beauteous to the eye,
Poisons impregnate, in whose taste is death;
The sweetest song-bird's plumage is not gay,
But birds which sing not are most fair to see,
Yet from the beautiful we turn away,
To list the song-bird's dulcet melody!
So homely virtue sometimes lowly lies,
By brazen vice's gaudy lustre seen;
But vice discerned, in ermine we despise;
And virtue known, we honor as a queen.
From fruit, flower, bird, from all the inference is,
We may mistake, full oft, APPEARANCES.

AVARICE.

He comes with stealthy step and restless eye,
Meagre and wan — a living skeleton —
To where his god, his golden treasures lie,
He comes to feast (his only meal) thereon:
'Rich! rich!' he cries — 'I am as Croesus rich!'
Poor, poor he is! — not Lazarus more poor;
Envy him not, thou houseless, wandering wretch,
Who beg'st for charity from door to door;
It is gaunt Avarice! If he could feed
His famished body through his greedy eye,
Or carry to the grave his gold — indeed!
Envied on earth he'd live, and envied die;
But he is like the wave which covers o'er
Gems unenjoyed, it leaves, in ebbing from the shore.

ANACREONTIC.

L.

STRIKE, strike the golden strings, .
 And to their glorious sound,
 Fill, fill the red wine high,
 And let the toast go round :
 To woman, dearest woman,
 Quaff we the generous wine;
 Give me thy hand, my brother,
 Here's to thy love and mine,
 Thy love and mine!

II.

Strike, strike the harp, that ever
 Thrilled to dear woman's praise;
 Of all the themes the brightest
 May win a poet's lays :
 To woman, dearest woman,
 Quaff the warm blood of the vine;
 And hand in hand, my brother,
 Drink we to thine and mine,
 To thine and mine!

A. A. M.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER XXI.

WE parted, good my reader, last at the Catskills — no? 'It was a summer's evening;' and with my shadow on the mountain mist, I ween, vanished in your thoughts the memory of me. Well, that was natural. A hazy, dream-like idea of my whereabouts may have haunted you for a moment — but it passed. I cannot allow you to escape so easily. 'Lend us the loan' of your eye, for some twenty minutes: and if you are a home-bred and untravelled person, 't is likely, as the valet says in Cinderella, that 'I may chance to make you stare!'

IN discoursing of the territorial wonderments in question, which have been moulded by the hand of the Almighty, I cannot suppose that you who read my reveries will look with a compact, imaginative eye upon that which has forced its huge radius upon my own extended vision. I ask you, howbeit, to take my arm, and step forth with me from the piazza of the Mountain House. It is night. A few stars are peering from a dim azure field of western sky; the high-soaring breeze, the breath of heaven, makes a stilly music in the neighboring pines; the meek crest of Dian rolls along the blue depths of ether, tinting with silver lines the half dun, half fleecy clouds; they who are in the parlors make 'considerable' noise; there is an individual at the end of the portico discussing his quadrupled julep, and another devotedly sucking the end of a cane, as if it were full of mother's milk; he hummeth also an air from *Il Pirata*, and wonders, in the simplicity of his heart, 'why the devil that there

steam-boat from Albany, does n't begin to show its lights down on the Hudson.' His companion of the glass, however, is intent on the renewal thereof. Calling to him the chief 'help' of the place, he says: 'Is that other autifogmatic ready?'

'No, Sir.'

'Well, now, person, what's the reason? What was my last observation? Says I to you, says I, 'Make me a fourth of them beverages;' and moreover I added, 'Just you keep doing so; be *constantly* making them, till the order is countermanded.' Give us another; go! — vanish! — 'disappear, and appear!'

The obsequious servant went; and returning with the desired draught, observed, probably for the thousandth time: 'There! that's what I call the true currency; them's the *ginnoyne* mint drops; *na — ha — ha!*' — these separate divisions of his laughter coming out of his mouth at intervals of about half a minute each.

THERE is a bench near the verge of the Platform where, when you sit at evening, the hollow-sounding air comes up from the vast vale below, like the restless murmurs of the ocean. Anchor yourself here for a while, reader, with me. It being the evening of the national anniversary, a few patriotic individuals are extremely busy in piling up a huge pyramid of dried pine branches, barrels covered with tar, and kegs of spirits, to a height of some fifteen or twenty feet — perhaps higher. A bonfire is premeditated. You shall see anon, how the flames will rise. The preparations are completed; the fire is applied. Hear how it crackles and hisses! Slowly but spitefully it mounts from limb to limb, and from one combustible to another, until the whole welkin is a-blaze, and shaking as with thunder! It is a beautiful sight. The gush of unwonted radiance rolls in effulgent surges adown the vale. How the owl hoots with surprise at the interrupting light! Bird of wisdom, it is the Fourth! and you may well add your voice to swell the choral honors of the time. How the tall old pines, withered by the biting scathe of Eld, rise to the view, afar and near — white shafts, bottomed in darkness, and standing like the serried spears of an innumerable army! The groups around the beacon are gathered together, but are forced to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance, by the growing intensity of the increasing blaze. Some of them, being ladies, their white robes waving in the mountain breeze, and the light shining full upon them, present, you observe, a beautiful appearance. The pale pillars of the portico flash fitfully into view, now seen and gone, like columns of mist. The swarthy African who kindled the fire regards it with perspiring face and grinning ivories; and lo! the man who hath mastered the quintupled glass of metamorphosed *cau-de-vie*, standing by the towering pile of flame, and, reaching his hand on high, he smiteth therewith his sinister pap, with a most hollow sound — the knell, as it were, of his departing reason. In short, he is making an oration!

Listen to those voiceful currents of air, traversing the vast profound below the Platform! What a mighty circumference do they

sweep! Over how many towns, and dwellings, and streams, and incommunicable woods! Murmurs of the dark, sources and awakeners of sublime imagination, swell from afar. You have thoughts of eternity and power here, which shall haunt you evermore. But we must be early stirrers in the morning. Let us to bed.

You can lie on your pillow at Catskill, and see the god of day look upon you from behind the pinnacles of the White Mountains in New-Hampshire, hundreds of miles away. Noble prospect! As the great orb heaves up in ineffable grandeur, he seems rising from beneath you, and you fancy that you have attained an elevation where may be seen *the motion of the world*. No intervening land to limit the view, you seem suspended in mid-air, without one obstacle to check the eye. The scene is indescribable. The chequered and interminable vale, sprinkled with groves, and lakes, and towns, and streams; the mountains afar off, swelling tumultuously heavenward, like waves of the ocean, some incarnadined with radiance, others purpled in shade; all these, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'are too tedious to mention, but may be seen on the premises.' I know of but one picture which will give the reader an idea of this ethereal spot. It was the view which the angel Michael was polite enough, one summer morning, to point out to Adam, from the highest hill of Paradise:

'His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Sarmachand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinean kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hizpahan; or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco; or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus, to his utmost port,
Erocco; and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo and Angola, farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas' mount,
The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez, and Suz,
Morocco, and Algier, and Tremizen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world; in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
(And Texas too, great Houston's seat—who knows?)
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoiled
Guiana, whose great city Geyron's sons
Call El Dorado.'

Or the falls, sooth to say, little can be ejaculated in the eulogistic way. The cataract is only 'on hand' for a part of the time. It is kept in a dam, and let down for two shillings. The demand for the article has sometimes exceeded the supply, especially in dry weather.

We quote the sales, as per register, while there, at perhaps some three hundred yards. Oh, Mercury! Scenery by the square foot! Sublimity by the quintal!

It looks to be a perilous enterprise, to descend the Catskills. You feel, as you commence the '*facilis descensus*,' (what an unhackneyed phrase, to be sure!) very much the sort of sensation probably experienced by Parachute Cocking, whose end was so shocking. The wheels of the coach are shod with the preparation of iron slippers, which are essential to a hold-up; and as you bowl and grate along, with wilderness-chasms and a brawling stream mayhap on one hand, and horrid masses of stone seemingly ready to tumble upon you on the other — the far plain stretching like the sea beneath you, in the mists of the morning — your emotions are *fidgetty*. You are not afraid — not you, indeed! Catch you at such folly! No; but you wish most devoutly that you were some nine miles down, notwithstanding — and are looking eagerly for that consummation.

We paused just long enough at the base of the mountain, to water the cattle, and hear a bit of choice grammar from the landlord; a burly, big individual, 'careless of the objective case,' and studious of ease, in bags of tow-cloth, (trowsers by courtesy,) and a round-about of the same material; the knees of the unmentionables apparently greened by kneeling humbly at the lactiferous udder of his only cow, day by day. He addressed 'the gentleman that driv' us down:'

'Well, Josh — I seen them *rackets*!'

'Wa'n't they almighty bright!' was the inquisitive reply.

This short colloquy had reference to a train of fire-works which were set off the evening before at the Mountain-House — long snaky trails of light, flashing in their zig-zag course through the darkness. It was beautiful to see those fiery sentences written fitfully on the sky, fading one by one, like some Hebrew character — some Nebuchadnezzar scroll — in the dark profound, and showing, as the rocket fell and faded, that beneath the lowest deep to which it descended, there was one yet lower still, to which it swept 'plumb-down, a shower of fire.'

We presently rolled away, and were soon drawn up in front of the Hudson and the horse-boat, at the landing. The same unfortunate animals were peering forth from that aquatic vehicle; one of them dropping his hairy lip, with a melancholy expression, and the other strenuously endeavoring to remove a wisp of straw which had found a lodgment on his nose. The effort, however, was vain; his physical energies sank under the task; he gave it up, and was soon under way for the opposite shore, with his four-legged fellow traveller, and three bipeds, who were smoking segars.

It is right pleasant and joyous to see the number of juvenile patriots who are taken forth into the country, (whose glories for the first time, perhaps, are shed upon their town-addicted eyes,) on the great

national holiday. To them, the flaunting honors of the landscape have a new beauty, and a joyous meaning; the sun hangs above them like a great ball of fire in the sky; the waters wear a glittering sheen; and the wide moving pulse of life beats with a universal thrill of happiness to them. I could not but note the number of urchins in the steamer, whom their 'paternal derivatives' were guiding around, and showing, to *their* vision at least, 'all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.'

WELL, to those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee, and tries, with tiny effort, to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing — all 'movables that I could tell you of' — he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depths of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered Nicodemus, is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I cannot imagine that he will ever become a pilosus adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition? — and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I cannot tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm — the obstacle — the triumphant fever — the glory, the success — the far-reaching thoughts,

—— 'That make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years.'

I might 'prattle out of reason,' and fancy what, in defiance of precedent furnished by propinquity of blood, he possibly *might* be; an aldermanic personage, redolent of wines and soup — goodly in visage, benevolent in act, but strict in justice. I might fancy him with a most voluminous periphery, and a laugh that shakes the diaphragm, from the *imo pectore* to the vast circumference of the outer man. These things may be imagined, but not believed. Yet it is with others as with ourselves: 'We know what they are, but not what they may be.' Time adds to the novel thoughts of the child, the tricks and joyance of the urchin — the glow of increasing years, the passion of the swelling heart, when experience seems to school its energies. But in the flush of young existence, I can compare a child — the pride and delight of its mother and its kindred — to nothing *else* on earth, of its own form or image. It is like a young

and beautiful bird—heard, perhaps, for once, in the days of our juvenescence, and remembered ever after, though never seen again. Its thoughts, like the rainbow-colored messenger discoursed of in the poetic entomology of *La Martine*,

'Born with the spring, and with the roses dying—
Through the clear sky on Zephyr's pinion sailing;
On the young flowret's open bosom lying—
Perfume, and light, and the blue air inhaling;
Shaking the thin dust from its wings, and fleeing,
And soaring like a breath in boundless heaven:
How like Desire, to which no rest is given!
Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,
Returns at last above, to seek for purer pleasure.'

IN truth, I do especially affect that delightful period in the life of every descendant of old Fig Leaves, in Eden, which may truly be called the *April* of the heart. How sweet are its smiles! And on the face of babyhood, 'the tears,' to use the dainty term of Sir Philip Sidney, 'come dropping down like raine in y^e sunshine, and no heed being taken to wype them, they hang upon the cheekes and lippes, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth.' Halcyon season! Its pure thoughts and rich emotions come and go, like the painted wattage of a morning cloud; or most like that fulness of pearls which may be shaken from the matin spray. The night, to such, comes with its vesper hush and stillness, like the shadow of a shade. Sorrow is transient, and Hope ever new. Sabbath of the soul, fresh from its God! To the vision of these, how brightly the leaves move, and the breeze-cripsed waters quiver! How their quick pulses bound, in the newness of existence, at that which is ancient and disdained of the common eye! To them, every color is prismatic, and wears the hue of Eden. With thoughts like these, however *un-novel*, I apostrophize 'My Boy!'

Thou hast a fair, unsullied cheek—
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of life's first revelry;
And on thy brow no look of care
Comes like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.

In feeling's early freshness blest—
Thy wants and wishes few:
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,
As summer's morning dew
Is found, like diamonds, in the rose—
Nestling, midst folded leaves, in sweet repose.

Keep thus, in love, the heritage
Of thy ephemeral spring;
Keep its pure thoughts, till after age
Weigh down thy spirit's wing;
Keep the warm heart—the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

And when the even-song of years
Brings in its shadowy train
The record of life's hopes and fears,
Let it not be in vain,
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page or pleasant book.

In the wonder which we feel as to children growing old, we are apt to associate ourselves with them. When one who, in the hey-day of his blood, and before the glow of the *purpureum lumen* of his 'better-most hours' has begun to diminish, is led to regard (and to *hear*, beside, for the fact rings often at his auricular portals,) that a vital extract is extant, he wonders if that 'embryon atom' will ever come to denominate the agent of his being as 'the old gentleman!' Of course, it must be impossible. Yet 'there is no mistake on some points.' In the course of his travels, Old Time effects many a marvel; but he pushes on with his agricultural implement, and streaming forelock; (nobody 'does him proud,' and he disdains the *toupée*,) until his *oldest* friends are metamorphosed, and his youngest begin to experience how '*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*' This reminds me of a song, which I like amazingly, because it contains such a mingling of truth, beauty, and melody:

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts, as mine!

And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled, pure romance;
Commencing, when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth —
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale, before or since.

Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned, in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days —
Of maids more fair than living maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek —
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
For modern lips to give or speak.

Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,
Of passion slighted or betrayed —
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms — that all have passed away,
And left them — *what we see them now!*

And is it thus! — is human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And must Youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?

Then what are Love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that one being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all *she* said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy, when far from her;

If that one form which we adore,
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers and is seen no more —
Why do we love — if love be vain!

In what strange contrast with a picture like this, does the beautiful UHLAND place some of his nature-colored characters! How sweetly does he draw the picture of two devoted beings, practising palmistry, with palm to palm, and uttering a world of downy nonsense beneath the rolling moon:

'In a garden fair were roaming,
Two lovers, hand in hand;
Two pale and shadowy creatures,
They sat in that flowery land.

On the lips, they kissed each other,
On the cheeks so full and smooth;
They were wrapt in close embracings —
They were warm in the flush of youth.'

These are very apt verses to be made directly out of a man's head, ar' n't they? How the author must have been haunted with visions; all

'Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

I FORGOT to observe, that the postillion of whom I have spoken, was *rather* profane. He told a story of his experience some years before, with a divine, who was riding with him, on his professional seat, in the west, to attend a 'protracted meeting.' 'It was about 'lection time,' said he, 'and I had just gi'n in my vote. Of course, I was used with *hospitality*; and I was a leetle 'how-come-you-so?' as Miss Kimball says in her Tower. Well I driv on, at an uncommon rapid rate; (that's a fact;) and whensomever I threw out the mail-bags at a stoppin' place, I replenished the inner individual. At last I became, as the parson observed, 'manifestly inebriated;' and he undertook for to lecter *me*! I said nothing, until he observed, or rather remarked, that 'he should not be surprised if I fell from my seat some day, and would be found with my head broke, and extravagantsated blood on the pious matter.'

'Well,' says I, 'I should n't be surprised; it would be just my d — d eternal luck!'

'He did n't say no more all the trip. I shot him up.'

'But the election' — it was inquired — 'did you succeed in that?'

'Oh, yes; and the man that we put in, made a fool of himself at Albany, into the Legislature, and there was a piece put into a book about him a'terwards.'

'Ah? — what was it?'

'Here it is,' was the reply of my gentleman, as he drew from his pocket a worn fragment of a printed page.

'On the first day of the session, he was enabled to utter the beginning of a sentence, which would probably have had no end, if it had not been cut short, as it was, by the Speaker. On the presentation of some petitions, which he thought had a bearing on his favorite subject, the election by the people of public notaries, inspectors of beef and pork, sole-leather, and staves and heading, he got on his legs. 'When,' said he, 'Mr. Speaker, we consider the march of intellect in these united, as I may say confederated, states, and how the genius of liberty soars, in the vast expanse, stretching her eagle plumes from the Pacific Ocean to Long-Island Sound, gazing with eyes of fire upon the ruins of empires ——' just at which point of aerial elevation, the Speaker brought down the metaphorical flight of the genius, and that of the aspiring orator together, by informing the latter that he should be happy to hear him when in order, but that there was now no *question before the House*!'

'But what was the name of this man?' was a query following this eloquent extract.

'Smith, Sir, was his name; Smith, John Smith, of Smithopolis, and surrogate of Smith County. He was the first man in Smithville; was a blacksmith in his youth, a goldsmith a'terwards, and John Smith through all. A consistent man, Sir; no *change* with him; always upright, but always poor; unchanging, for he had nothing to change with! He was a distinguished man; had letters advertised in the post office; owned a blood horse; led the choir at church; read 'the Declaration' on every Fourth-of-July; made all the acquaintances he could; was exceedingly fussy on all occasions. In short, he was a very great man in a small way. His speech will stand as a memorial of his genius, when the Kattskill shall be troubled with the mildew of time, and the worms of decay!'

WELL — the reign of autumn, for the present year, has come; and there will doubtless be the annual quotations of description in the newspaper market. Some of it will remain on first hands, and the rest will find a ready circulation. Meditation will vent itself upon apostrophe; poetry will be engendered; old songs will be re-sung. It is, in truth, a delicious season, and no one can be blamed for yielding himself up to its influences. When the first yellow surges of September sunlight seem to roll through the atmosphere; when the dust of the city street, as you look at some stately carriage, whose wheels are flashing toward the west, seems rising around them like an atmosphere, colored betwixt the hue of gold and crimson; when the mountains put on their beautiful garments, where tints of the rainbow mingle with the aerial blue of the sky; when the winds have a melancholy music in their tone, and the heaven above us is enrobed in surpassing purity and lustre — *then*, the dwellers in great capitals may perhaps *conceive* of the richness and fruition of the country; but they cannot approach the reality. The harvest moon has waned; the harvest home been held; the wheat is in the garner;

the last peaches hang blushing on the topmost branches where they grew ; the fragrant apples lie in fairy-colored mounds beneath the orchard trees, and the cheerful husbandman whistles at the cider-press. As September yields her withered sceptre into the grasp of October, the hills begin to invest themselves in those many-colored robes which are the livery of their new sovereign. As my observant friend, (a well-belovéd Epinetus,) who hath discoursed of matters *outré-mer*, so richly hymns it, then there comes

A mellow richness on the clustered trees ;
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
 And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds,
 Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
 And silver beech, the maple yellow leaved —
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
 By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
 The golden robin moves ; the purple finch,
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
 A winter bird comes with its plaintive whistle,
 And pecks by the witch hazel ; while aloud,
 From cottage roofs, the warbling blue-bird sings.

To me, there is nothing of that dark solemnity about the autumnal season, which it has to the morbid or the foreboding. It comes, laden with plenty, and breathing of peace. There seems a sweet monition in every whisper of the gale, and the rustle of every painted leaf, which may speak a world of tranquillity to the contemplative mind. If there be sadness around and within, it is the sadness which is cherished, and the gloom that purifies ; it is that doubtful twilight of the heart, which is succeeded at last by a glorious morning. We think with the serene and heavenly-minded Malcolm, of the distant, or the departed, who have gone before us to lay down their heads upon pillows of clay, and repose in the calm monotony of the tomb. Reflection asserts her sway, and the spirit expands into song :

Sweet Sabbath of the Year !
 When evening lights decay,
 Thy parting steps methinks I hear,
 Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,
 'Tis sad but sweet to dwell,
 Where falling leaves and fading flowers,
 Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sun-set skies,
 Their glories melt in shade ;
 And like the things we fondly prize,
 Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak,
 The dying leaves disclose,
 As on Consumption's waning cheek,
 Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

The scene each vision brings
 Of beauty in decay ;
 Of fair and early-faded things,
 Too exquisite to stay :

Of joys that come no more ;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled ;
Of farewells wept upon the shore ;
Of friends estranged, or dead !

Of all, that now may seem
To memory's tearful eye
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh !

AND now, reader, *Benedicite* ! 'Hail — and farewell !'
Decidedly thine,

OLLAPOD.

L A M E N T

OF THE LAST OF THE PEACHES.*

'LONE, trembling one'
Last of a summer race, withered and sore —
Say, wherefore dost thou linger here ?
Thy work is done !

W. G. C.

I.

In solemn silence here I live,
A lone, deserted peach ;
So high that none but birds and winds
My quiet bough can reach ;
And mournfully, and hopelessly,
I think upon the past —
Upon my dear departed friends,
And I — the last — the last !

II.

My friends ! — oh daily one by one
I see them drop away,
Unheeding all my tears and prayers,
That vainly bade them stay ;
And here I hang, alone — alone !
While life is fleeing fast,
And sadly sigh that I am left,
Alas ! — the last — the last !

III.

Farewell then, thou my little world,
My home upon the tree ;
A sweet retreat, a quiet home,
Thou may'st no longer be ;
The willow trees stand weeping nigh,
The sky is overcast,
The autumn winds moan sadly by —
I fall — the last — the last !

* 'THESE lines,' writes a fair correspondent, in a delicate crow-quill hand, and on an aroma-breathing sheet, 'were written the other day in my album, by a dear friend of mine; a school-girl of sixteen. Are they not pretty? I think they are worth publishing — don't you?' Of course we answer, 'Yes.'

EDD. KNICKERBOCKER.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR. A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.
Edited by S. G. GOODRICH. pp. 312. Boston: American Stationers' Company.
New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

TALENT of a high order has been employed to enrich both the pictorial and literary departments of the 'Token' for the coming year; and, in our judgment, the work greatly exceeds in merit, as it certainly does in size, any of its predecessors. Let us first take a running glance at the embellishments. The presentation-plate, from a tasteful design by CHAPMAN, is engraved on wood by ADAMS; and in so masterly a manner is it executed, that it seems more like a fine steel engraving, than a cutting upon wood. The succeeding picture, 'The Expected Canoe,' painted by CHAPMAN, and engraved by ANDREWS and JEWETT, is very spirited in its conception, and finished in execution. The rising storm, the lightning, the anxious countenance of the Indian maiden, and the ease and grace of her position, are worthy of especial praise. There is something quite *yankceish* in CHAPMAN's design of the frontispiece—a cupid leaning over a huge pumpkin to see another carve a 'token' upon the rind. We can say little for 'The Only Daughter,' although engraved by ANDREWS, from a painting by NEWTON. The subject is harsh and unpleasing. There is CHAPMAN's old fault in the 'Indian Maiden at her Toilet,' or 'The Token.' There is not an Indian feature, nor the semblance of one, in the face of the girl. Otherwise, the picture is well conceived. One of the richest plates in the volume, is 'English Scenery,' engraved by SMILLIE, from a painting by BROWN. It is mellow and soft, in the ensemble, yet distinct in minute detail, and there is about it an almost living atmosphere. A very clever picture, too, is HEALY's 'Young American on the Alps,' and it has received ample justice at the hands of the engraver, G. H. CUSHMAN. 'The Last of the Tribe,' painted by BROWN, and engraved by ELLIS, should have been called 'A Mountain Scene,' and the Indian figure omitted. He lacks the proper physiognomy, sadly. The scenery is well imagined. 'The Fairies in America,' like all attempts at depicting such nondescript creatures of air, strikes us as a failure. Leaving out all the figures, both the painting and engraving reflect credit upon the artists, CHAPMAN and SMILLIE. 'MARTHA WASHINGTON,' engraved by CHENEY and KELLOGG, is a good engraving of a far more beautiful female than we have been accustomed to consider the original, from the portraits we have hitherto seen. She is here depicted in her young and rosy years, 'plump as a partridge,' and most delectable to look upon. Thus much for the plates; and now a few words touching the literary contents.

'The Wonders of the Deep,' by PIERPONT, well deserves the place of honor which it occupies. It is a poem, without the form of verse; and its poetry is of a high order. We ask attention to the annexed paragraphs:

"What a wonder is the sea itself! How wide does it stretch out its arms, clasping islands and continents in its embrace! How mysterious are its depths!—still more mysterious its hoarded and hidden treasures! With what weight do its watery masses

roll onward to the shore, when not a breath of wind is moving over its surface! How wonderfully fearful is it, when its waves, in mid ocean, are foaming and tossing their heads in anger under the lash of the tempest! How wonderfully beautiful, when, like a melted and ever-moving mirror, it reflects the setting sun, or the crimson clouds, or the saffron heavens after the sun has set; or when its 'watery floor' breaks into myriads of fragments the image of the quiet moon that falls upon it from the skies!

"Wonderful, too, are those hills of ice that break off, in thunder, from the frozen barriers of the pole, and float toward the sun, their bristling pinnacles glistening in his beams, and slowly wasting away under his power, an object at once of wonder and of dread to the mariner, till they are lost in the embrace of more genial deeps. And that current is a wonder, which moves for ever onward from the southern seas, to the colder latitudes, bearing in its waters the influence of a tropical sun, and saying to the icebergs from the pole, 'Hitherto may ye come, but no farther.' And, if possible, still more wonderful are those springs of fresh water which, among the Indian Isles, gush up from the depths of a salt ocean, a source of refreshment and life to the seaman who is parching with thirst beneath a burning sky.' And is it not as wonderful, when, not a spring of fresh water, but a column of volcanic fire shoots up from 'the dark unfathomed caves of ocean,' and throws its red glare far over the astonished waves, that heave and tremble with the heaving and trembling earth below them! wonderful, when that pillar of fire vanishes, leaving a smoking volcano in its place! and wonderful, when that volcano, in its turn, sinks back, and is lost in the depths whence it rose!

"Then there are other wonders in the living creatures of the deep, from the animalcule, that 'no eye can see,' and that scarcely 'glass can reach,' up to 'that Leviathan which God hath made to play therein.' In 'this great and wide sea are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.' Yet He, who hath made them all, even there openeth his hand and satisfieth the desires of all. Wonderful is it, that, of these 'creatures innumerable,' each one finds its food in some other, and in its turn, serves some other for food; and that this great work of destruction and reproduction goes on in an unbroken circle from age to age, in the deep silence of those still deeper waters where the power of man is neither felt nor feared!

"What a wonder, too, is that line of phosphoric light, which, in the darkest night, streams along 'the way of a ship in the midst of the sea!' What is it that gives out this fire, which, like that of love, 'many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it?' Theorists may speculate, naturalists may examine, chemists may analyze; but none of them can explain; and all agree in this, that it is a wonder, a mystery, a marvel. A light that only motion kindles! a fire that burns nothing! a fire, too, seen, not in a bush on Horeb, which is not burned, but in the deep waters of the ocean that cannot be! Is not this a wonder?

"And, if that path of light is a wonder, which streams back from the rudder of a ship, is not that ship itself a wonder? That a fabric so gigantic as a first rate ship, of traffic or of war, framed of ponderous timbers, compacted with bolts and bands of still more ponderous iron, holding in its bosom masses of merchandise, under whose weight strong cars have groaned, and paved streets trembled, or bearing on its decks hosts of armed men, with the thundering armament of a nation — that a fabric thus framed and thus freighted, should float in a fluid, into which, if a man fall, he sinks and is lost, is in itself a wonder. But that such a fabric should traverse oceans, struggling on amid the strife of seas and storms, that it should hold on its way like 'a thing of life,' nay, like a thing of intellect, a being endued with courage, and stimulated by a high purpose, a traveller that has seen the end of his voyage from the beginning, that goes forth upon it without fear, and completes it as with the feeling of a triumph, is, as it seems to me, a greater wonder still. Let me ask you to stand, as you perhaps have stood, upon the deck of such a ship,

'In the dead waist and middle of the night,'

now in the strong light of the moon, as it looks down upon you between the swelling sails, or now in the deep shadow that the sails throw over you. Hear the majestic thing that bears you, breasting and breaking through the waves that oppose themselves to her march! She is moving on alone, on the top of the world, and through the dread solitude of the sea. Nothing is heard, save, perhaps, the falling back of a wave, that has been showing its white crest to the moon, or, as your ship is plowing her way, the rushing of the water along her sides. Yet she seems to care for all that she contains, and to watch, while they sleep as sweetly in her bosom as in their own beds at home: and, though she sees no convoy to guard her, and no torch-bearer to guide her, she seems as conscious that she is safe, as she is confident that she is going right. Is not all this a wonder?"

'Peter Goldthwait's Treasure' is from the pen, and in the peculiar vein, of the author of 'Twice-Told Tales,' whose writings are well known, in every sense, to our readers. We think we are not in error in attributing the spirited sketch, 'Endicott and the Red Cross,' to the same source. 'The Shaker Bridal,' may be traced to a

kindred paternity not less unerringly by the table of contents, than by a certain style, which, although *sui generis*, partakes nevertheless of many of the simple graces of the fine old English prose writers. Of the merits of 'Our Village Post-Office,' by Miss SEDGWICK, our readers are enabled to judge; and our opinion of it is expressed 'where they may turn the leaf to read it.' There are pleasant love-stories for the ladies, and young lovers of both sexes, as 'The Love Marriage,' by Mrs. HALE, 'Sylph Etheree,' 'Xeri, or A Day in Batavia,' translated from the German, by NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq., 'Jaques De Laid,' etc. We could almost forgive the author of 'A Tale of Humble Life' for drawing so revolting, and we must add unnatural a portrait, as that of George Cavendish, in consideration of the following graphic description of the advent of a New-England festival :

"It was the night before Thanksgiving; that season whose very name speaks of happiness; when the prosperous are called upon to remember whence their blessings come, and the wretched to observe that there is no such thing as unmitigated misery; the most forlorn having something in their lot for which they may thank God. Abundance walked with her cornucopia through the land, leaving no virtuous poor, starving amid unrewarded toils; the ties of kindred brought merry groups round many a blazing hearth, and friendship or hospitality threw open the domestic sanctuary, and admitted into the kindly circle those whom the chances of life had separated from their own homes and kindred.

"The lover of Jane had been compelled, by the death of his father in Vermont, to take a long journey at the approach of this festival; and business was to detain him yet a few days longer. It was not for him therefore that she sat listening in the corner of the roaring chimney, turning her head eagerly as the merry sleighs dashed jingling by. Half a dozen noisy youngsters about her threatened demolition to the old flag-bottomed chairs in a game of blind-man's buff, while one rosy urchin sat in her lap, struggling against sleep, and whining in reply to her whispered admonitions, 'I don't want to go to bed till cousin George comes.' At last a sleigh stopped at the door; the blindfold hero of the game tore the bandage from his eyes, the drowsy boy in the corner jumped up wide awake, and clapped his hands, and a young man, muffled in a cloak and seal-skin cap, sprung into the room, as one sure of a welcome. In an instant, the arms of Jane were round her only brother, and the redoubled clamors of the children brought the matron from the pantry, redolent of fresh-baked pies, and the old man from the cellar, laden with a basket of apples worthy of the Hesperides. All was noise and confusion, and the young stranger was loudest and gayest of the throng."

'Night Sketches beneath an Umbrella,' and 'Martha Washington,' the latter by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, are the only prose articles which we have not named, and they are in all respects worthy the excellent company they keep.

The poetry is rather above than below the general 'annual' standard. Among the contributors to this department, are Miss H. F. GOULD, O. W. HOLMES, GREENVILLE MELLE, H. HASTINGS WELD, Rev. J. H. CLINCH, and others not unknown to fame; but our space obliges us to confine ourselves to these brief comments, and to forego extracts. And we must here conclude, by recommending the 'Token' to American readers, as a work every way worthy of general patronage.

CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST. Edited by SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, A. M. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

THIS work is from the pen of a French gentleman, now in this country, and but lately a Roman Catholic priest. Portions of it, in the view of the editor, afford strong if not conclusive proofs of a systematic design in Europe to create a strong Popish party in this country. The personal narrative of the writer is replete with the interest of romance, especially those parts of it which describe the love-passages and trials of the priest, and his fair penitents of the confessional. The editor affirms that the author is known to be what he professes himself to be, and that his book is strictly true.

EDITORS' TABLE.

HENRY RUSSELL. — Would that every reader upon whom the portrait of RUSSELL in the present number may smile, could hear the 'voice of melody' roll from those lips which has gone to the hearts of so many in our Atlantic cities! Simplicity, tenderness, strength, and mellowness, are the agents by which Mr. RUSSELL produces his effects; and the result is always the same. It is not our purpose here to enter upon an analysis of his extraordinary musical powers; since we have on two or three occasions heretofore spoken of his voice and execution at some length. His style, so simple yet so effective, which 'catches a grace beyond the reach of art,' is lightly regarded, we believe, by certain of those who consider themselves as 'great shakes' in the musical world, simply because they can shake, and trill, and quaver, in that 'difficult' manner which it was *once* so much the mode to admire, but which, thanks to RUSSELL, and one or two other distinguished melodists, has had its little day. These demurring professors may find some countenance in their attempts to foist upon the public an unnatural taste for a species of music wholly unsuited to the genius of our people, but it will proceed from such as care more for the music of fashion than of the heart, and who have travelled abroad to import new ideas of the art, with not a little conceit, arrogance, and foppery. But the crowds who attend the concerts of Mr. RUSSELL, carry away with them 'remembered harmonies' which will not die, nor fade with the changes of time. Success to simple melody! Success to that music which can awaken human sympathies, and enliven and enlarge the affections!

Mr. RUSSELL is a young man, having but recently completed his twenty-fourth year; yet he has acquired a reputation far beyond his years, and that too in the country which, youthful as it is, was the fosterer of the genius of MALIBRAN. He was born in England, and there imbibed his earliest lessons in the divine art of which he is so distinguished a professor. He went to Italy at an early age, after studying under KING, in London, for some time. Here he was a pupil of ROSSINI for three years, and thereafter he returned to England for the space of two more, during which time he was chorus-master of the Italian opera in London. Returning once more to Italy, he studied under GENERALE, MAYERBEER, and other masters, and received a gold medal from the hand of royalty, for the best composition at the conservatorio at Naples. He acquired the language, as well as the musical lore of that lovely country, during his sojourn there, so perfectly as not only to sing, but also to write and converse in Italian, with equal fluency and facility. Coming again to his native country, he married the accomplished daughter of an opulent and distinguished merchant, and soon after came to Canada, where he was invited by some gentlemen of Rochester, in this state, to settle in that thriving city. He accepted the invitation, and was appointed professor of music in an academy devoted to the cultivation of that science.

It is a source of personal gratification to the editors of this Magazine, that they were the first, in this community and that of Philadelphia, to call public attention to the rare musical endowments of one who was himself too modest and retiring to present his claims to general patronage and regard, beyond the precincts of the public-spirited town where he had been generously taken by the hand, and his gifts properly appreciated. Since his first appearance here, however, Mr. RUSSELL's course has been due on toward the goal of success; and we cannot doubt that he has yet even more signal triumphs to gain, in the production of extended operatic compositions. We shall see.

To those whose good fortune it has been to see and hear Mr. RUSSELL, we need not say that the portrait contained in the present number is an almost speaking likeness of the gifted original; and to none is it deemed necessary to add any thing in praise of the superior execution of the engraving.

CRITICISM.—That was a charming trait in Scott's character, which prompted him to 'set an author upon his legs,' by quoting the better passages of his works, as an offset to the objectionable portions, which a censor of the meat-axe school was dwelling upon with characteristic gusto, to the exclusion of every thing of an opposite character. No critic should read for mere occasion of censure, and for the sole purpose of dragging forth lurking errors; nor should he be ambitious to act the part of a judge who determines beforehand to hang every man that may come before him for trial. Such censorial dogmatism is both unjust and injurious. We do not object to severe criticism, so that it be just and honest; but we devoutly eschew the captious, cavilling strain of quibble, in which it is getting to be so much the fashion to indulge, and that without any exertion of thought, or labor of investigation, in the discussion of the work condemned. Unfavorable criticism should be so tempered as to be instructive and consolatory, yet at the same time just, to the youthful aspirant. We have been led to these remarks, by noticing the wholesale condemnation which has been poured out upon a small volume of poems, by a young graduate of Yale College, WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON, which was briefly reviewed in our last number. Now we do not know Mr. Bacon, nor any one who does, nor did we ever receive a line from him, or any of his friends, nor from any body else, in relation to his book. The qualified praise which we rendered to his little work, was therefore wholly disinterested, unsolicited, and sincere; and to prove that it was just, we annex the omitted extract, referred to in our last:

'How many years have passed away,
Since on this spot I stood,
And heard, as now I hear them play,
The voices of the wood,
Grass boughs and bedding leaves among,
Piped low in one continuous song?

'How many years have passed, since here
Upon this bald rock's crest,
I lay, and watched the shadows clear
Upon the lake's blue breast;
Since here, in many a poet dream,
I lay and heard the eagle scream?

'The seasons have led round the year
Many and many a time,
And other hands have gather'd here
The young flowers of the clime,
The which I wove, with thoughts of joy,
About my brow, a poet boy.

'And there were voices too 'lang syne,
I think I hear them yet;
And eyes that loved to look on mine,
I shall not soon forget;
And hearts that felt for me before—
Alas, alas, they 'll feel no more!

'I call them by remember'd names,
And weep when I have done;
The one, the yawning ocean claims,
The distant church-yard, one;
I call—the wood takes up the tone,
And only gives me back my own.

'Still from the lake swell up these walls,
Fronting the morning's noon;
And still their storm-stained capitals
Preserve their lichens green;
And still upon the ledge I view
The gentian's eye of stainless blue.

'And far along in several lines,
Sheer to the higher grounds,
Touch'd by the finger of the winds,
The pines give out their sounds;
And far below, the waters lie,
Quietly looking to the sky.

'And still, a vale of softest green
Th' embracing prospect fills;
And still the river winds between
The parting of the hills;
The sky still blue, the flowers still found,
Just bursting from the moist spring ground.

'So was it many years ago,
As on this spot I stood,
And heard the waters lave below
The edges of the wood,
And thought, while music fill'd the air,
The fairies held their revel there.

'I ask these comes to give me back
My fresh, glad thoughts again;
Alas, they lie along the track
Which I have trod with men!
The flowers I gather'd here, a child,
I pluck'd, it seems, to deck a wild.'

A very young writer, capable of lines like these, is met with scarce a word of encouragement, but contrariwise, forced satire and second-hand denunciation; and this often from critics unable to produce any thing half so creditable as many of the effusions in the volume in question.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE. — We regret to perceive that our contemporary, the 'American Monthly,' has pushed out upon the stormy sea of politics. We believe with DANIEL WEBSTER, that our literary periodicals ought rather to constitute a happy restraint upon the asperities which political controversies engender, than to aid in creating them. Let us keep literature and politics distinct. We need a kind of neutral ground, on which men of all creeds and all politics may meet, and forget the bitterness of party feeling. Literature should be this ground; and the only prominent objection to this position, that we have yet seen, is that the *English* periodicals are some of them political, and that therefore *ours* should be so too! To say nothing of the independent, republican spirit evinced in imitating foreign works, as if we were incapable of originality in any thing, let us look at the different circumstances of the case. In America, politics are in every body's hands, in the newspapers of the day, large and small, for the merest trifle of cost. In Great Britain, on the contrary, it is the very reverse. The metropolitan daily journals cost so much, that thousands are wholly unable to procure them; and national politics are conveyed to a large proportion of the public through the less frequently published magazines, one number of which frequently passes into fifty or an hundred hands. How small the necessity or demand, on the other hand, in this country, for an admixture of politics in our literary periodicals, when the partizan may take his daily political dish for a single penny, or at most, three! Beside, premeditatedly long political disquisitions are universally considered as sad bores, at the best. They are rarely read by more than one side, and make no converts. Let no sinister motive be ascribed to these remarks; for, in our own case, this Magazine possesses the good will of all parties, and has neither the indifference nor the opposition of any. We speak but for the common cause of American literature.

THE FINE ARTS. — Some months since, an eminent American writer attempted to set forth in these pages the fact that liberty and a republic were no barriers, as had often been alleged, against the progress and perfection of the fine arts in this country; and this position he maintained and supported by triumphant argument. His train of reasoning has since been frequently brought to our minds, by corroborative testimony which has fallen under our own observation; all going to establish the truth, that the enjoyment of a rational freedom, such as we of the United States are blessed with, associated with a general liberal diffusion of property and intelligence, which always carry with them an improvement in taste, is more favorable to the cultivation of the fine arts, than the patronage of kings, princes, and nobles. We were forcibly impressed with the correctness of this assumption, in a recent visit to the studio of the Brothers THOMPSON, whom many of our readers doubtless now hear named for the first time. The elder of the two, C. GIOVANNI THOMPSON, has but recently removed to this city. He has pursued his art with great industry, and his efforts have been marked by gradual yet constant improvement, during a residence of some years in Boston and Providence. His pictures in the Athenæum Gallery, in the former city, won for him a high repute, and brought to his easel several of the first citizens of the New-England capital; and we can speak in terms of high commendation both of the faithfulness and skill with which he has transferred to the canvass many of the élite of the city of Roger Williams. The portrait of President WAYLAND, of Brown University, would be sufficient, were other evidence wanting, of the distinguished talents of the artist, whose success, since his arrival in New-York, has been no less decided. Of his portraits in general, we may say, that they are animated and well-colored, while the attitudes are unconstrained, natural, and agreeable. There is great merit, too, in the pervading tone of his pictures, and especially in the grace, spirit, and expression of his female portraiture.

Of the efforts of JEROME THOMPSON, whose stay has been more prolonged among us, and who has acquired a metropolitan reputation from those of our citizens who have

sat under his facile pencil, it may not be necessary to speak, farther than to say, that we know of no young artist whose improvement has been more regularly progressive. We have marked him from the beginning, and think we can appreciate the study and taste which have made him favorably known to the New-York public, and even procured for him honorable and profitable engagements in England, whenever he may deem it expedient to turn his face thitherward. He is remarkable not less for the excellence of his likenesses, than for the professional qualities he possesses in common with his brother, which we have already enumerated. The success of these young gentlemen, as we have already hinted, has impressed us with the truth of the remark of the distinguished contributor alluded to, in the commencement of this paragraph, that 'our artists need no longer to go abroad to earn a livelihood, or gain a name. Those who have talents and industry, meet with employment and liberal compensation, and receive quite as much, and sometimes a great deal more, than is given for similar productions in Europe.'

GULLIVERANA. — Lying is a bad practice at best; but there is a species of sportive 'white lie,' which, when well managed, has an 'ear-kissing smack' in it that is quite delightful. Gulliver's talent in this line has seldom been approached. Whether in Lilliput or Brobdignag, he never forgets himself. The *keeping* of every thing is admirable; and if any one deems such skeptical relations an easy matter, let him try to sustain a kindred specimen, in all its parts. He must have the eye of a painter, and be well versed in the management of contrasts, to succeed at all in the undertaking. By the way, that was a good story of a man travelling in a stage-coach, who had been listening for an hour or more to the marvellous tales of personal adventure, told by two inflated bucks from the city. 'My uncle,' said he, 'had three children; my father had the same number; all boys. There was some property in dispute between the families; and after a protracted quarrel, it was agreed that the question should be decided by combat between the six sons. My eldest brother fought first, and his antagonist was mortally wounded, and carried off; my next eldest cousin was successful in slaying the brother next before me; and it was with great trepidation that I took my position in front of my youngest cousin. We fired, and —'

Here was a pause for a moment; and the excited cockneys eagerly inquired, 'Well, what was the result?' 'Why, *I was killed on the spot!*' was the reply; my adversary's bullet pierced my heart, and I expired without a groan! My murderer became possessed of the property in dispute, which he soon dissipated, and is now a mountebank conjurer. It was only yesterday that I saw him at his tricks, in a little village through which we passed. He had placed a ladder in the open street, its top in the air; and when I lost sight of him, as the stage wheeled away, he had reached the uppermost round, and was *drawing the ladder up after him!*' The town-bred Munchausens reserved their marvels, during the remainder of the journey. This undoubted narrative is akin to the following story, which we have from the best authority. Two passengers, coming down the Mississippi in a steam-boat, were shooting birds, etc., on shore, from the deck. Some sportsman converse ensued, in which one remarked, that he would turn his back to no man in killing rackoons; that he had repeatedly shot fifty in a day. 'What' that?' said a Kentuckian; 'I make nothing of killing a hundred 'coon a day, or nary luck.' 'Do you know Capt'g Scott, of our state?' asked a Tennessean by-stander. 'He now is something like a shot. A hundred 'coon! Why he never *p'int*s at one, without hitting him. He *never* misses, and the 'coons know it. T'other day he levelled at an old 'un, in a high tree. The varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out: 'Hello, Cap'n Scott! — is that you?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, do n't shoot!' says he; it's no use! 'Hold on; *I'll come down*; I give in!' — which he did! It is unnecessary to add, that this was the *last* hunting story.

BROWN vs. KIRKHAM. — We have received from Mr. GOULD BROWN a rejoinder to the article of Mr. KIRKHAM, published in our last number. We are reluctant to extend this controversy, in which we fear a great proportion of our readers take little if any interest; and having just now, moreover, but narrow space, we are compelled to decline the publication of the article in question. It is proper to say, however, that Mr. Brown *denies* that Kirkham's works have ever ascribed to Rush, Murray, and Walker, the contradictory passages quoted against himself; and that if they *had* so ascribed them, the ascription would have been untrue; that the *brackets*, the removal of which was so vehemently complained of, would neither abate the error alleged, nor make Kirkham's version of the text good grammar; and that he never in his life spoke in favor of the grammar of his antagonist. With this 'curtailed abbreviation compressing the particulars' of a syllabus, we take our leave of the matter, trusting that each lingual belligerent will hereafter revolve in his own cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes and prosodies.

OUR PORTRAIT OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER. — 'Why,' says an esteemed foreign correspondent, 'have you, in the frontispiece of your cover, represented the venerable and benevolent author of the right veritable 'History of New-York' with such a rigid and austere expression of countenance? Surely, the painter or engraver has belied his character. I have had his counterfeit presentment for many years in my mind's eye; and whenever I look at yours, I think, with CHARLES LAMB, 'Alas! what is my book of his countenance good for, which I have read so long, and thought I understood its contents, when there comes your heart-breaking errata,' to rob me of my beau ideal?' To all this we answer, in the usual Yankee manner, by asking our friend, if he does not remember, that when DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER was writing his renowned work, at the Columbian Hotel, his literary labors were often interrupted by his landlady coming into his room, and 'putting his papers to rights,' in such wise that it took him a week to find them again? 'Think of these untimely intrusions, while the melancholy historian was writing as follows: 'Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeble historian who writes the history of his native land. * * I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. With a faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils the modest merits of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before the mighty shades. Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansions of the KNICKERBOCKERS, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the steady march of existence; whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its currents shall soon be stopped for ever! These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas! have long since mouldered in that tomb, toward which my footsteps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber, and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence — their countenances to assume the animation of life — their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless DIEDRICH! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffeting of fortune — a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land — blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through these crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes, where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!' Now we have it from the

best authority, that while these melting sentences were not yet dry upon the paper before the historian, his pestilent landlady bustled into his apartment, and after an uneasy stay of a minute or two, began to indulge in oblique allusions to 'her little bill' for board, and finally observed, that 'she thought it high time somebody had a sight of somebody's money!' It is at the moment of this inopportune duu, that our sketch is taken; and who could look benign under such circumstances? Is our friend answered?

LITERARY RECORD.

THE QUARTERLIES. — We have before us the last *North-American*, *American Quarterly*, and *New-York Reviews*, and should be gratified to afford our readers a taste of their several contents; but the tyranny of space forbids other than a brief reference to some of their more prominent papers. The '*New-York*' has an admirable article upon the writings of JEAN PAUL RICHTER, and a laughable and well-reasoned satire upon 'Dietetic Charlatanism,' or the 'Modern Ethics of Eating.' In some of the short critical notices, there is less research, and more flippancy, or mere *ipse dixit*, than might reasonably have been expected from such a quarter. The number is a good one, nevertheless, although inferior to its predecessor. Miss Martineau's '*Society in America*,' Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, the *Military Academy at West Point*, and the poems of Grenville Mellen, are among the reviews of the *American Quarterly*, which is a large as well as very able number. In the *North-American*, that philosopher in petticoats, Miss Martineau, is most happily served up. The irony is keen but smooth, and the spirit mild, though unflinching. Gallantry has nothing to do with such a subject. The '*Palmira Letters*' are reviewed with discrimination, and high but just praise. Of the existence of '*Miriam, a Dramatic Poem*,' we are here for the first time informed; but the production can scarcely remain long unknown to the American public. We may refer more in detail to these able American periodicals, in a subsequent number.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM. — But for the fact that COL. STONE's Letter on Animal Magnetism, containing an account of a remarkable interview between the author and Miss LORAINA BRACKETT, of Providence, (R. I.,) while in a state of somnambulism, is the theme of conversation and newspaper comment, in every section of the country, we should be tempted to occupy three or four of these pages with the extraordinary facts therein narrated. As it is, we shall simply run the risk of being the first to apprise some half dozen American, and an hundred or two foreign readers, that the work records, in easy and exciting detail, an imaginary visit of Miss BRACKETT to this city; while in a state of somnambulism, portions of which she describes with astonishing accuracy; that she accompanies the author to his own house, where she describes, with wonderful minuteness, localities, furniture, pictures, etc. — and all this, without ever having been in New-York in her life, or hearing or knowing any thing in relation to the scenes and objects visible to her mind's eye! We are not believers in animal magnetism — oh, no! Yet we are not exactly skeptics, either. A '*state of betwixtinity*' aptly expresses our situation in regard to these strange matters.

A NEW THEORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM. — Since the above was placed in type, Messrs. WILEY and PUTNAM have issued a coarsish volume, of some two hundred and twenty pages, entitled, '*Exposition of a New Theory of Animal Magnetism, with a Key to its Mysteries; Demonstrated by Experiments with the most celebrated Somnambulists in America*;' together with '*Strictures*' upon the Letter noticed above. By C. F. DURANT. At the present writing hereof, we have but time and room to say, that so far as we have advanced in the work, Mr. DURANT seems to be probing the whole matter quite thoroughly, and to have recorded his proceedings in a style of laughable mock-irony, though in language generally not a little careless, and sometimes — shade of Priscian! — sadly ungrammatical; the result, doubtless, of hasty publication.

PICKWICK.—**MR. JAMES TURNER, JR.,** 55 Gold-street, is publishing in numbers, as they appear in England, the *Pickwick Papers*, with copies of **CRUIKSHANK's** spirited illustrations. Some of the engravings are cleverly executed, while others are miserable enough. The numbers, however, are very cheaply afforded, and meet with a wide and rapid sale; the exceeding small coterie of anti-Pickwickians—who have no conception of the burlesque or humorous, and care little for a hearty laugh, that most innocent of diuretics—to the contrary notwithstanding. A southern critic has gravely attempted to show that the old twaddler, *Pickwick*, does not act and converse as such a man should! He reminds us of the systematic tailor at *Laputa*, who took *Gulliver's* altitude by a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of his whole body, all which he entered upon paper, and in due time brought back his clothes ill made, having mistaken a figure in the calculation. The idea of subjecting '*Pickwick*' and '*Samivel Veller*' to a regular standard of criticism!

'MATHEMATICAL MISCELLANY.'—This unpretending but well-conducted and valuable periodical, issued at Flushing, Long Island, is gradually winning its way to merited distinction. In a cursory examination of the recent numbers, we observe that many of its contributors are 'men of mark' and science, in various sections of the country; and that so strong is the feeling in its favor, that several eminent mathematicians have associated together to prevent its discontinuance, in any contingency. **Prof. GILL**, of the Institute at Flushing, sustains, and ably, its editorial responsibilities. It contains upward of seventy large pages, and is published semi-annually, at the low price of two dollars per annum.

GAZETTEER OF MISSOURI.—The Brothers' **HARPER** have published, in a large and handsome volume, of some three hundred and eighty pages, '*A Gazetteer of the State of Missouri*: with a Map of the State, from the office of the Surveyor General, including the latest Additions and Surveys.' The compiler, **ALPHONSO WETMORE, Esq.**, of Missouri, has performed his task with signal ability; and his spirited frontier sketches, a specimen of which may be found elsewhere in these pages, evince, that his talents are not alone confined to statistics and business facts. A frontispiece, engraved on steel, adds to the attractions of the volume.

A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY: ILLUSTRATED BY MAPS AND PLATES. By **MRS. L. H. TYLER**, Middletown, (Conn.)—When ladies come into the field of competition for literary honors and scientific research, it behooves us to treat them with gallantry. But in this instance, the lady has little need of favor; for her work may fairly challenge comparison with the best efforts of the male tribe. It is a right down sturdy, lucid, well-executed, and thorough treatise; 'not a mere compilation,' as **Professor SMITH** of the University of Middletown says, 'but bearing throughout the impress of the author's own mind.' **Professor SMITH** hazards nothing in predicting, that it will be extensively adopted as a text-book in our high schools and academies.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, Esq.—We have recently given several articles of poetry from the unpublished mss. of the late **J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT**, and shall present others hereafter. '*The Dying Boy*,' however, in preceding pages, was originally published, some years since, as we understand, in the '*Albany Argus*.' It deserves, notwithstanding, a more permanent record than the columns of a newspaper; and we take pleasure in transferring so beautiful a gem to our casket.

'VAN TASSEL HOUSE.'—**MR. CLOVER**, at 294 Broadway, has issued a very pretty colored lithograph of this charming country-seat of **WASHINGTON IRVING**, at Tarrytown; the same, as we are given to understand, that was occupied, many years ago, by old **BALTUS VAN TASSEL**, and his blooming daughter *Katrine*, and the scene of *Ichabod Crane's* world-renowned adventures.

*. Our theatrical critiques for the month, although in type, are unavoidably deferred until the next number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER FOUR.

'KINGDOMS are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go.'

IN view of the reasons heretofore suggested, why it is improbable that either the Egyptians, the Carthaginians, or the Romans, were the first inhabitants of this continent, and why, from the present state of our knowledge, no other distinct nation of people is entitled to the exclusive reputation of having been the primitive discoverers of America, the reader is very naturally led to inquire for the evidences assigned by the advocates of particular theories for the sources of their origin. These evidences, although important to the antiquarian, cannot, from the brevity and popular mode proposed by us in treating this subject, be critically stated. We have, nevertheless, offered some reasons and inferences of our own, why those evidences cannot be conclusive; and we would refer others to our own or other means of information, should they feel disposed to make farther investigations. However plausible the story of Votan may have appeared, as testimony in point, the reader shall judge, from a few facts which will be here noticed, whether even that has much probability to support it. No one at least can deny the greater safety of doubting, where there is no better proof, should he not, with others, arrive at the ultimate conclusion, that the best evidence of all may be in favor of the opinion that these people originated where their relics are now found.

It has been said that the occasional resemblance observed among the ruins of Tulteca to those of the Egyptians, Romans, etc., affords no just grounds for attributing their origin to those nations, any more than to others whose remaining arts they equally resemble. Almost every ancient people might, in fact, from similar points of resemblance, claim the same distinction. Beside the particulars noticed in previous numbers, it might be mentioned, *en passant*, that had the Tultecans been Egyptian, they would most certainly have retained the language of Egypt, the signs, the worship, etc.; but this was not the fact. Had they been Romans, they would likewise have continued the language, the customs, and the religion of Romans; yet this was not the case; and so it would have been, had they been derived from any other nation. Above all, perhaps, would they have borne a personal resemblance to their progenitors, a cir-

cumstance far from truth. Religion, without doubt, is the last thing in which a people becomes alienated; yet we see no coincidence in this respect between these people and their reputed originals. How then shall we account for their origin, but by supposing them, *sui generis*, Tultecans? Finally, it will be admitted, that unless the story of Votan presents some clue by which to solve the problem — and we do not see that it has even the claim of probability — we are not permitted, by the facts in evidence, to attribute the first American population to any other people of the earth.

The illustrious Fegjro, quoted as the best authority by the very author of Votan's story, and himself as much interested in propagating a theory favorable to popular Catholic opinions as any one of his clerical brethren, says upon this subject: 'After long study and attentive examination of so many and such various opinions, I find no one having the necessary appearance of truth, to satisfy a prudent judgment, and many that do not possess even the merit of probability.' Again, Cabrera says: 'To the present period, no *hypothesis* has been advanced, that is sufficiently probable to satisfy a mind sincerely and cautiously desirous of arriving at the truth.' And yet this is the man who holds forth the story of Votan as a true 'hypothesis.' It is plain, in all this writer says, by way of comment, that he himself doubts the truth of the whole matter, although he has pompously styled his treatise 'The Solution of the Grand Historical Problem of the Population of America!' The bishop, we will do him the justice to say, manifests much candor in speaking of the conduct of his brotherhood toward the relics of the people whose religion they had resolved to destroy. 'The injudicious and total destruction of the annals and records of the American nations,' says he, 'has not only proved a most serious loss to history, but very prejudicial to *that religion* whose progress it was supposed would thereby have been accelerated.' He asserts what is very true, in this; and also in his conclusion, that 'both in the means and the object, this practice is too frequently the result of prejudice or of ignorance.' Antonio Constantini, also cited as primary authority, declares, that 'whatsoever may be advanced upon this subject does not pass beyond the limit of mere opinion, as we have neither histories, manuscripts, nor traditions of the Americans!' And with the design farther to prevent all belief by posterity that their conquered subjects, whose admirable relics and records they had destroyed, possessed any knowledge of the arts, or the means of governing themselves, he says, 'when they were discovered, they were ignorant and uncultivated!' etc. Clavigero justly concludes, likewise, that 'the history of the primitive population of Anahuac, (Central America,) is so obscure, and so much involved in fable, as to render it not merely a most difficult matter for solution, but totally impossible to come at the truth.' These and similar declarations of the most accredited writers upon the early history of the inhabitants of Central America, one would think quite conclusive. If there had been other facts to be obtained, calculated to settle the question as to the origin of the first Americans, these or other writers would have obtained them. Instead of this, however, they merely speak of works which '*probably*' contained the facts announced as truth, with-

out ever having seen them themselves, or stating plainly that they had, in reality, *any* facts within their reach. Thus numerous authors, whose means of information are *said* to have been complete on this subject, are mentioned by Cabrera; yet he professes to know nothing beyond conjecture or hearsay of the contents of their works. We will notice one or two instances, to show what confidence can be placed upon his assertions and gratuitous inferences in relation to Votan, and as samples of the whole.

After parading the titles of a great number of works, which may or may not exist, so far as his own knowledge of their contents is concerned, or perhaps that of any one else, he says: 'There is in the Jesuits' College of Tepozotlan,' (preserving the same particularity, as to titles, localities, dates, etc.,) 'a history of the voyages of the Aztecas to the country of Anahuac, written by a noble Mestee Mexican. The *title* of this manuscript,' he continues, 'shows it to be one of importance, as it *very probably* contains an account of the voyage of the Mexicans, who are the Aztecas, and of the primitive families of the *Culebras*, (snakes) who, *I shall demonstrate*, were from the old continent to the new, with an account of the first empire they founded in America, its duration, and their *expulsion* from the first settlements of Anahuac!' Again, after enumerating a list of works, to which he would have the reader infer he has had access, he says: 'The fourth is some historical memoirs of the Tultecas, and other nations of Anahuac, all of which works *were* preserved in the library of the college before-mentioned. *It is probable*, that the last production treats of their coming from the old to the new continent, of their *expulsion* from the first settlement at the city of Palenque, in the kingdom of Amaguemecan, and the cause thereof,' etc. Thus there is, from beginning to end, the same ambiguity, the same want of personal inspection, and yet the same display of authority. How important such works would have been to him and to the world, had they existed, in satisfactorily settling this question! The author of Votan's account does not seem to have known a solitary fact himself, which bears upon the subject matter of his story, though he proposes to '*demonstrate*,' etc. The several representations, of a mysterious character, which he has so woefully distorted to an agreement with the said story, mean and represent, in fact, any thing else than the incidents of that story; indeed, this is the lamest part of the fabrication. Truly unfortunate is it for all the materials concerned in the case, 'that they were,' to use his own language, '*unfortunately* lost;' 'did not appear, in consequence of his death,' etc., 'very probably,' so and so. Again he says: 'It is to be regretted, that the place is *unknown* where these *precious documents* of history were deposited, but still more that the *great treasure* should have been *destroyed*!' And, in the next paragraph he says: '*It is possible* that Votan's historical tract, *alluded* to by Nunez de la Vega' — for he is indebted, after all, for the sum total of this now simple *historical tract*, to the *allusions* of some unknown writer — 'or *another*,' he says, '*similar* to it, *may be* the one now in the possession of Don Ramon de Ordonez y Aguiar,' (though before pronounced to have been destroyed!) So much for the proof of this story, good, bad, or indifferent. To have continued out these observations, we could have more clearly shown its folly and untruth; but,

though necessary to satisfy the mind of the curious on so important a subject, yet we would avoid unnecessary minutia, and deem what has already been stated, quite sufficient to establish our position.

Now for the story itself. This, he says, was 'communicated' to him by some 'valuable notices,' (how, we are left entirely to conjecture,) 'by the above writer,' (Aguiar,) 'who,' he says, 'is engaged at this time in composing a work, the title of which I have seen!' The said title is '*Historia del Cielo y de la Tierra*!' (History of Heaven and Earth!) 'that will not only embrace the original population of America, but trace its progress from Chaldea, immediately after the confusion of tongues, its mystical and moral theology, its mythology, and most important events!' Such a work we should be glad to see, and so would all the world beside; but 'unfortunately' it has never appeared, though 'this time' spoken of, was more than forty years ago! The title of the work, and the abilities which he ascribes to its author, he says, 'lead us to anticipate a work so perfect in its kind as will completely astonish the world!' Let the reader notice the agreement between this source of 'communicated' information, and that 'alluded to' by Nunez de la Vega. 'The memoir in his possession, (Aguiar's) consists,' he continues, 'of five or six folios of common quarto paper, written in ordinary characters in the Tzendal language; an evident proof,' he farther adds, 'of its having been copied from the original in hieroglyphics, shortly after the conquest.' We do not see, in this circumstance, the 'evident proof' mentioned, or 'the shadow thereof;' but this is in keeping with all his 'proofs.'

The tract is then stated to go on by means of a painted description, on the first leaf, in different colors, of the two continents. This is declared to be characterized by the letters *s* and *ss*, with works which *he* made, (Votan, it is supposed,) signifying on the margin, the places he had visited on the old continent. Between these squares stands the title of his history, viz: 'Proof that I am Culebra,' (a snake) which title he proves in the body of his work, by saying, that he is Culebra, *because* he is Chivim.' This is 'demonstration,' of course! He then states that *he* conducted seven families from Valum Votan to this continent, so says Cabrera, and assigned lands to them; that *he* is the third of the Votans; that having determined to travel until he arrived at the root of heaven! (who can tell where the root of heaven is, and what road should be taken to get there?) in order to discover his relations, the Culebras, and make himself known to them; (mark, his relations in America,) he made four voyages to Chivim, which is expressed by repeating four times from Valum Votan to Valum Chivim, from Valum Chivim to Valum Votan; that he arrived in Spain, and that he went to Rome; that he saw the great house of God building; that he went by the road which his brethren Culebras had bored; that he marked it, and that he passed by the houses of the thirteen Culebras. He relates that, in returning from one of his voyages, he found seven families of the Tzequil nation, who had joined the first inhabitants, and recognised in them the same origin as his own, that is, of the Culebras. He *speaks* of the place where they built their first town, which from its founders received the name of Tzequil. He affirms that he taught

them refinement of manners in the use of table-cloths, dishes, basins, cups, and napkins; that, in return for these, they taught him knowledge of God, and of his worship, his *first* ideas of a king, and obedience to him, and that he was chosen captain of all the united families!

Having announced all this badinage from a work not read nor even written, with as much confidence as if he had seen the narrated circumstances, he says: 'Let us now follow the progress of this celebrated chief of the first inhabitants of the American continent!' He then goes into the descriptions of Del Rio, and his ingenious but labored and wordy commentaries. How much there may be to 'demonstrate' with these premises, we shall not undertake to prove; but it would excite a smile in the reader, to notice with what avidity he seizes hold of the supposed hieroglyphical drawings of the before-mentioned explorer, and explains what they mean, from the wonderful light thrown in his path by the *title* of a work not then, nor yet now, written, and also from the 'allusions' of some reputed writer, unknown even to himself!

What the curious specimens of sculpture and of phonetic representation, before referred to, actually mean, is alike unknown to all inquirers, notwithstanding Bishop Cabrera's commentaries. The 'historical treasure' respecting Votan's Voyages, etc., is represented by the author first mentioned, viz. Vega, among other historical manuscripts, to state, or rather *he* states *for* Votan, that 'Votan is the third gentile placed in the calendar; that he wrote an historical tract in the Indian idiom, wherein he mentions by name the people with whom, and the places where, he had been. Up to the present time,' says he, 'there has existed a family of the Votan's in Teopizca.' He says, also, that 'he is lord of the Tapanahuasec; that he (Votan) saw the great house,' meaning, as the writer says, the Tower of Babel, 'which was built by order of his grand-father, Noah! from the earth to the sky; that he is the first man who had been sent hither to divide and portion out these Indian lands.' (How came the Indian here so soon after his grand-father Noah's flood?) We had thought himself and his seven families were the first; and that, at the place where he saw the great house, (the Tower of Babel,) a different language was spoken! This 'historical tract,' so invulnerable to the effects of time, under the varied circumstances to which, 'it is very probable,' it had been exposed, was indeed a treasure; but the venerable prelate, not having the fear of antiquity before his eyes, and intent only on destroying all 'the means of confirming more strongly an idolatrous superstition,' says, 'he did give them up, when they were publicly burned in the square at Heuguetan, on our visit to that place in 1691!' (One hundred years before Cabrera wrote.) The Indian tradition of this treasure, says Cabrera, though he omits any reference to authority, 'was, that it was placed by *himself* (Votan,) as a *proof* of his origin, and a memorial for future ages, in the *casa cabrega*, 'house of darkness, that he had *built in a breath*!' He committed this deposit to a distinguished female, and a certain number of plebeian Indians, appointed annually for the purpose of its safe custody. His mandate was scrupulously observed by the people of Tacaloaya, in the province of Socanusco, where it was guarded with extraordinary care,

until, being discovered by the prelate before-mentioned, he obtained and destroyed it.

'It 'consisted,' observes Vega, who now speaks for himself, 'of some large earthen vases, of one piece, and closed with covers of the same material, on which were represented, in stone, the figures of the ancient Pagans, whose names are in the calendar, with some Chalchihuites, which are solid, hard stones, of a green color, and other superstitious figures!' All this looks a good deal like a 'historical tract,' as Cabrera calls these earthen pots, etc. These 'historical treasures' were taken from a cave by the Indian lady herself! Quite an accommodating and antique-looking lady, we imagine, having held in charge the venerable relics from the time of Votan, the grandson of Noah, according to the document itself, until delivered in person to the trusty and veracious bishop, and by him burned as afore-said! This, then, is the whole of the story of Votan! Forbid, Muse of History! that we should weaken or destroy one syllable of the description, or a jot of its meaning — its force or probability!

The pious bishop, it should be said, in proof of his blind devotion, whatever may be thought of his acts by liberal-minded men, faithfully expressed his reckless bigotry and wild fanaticism, by destroying all the valuable remains of the Tultecan people, 'lest,' as he says, 'by being brought into notice, they should be the means of confirming more strongly an idolatrous superstition!' History weeps over the ruins created by such mad and superstitious zealots; and no where with more reason than in Central America. The history of man is, indeed, but a record of persecution for opinion's sake, the result only of peculiar yet mainly unavoidable circumstances; and that record is black with deeds of shame and bloodshed. Poor human Nature! — we could almost wish that oblivion had hidden for ever thy acts from posterity!

Having, as we presume, satisfied the curious in respect to the foundation of the 'hypothesis' for peopling America, as proposed by the story of Votan, we shall next notice some interesting particulars in the early history of the Tultiques, which may shed light upon our inquiries. After this, we shall describe other and not less remarkable ruins of ancient time, in the various provinces of Central America; notice their connection with the relics and people of North America, the singular works of art, and the primitive inhabitants of portions of this country.

The Tultecan people, or Chiapanese, being the original inhabitants of America, and having quietly dwelt within the central provinces before-mentioned for an unknown period of time, all intelligence respecting them — if, in fact, we have any thing on which to rely, save the remains of their magnificent arts — is completely disconnected from all other people prior to the destruction of their capital. At what period this occurred, we are equally ignorant, notwithstanding the assurance with which some have given dates, and attempted to establish epochs in the history of the primitive American people. It is certain that the evidences of their antiquity are coeval at least with the most ancient of the human family. Tradition, at best, is a very uncertain guide for the antiquarian; that, therefore, of the grandson of Noah coming 'from the north' to people this continent by

express command of God, may be regarded as hypothetical. Still, if the first Americans were to be considered the immediate descendants of Noah, the ruins of Central America might be aptly compared with the date at which the deluge and the dispersion at the Tower of Babel are reported to have occurred. Votan, according to this tradition, is said to have been one of those who built the great tower, which was to reach to heaven, that he was selected from among those which tradition likewise made to attempt building so high a structure, and that he was commanded to travel 'off north,' with a colony of the people, for the purpose of inhabiting this unknown land. How he and his colony got here by travelling north, we shall not attempt to explain, and particularly with a trackless sea, of three thousand miles in extent, intervening. This colony, it is said, also divided on their arrival at *Soconusco*, South America, a part remaining in the province of Chiapa, and the others proceeding on to Nicaragua. But from what we have already stated, this colony consisted, according to Votan's records, of only seven families; each colony, therefore, comprised three whole families! The form of government of this people thereafter, until they numbered many millions, was vested in two military chiefs, chosen by the priests. So says tradition.

Humboldt thinks that there existed other people in Mexico, previous to the arrival of the Toultecs, the date of whose appearance in Mexico he has put down at 648, of the Christian era. It matters not by what name the people who first inhabited America are called; nor does this writer name the people he supposes to have preceded the Toultecs. We have called the primitive inhabitants *Tultecans*; and we are justified by the best authorities, certainly by the most numerous, in giving them this appellation. But we think Humboldt was mistaken in the antiquity of the Tultiques. The date assigned by him for their appearance may have been when they were driven by the northern nations of Chicamecks, or perhaps by the Olmecas, from their ancient city, and forced to mingle with the other nations that about that time made their appearance in Mexico, from the north. It is possible that the dates given by writers, and purporting to have been derived from the hieroglyphic paintings of the ancient inhabitants, may have some truth for their bases; but these, liable as they were to misinterpretation, have induced writers to come to the conclusion, that no certainty exists in the dates which have been given for the population of Central America. Whether the inhabitants of Palenque, the famous ruins of which we have noticed, are the *Toultecs* known at a subsequent period, or whether the name of that people is 'past finding out,' our means do not allow us to determine at present. That they had a different name, prior to the appearance of the Toultecs in 596 of Clavigero, or 548 of Humboldt, may be admitted. Still, it is not improbable that they may have left their country in 544, as thought by some, arrived in the valley of Mexico in 648, and founded the city of Tula in 670; but to suppose that this people afterward reared the monuments we have before mentioned, is not at all probable; on the contrary, the period of their origin supposed by the 'hypothesis' already mentioned and some three thousand years since, would be altogether more in accordance with their ruins. The Tultiques were evidently the first people

known in Mexican history; but from whence they came, and the date of their first establishment in Central America, is unknown. Humboldt himself says, 'We do not know on what authority these dates are founded.' We shall speak of the people here mentioned as the *Toultecs*, and as entirely distinct from the ancient inhabitants of Palenque, though we have designated the latter by a similar name, for the sake of preserving coincidence with others. All must be agreed, in accordance with our statement, and with Humboldt, that a people existed in Anahuac long previous to the appearance of these *Toultecs* we now speak of, though this distinguished traveller had no knowledge of the great ruins of Palenque.

The history of the *Toultecs*, like that of all the nations which have subsequently peopled Central America, is involved in fable. It is said, however, that their history relates that they were banished from their own country of *Huehuetapallan*, in their year 1, (*Teepatl*), which is likewise said to correspond with our year 596; that proceeding southerly, under the direction of their chiefs, they arrived, after sojourning at various places on the way, for the space of one hundred and twenty-four years, on the banks of a river, where they built a city, and called it *Tollan*, or *Tula*, which, as *Clavigero* thinks, was the name of the kingdom they had left, situated north-west of Mexico. This then was the oldest, as it was one of the most celebrated cities in the history of Mexico, and the capital of the *Toulttec* kingdom. This kingdom lasted three hundred and eighty-four years, which was divided into cycles of fifty-two years each; and each cycle was occupied by the reign of one king. Seven kings had thus ruled the people, when, during the twenty-eighth year of the reign of the eighth monarch, the nation was destroyed by a pestilence. If a monarch died during one of these cycles, the government was administered by the nobles. Tradition, as well also as the paintings of this people, beside *Tollan* and *Huehuetapallan*, mention *Aztlan* as their first residence. This fact, in connection with the remaining arts of a numerous and highly civilized people, now found in Wisconsin Territory, and near St. Louis, Missouri, have given rise to the opinion that there was their first residence. It has been contended that the *Castine Ground*, in the vicinity of that city, was the identical *Aztlan* of the wandering *Toulttec* nation. We shall hereafter refer to the facts which induced us to announce in our first numbers that a connection existed between the inhabitants of Mexico and the original people of the western valleys of the United States.

The *Toultecs*, as has already been said, exhibited a high state of civilization, and an astonishing knowledge of the arts and sciences, at the earliest periods of their history. Their government was the most permanent, efficient, and happy; and to them have all succeeding nations acknowledged their indebtedness for their knowledge of the arts, and of agriculture. They were familiar with the working of metals, cutting gems, with hieroglyphical paintings, etc.; and in their divisions of time, they were much more perfect than the Greeks or Romans. 'But where,' inquires a distinguished writer, 'is the source of that cultivation? Where is the country from which the *Toultecs* and Mexicans issued?' If we have no evidence that they came from the United States, nor from Asia, is not the query solved, by supposing that they were the *Palencians*?

dispersed by the pestilence which deprived them of their eighth and last monarch, with the bulk of the Toultec people. The magnificent arts still presented to the curious traveller in Mexico, are the work of this people, and they exhibit a degree of skill, industry, and intellect, which astonish those of our times. But they differed from all others in these arts. Where then shall we find their analogue? Did they come from China, as De Guignes would prove from the Chinese annals, subsequent to 458? Horn, in his '*De Originibus Americanis*,' and M. Scherver, would make this by no means difficult, nay, extremely probable. They 'might have been a part of those Hiong-noux, who, according to the Chinese historians, emigrated under Punon, and were lost in the north of Siberia; or, were they the Indians of North America? The pastoral character of the Toultecs resembled that of the Asiatics, and their arts those of Egypt; but they cultivated no other gramina than maize, while the Asiatic tribes cultivated various cereal gramina, at the earliest periods of their history. To the Chinese, and particularly the Japanese, they bore a striking similarity, so far as regards the state of civilization; yet, in their facial and cranial characteristics, they differed materially. On the whole, it is much more reasonable to suppose that the people of whom we are now speaking, were of the Mongal race, than that the Palencians were any particular race now known.

Whether the last mentioned people, after their dispersion from their great capital in the province of Chiapa, were or were not the nucleus around which the many distinct tribes that afterward constituted the people of the great Mexican empire, all our inquiries are unable clearly to establish; still, there are strong evidences in favor of that opinion. Hence the name Tultecan, by which we have designated the primeval inhabitants of this continent, and the authors of the extensive arts, the ruins of which have been noticed, may be identical with the *Toultecs*. All agree that there was a race of people existing for an unknown period of time in Central America before the Toultecs, the Aztecs, or the Chichimecas appeared in the beautiful Mexican valley. This agreement, in connection with the antique relics found on the site of the famous Palencian city, and the indisputable evidences of the superior knowledge of the ancient Palencians, renders the conclusion to which we have arrived inevitable.

It is also extremely probable, from the analogy observed among the arts of succeeding inhabitants of Mexico, the similarity of their manners and customs, and their knowledge of the arts and sciences, in which the original Tultecans were so highly distinguished, that a part of the latter people, after the destruction of their great capital, was united with the former. This probability, though unnoticed by writers upon the early inhabitants of Mexico, amounts, in our mind, to conviction. It forms a basis to the only conclusion which presents itself in attempting to explain the origin of the extraordinary arts now found throughout the Mexican valley, and in other parts of that once extensive empire. The inference is not less conclusive in relation to the people with whom the original Tultiques became united, and with whom they in part constituted the subsequent great nation of Mexicans. This people were clearly the previous inhabitants of our own western states. Their arts

are distinctly traced from Wisconsin and Missouri Territories, all the way into the valley of Mexico. Among those which now characterize that valley, are to be seen numerous specimens so closely resembling the relics of the United States, that no other inference can be drawn from the fact, than that they were the work of the same people. Still, it will be observed that others exist in Mexico, which as plainly show the existence of a distinct and peculiar class of men. The most remarkable of these are found among the ruins of Palenque, Copan, and at other places in the province of Chiapa, Yucatan, and Guatemala. Others again exist, scattered throughout both Peru and Mexico, among the Pacific Islands, and west of the Rocky Mountains, which differ in many striking particulars from those of this country, from those of Palenque, and among themselves. This is strongly in evidence of the historical fact, that the ancient Mexicans were composed of numerous and very different tribes of people. That various tribes have also dwelt in our western valleys, is quite certain; and that our whole country has, at remote periods, been the theatre of strange events, and the residence of peculiar people, cannot admit of doubt. While some of that people were unacquainted with the use of metals, others must have possessed a very good knowledge of them, and withal the mode of working them. A well-finished steel bow, found in one of the western tumuli, and the scoria, evidently the product of forges discovered among the works which have been left by some previous inhabitants of the Ohio valley, are among the proofs of this fact. Hieroglyphical writing, long a desideratum among the remains of the primitive inhabitants of the United States, has also been discovered. Descriptive paintings similar to those executed by the Mexicans, may in like manner have been left by this people, but they would have disappeared, had they been so left, from the effects of time. No stone edifices resembling those of Mexico have however been found among us; no piles of rude masonry, stone fortifications, bridges, viaducts, etc., as at Palenque and other places. There are some traces, if recent accounts be true, of tumuli and walls in this country, which were built in part of burnt bricks, not unlike those with which the great pyramid of Chollula was built; yet there are none in the same style and magnificence. Enough, however has been noticed, among the ancient arts of this country, to satisfy us that our primitive inhabitants may have been among the builders of that stupendous structure. The same form may now be noticed in a tumulus near Cincinnati. Others have been destroyed, which had the same pyramidal form, with regular off-sets. On the tops of these, and particularly those of a large size, it has been conjectured that structures similar to those of Mexico were built. The one ruthlessly destroyed at Circleville, Ohio, affords strong evidences of its having been devoted to the worship of the sun, and to the offering of human sacrifices. But more of this anon. Subsequent remarks will tend to show, when we shall have furnished other particulars of newly-discovered ruins in Central America, how far those of our own country agree with the ancient arts of Mexico.

THE ENCAGED BIRD TO HIS MISTRESS.

LADY, sweet lady! let me go,
 To breathe again my native air;
 Where mountain streams unfetter'd flow,
 And wild flowers in profusion bear;
 Where mingled notes of feather'd throng
 Pour forth their free, harmonious song,
 In praise to Him who bids them fly,
 Bound only by the lofty sky:
 I pine! I pine! to stretch my wings,
 And feel the sun's enlivening glow—
 To join the lay the free-bird sings;
 Kind lady! let thy prisoner go!

Long have I cheer'd this summer bower,
 Where oft thy fairy footstep treads;
 Beguiled for thee the tedious hour,
 And chased the tear that sorrow sheds;
 Or, when beneath these clustering vines,
 Thy lovely form for rest reclines,
 I charm thy spirit still, in dreams,
 Wakening by music heavenly themes.
 And, lady, thou hast charms that win
 Even the bird encaged to love;
 Without so fair, sure all within,
 To meek compassion's touch must move.

Yes, thou art fair; but those blue eyes
 Are not to me the azure heaven;
 Nor is the food thy hand supplies,
 And in such rich abundance given,
 Sweet as the crumbs by labor earn'd,
 Ere I of luxury had learn'd;
 Nor is this splendid cage a home
 Worth the free woods I long to roam:
 Think'st me ungrateful for thy care—
 That all thy fondness I forget?
 No! songs my warmest thanks shall bear;
 But, lady, I'm thy prisoner yet!

Say, is there not some kindred-one,
 Absence from whom 't is pain to bear—
 And thus, when thou art here alone,
 So often falls the pearly tear?
 Lady, I too had once a mate,
 When freedom was my happy state;
 And for that mate I yet do pine,
 And sorrow oft at day's decline:
 God hath ordain'd that nought which lives
 Should live alone, far from its kind;
 Not only man the bliss receives,
 Which he in fellowship doth find.

Birds of the air are paired above,
 By Him who hears the raven's cry;
 And shall man break the bonds of love
 'Twixt harmless songsters of the sky?
 No! let the little life we live
 Enjoy the sweets that God doth give;
 Unshackled sail the ambient air,
 And carol forth our music there.
 And thus, by thine own freedom blest—
 By all the kindness thou canst show,
 And by the love that heaves thy breast,
 Lady, sweet lady! let me go!

THE SOUL'S TRUST.

'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.' PSALMS.

Though troubles assail me, and dangers surround,
Though thorns in my pathway may ever be found,
Still let me not fear, for thou ever wilt be
My God and my guide, while I lean upon thee.

The sweet buds of promise may fade ere they bloom,
The hopes which are earth-born, lie low in the tomb;
And though my life's pathway seem weary to me,
I shall gather new strength, as I lean upon thee.

Though bound to the world by the heart's dearest ties,
Though earth's fairest scenes are outspread to my eyes,
Oh never, my Father! permit me to be
Found trusting to reeds—let me lean upon thee.

And in that dread hour when my aw'd soul may stay
No longer on earth, but is summon'd away—
Amid those great scenes which no mortal may see,
Let me know naught of fear, as I lean upon thee!

G. F. T.

MR. AND MRS. TOMPKINS.

A SIMPLE TALE.*

BY THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'YAMOTDEN,' ETC.

In a certain village—pleasant enough to behold, as you ride or walk through it, but abominably unpleasant to remain in, on account of the unconquerable propensity of its inhabitants for scandal and tittle-tattle, which prevails to a degree infectious even among decent people—in this village, about ten years ago, a man and his wife, of plain appearance, both in person and dress, came to reside, having the fear of God before their eyes; and in that fear, I trust, they died. But they were the subjects of much speculation; and the presidential question has not, to my certain knowledge, called forth so much original argumentation among the people of that village, as did the arrival of this couple; unpretending, unquaint, and inoffensive as they were.

They came in a stage, with but small incumbrance of luggage for persons who meant to remain in one place for any long time; and

* We have no doubt, that in presenting this inimitable sketch of the lamented SANDS, we are conferring an original favor upon a large majority of our readers; while the few to whom it will not be wholly new, will thank us for reviving it in their recollection. It was first published in 'The Talisman,' a New-York annual for the year 1829, at which time this costly species of 'butterfly literature' had attained but very limited circulation. When we remember that it was while writing an article for the KNICKERBOCKER, to which he was to have been a regular contributor, that the right hand of our departed friend suddenly forgot its cunning, and his well-stored mind its rich and varied resources, something of selfish sorrow mingles with our regret, that he was so early called away.

according to an arrangement previously made, took up their quarters in the house of a respectable widow, whose modest mansion afforded to them the only room they wanted, and whose modest circumstances made their coming to board with her, in that single room, a decided convenience.

The fact being ascertained, in an hour's time, throughout the village, that the widow Wilkins had got two boarders who were to occupy her spare room, it became a subject of conversation at the post-office, the tavern, the grocery, the prayer-meeting, and in every domestic circle. But nobody was able, that evening, to throw light upon the question of who the new comers were; and conjecture was left free to range through the mazes of its own world of imagination.

Three ladies, a widow, a widow bewitched, and a middle-aged single woman, namely, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, had gone immediately, on observing that the stage had dropped two passengers with the widow, to ascertain who they were, where they came from, what they had in view, and whither they were going next. All the information, however, that Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross had been enabled to obtain, (albeit they would have wormed the one secret which a man ought to keep from his wife out of him, after the Holy Inquisition had given him up in despair,) was, that Mrs. Wilkins had taken a man and his wife to board at her house; and that their name was Tompkins. They had retired to their own apartment, and had not been seen by the respectable triad; yet Miss Cross said, she thought from the looks of an old pair of boots, which were tied to one of Mr. Tompkins's trunks, which was standing in the entry, that 'they were no great shakes.' As to this point she had a right also to speak her opinion, seeing that her father had been a respectable retail shoe-maker. So, therefore, the report of Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, did but whet the curiosity of the congregation as to the private history, present estate, and future prospects of poor Mr. Tompkins and his wife. Many supposed that his name was assumed for the occasion. So many, they urged, were indicted or sued, who had such an alias, that he must have broken out of the state prison, or run away and left his bail in the lurch. An inveterate reader of all the newspapers observed, that a Mr. Tompkins was advertised as having left his wife without any means of subsistence, who would pay no debts contracted by him. It was probable that he had a female partner of his flight; and the circumstance of his coming in such a clandestine way to the house of the widow Wilkins, was certainly a singular coincidence. It would be endless, and scarcely amusing, to mention all the suppositions broached on the subject. One, which was quite popular, was, that this Mr. Tompkins must be the man who had been hanged in Alabama some months before, and who, it was rumored, had been resuscitated.

The most speculatively benevolent hoped that these people would be able to pay their board to the widow, as she was a good sort of woman, though none of the wisest, and could not afford to lose it. The most scrupulously decorous hoped this couple were actually married, and had not come to bring disgrace into Mrs. Wilkins's

house, as she had always passed for an honest woman, as had her mother before her, though there had been some strange stories about her aunt and the Yankee doctor.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Tompkins came forth from the widow's house, and walked through the village to the barber's shop. His gait was that of a grave gentleman who has passed the meridian of life, and has nothing to excite him immediately to unnecessary action. There was nothing in his manner that was at all singular, nor was there even the inquisitive expression in his countenance, which would be natural in that of an entire stranger in the place. He walked as a man walks who is going over ground he has trodden all his life, in the usual routine of his occupations. His clothes were plain black, cut after no particular fashion or fancy, but such as old gentlemen generally wear. His walking-stick was plain, with a horn handle. He wore apparently no ornaments, not even a watch. Those whom he met in the street, or passed as they stood in their doors, looked hard and sharply at him; but he neither evaded nor responded to their glances of interrogation.

The barber who shaved him, extracted from him the facts that he had come last from York city, where there was no news; and that he meant to stay for some time in the village. After leaving him in possession of this valuable information, Mr. Tompkins sallied forth, and strayed, at the same leisurely pace, up a hill, the summit of which commanded a picturesque view of the village, and of the adjacent country. The barber observed something like a cicatrix, in a rather suspicious part of his neck, but he did not feel justified in pronouncing an opinion as to whether he had ever been actually hanged or not.

In the mean time, or not long after, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, paid a visit to the widow, to tell her not to forget to come to a charitable sewing society that afternoon, and to make another effort to relieve their minds about the case of poor Mrs. Tompkins. They found the latter lady sitting with her hostess. She was knitting cotton stockings. She was a plain middle-aged woman, forty years old or upward, attired in a dark-colored silk dress, with a cambric ruff and cap, not exactly like those worn by the strictest sects of Methodists and Friends, but without any ornament. An introduction having been effected, the ingenuity of the three ladies was immediately exercised in framing interrogatories to the stranger. She was civil, amiable, and apparently devoid of art or mystery; but never was there a more unsuccessful examination, conducted with so much ability on the part of the catechists, and so much seeming simplicity in the witness. Without resorting to downright impertinence, these ladies could extract no more from Mrs. Tompkins, than that she had come with her husband last from New-York, where they had left no family nor connexions, and that they meant to spend some time in the village.

'Had she always lived in New-York?'

'No — she had travelled a great deal.'

'Was it her native place?'

'No — she was born at sea.'

'Had her husband been long settled in New-York?'

'No — he had lived there some time,' etc., etc., etc.

With this highly unsatisfactory result, the fair inquisitors were compelled to return from their mission. Something, however, in the placid manner of Mrs. Tompkins, had produced an influence upon them which counteracted the natural effects of the irritability arising from ungratified curiosity. Their hypotheses in relation to her were by no means so uncharitable as might have been expected. Mrs. Steele actually maintained that she believed her to be Mrs. Fry, travelling incog. through the United States. Mrs. Hawkins had no doubt it was Dorothy Ripley, a woman who had a call to straggle through the country, vending her religious experience; and that her escort was no less a personage than Johnny Edwards, a lay enthusiast of great notoriety. Miss Cross, the least complimentary in her conjectures, supposed it was Mrs. Royal, a travelling authoress, and bugbear to book-sellers and editors.

After a walk of two hours or more, Mr. Tompkins returned from his perambulations, and stopped in at the tavern or stage-house, where he seated himself in an unobtrusive place, and began to read the newspapers. He perused these budgets of literature systematically and thoroughly; and the anxious expectant of the reversion of any particular journal he had in hand, waited in vain for him to lay it down. When he had finished one broad-side, and the fidgetty seeker after the latest news had half thrust forth his hand to grasp the prize, Mr. Tompkins, gently heaving a complacent sigh, turned over the folio, and began to read the next page with the same quiet fixedness of attention, and unequivocally expressed purpose of suffering nothing it contained to escape his attention. It thus took him about two hours to finish his prelection of one of the issues of that great moral engine, as it is called, by whose emanations the people of this country are made so wise and happy. Advertisements and all he read, except poetry, which he seemed to skip conscientiously, generally uttering an interjection, not of admiration. Notwithstanding he thus tried the patience of those who wanted a share of periodical light, he was so quiet and respectable a looking man, that not even a highwayman, or a highwayman's horse (supposing that respectable beast to be entitled to its proverbial character for assurance,) would have attempted to take the paper away from him by violence. His person was in nobody's way. His elbows and knees were kept in; and there was no quarrelling with his shoe or his shoe-tie. There was a *simplex munditiis* — a neat-but-not-gaudiness about him, which every body understood without understanding Latin.

When he had apparently exhausted the contents of all the periodicals that lay on the bar-room table, just as the village clock struck one, Mr. Tompkins asked for a glass of cider, which he drank and departed. I need make no apology to an intelligent reader for a detail of these minute particulars; because they engrossed the attention of many at the time, and were severally the subjects of conflicting hypotheses. And beside, the history of his first day's residence was so exactly that of every other which followed, that it is expedient to be particular in recording it.

He returned then to his lodgings, and after dinner was seen sitting in the porch of the widow's house, smoking a cigar, and reading in

an ancient-looking volume. Toward sundown he again walked forth, with his wife (if wife she was) under his arm; and they strolled to some distance through the lanes and among the fields adjacent to the village. Thence they returned at tea-time, and at an early hour retired to their apartment.

Mrs. Wilkins had not for a long time received so many visitors as called upon her that evening, to inquire after her health, and the 'names, ages, usual places of residence, and occupations' of her boarders. For the best of all possible reasons, she was unable to satisfy them on many of these points. The appearance of Mr. Tompkins at the tavern, however, had produced a reaction in the opinions of the men, as that of his wife had in those of the ladies; and he was supposed to be some greater character than a runaway husband, a fraudulent insolvent, or a half-hanged malefactor. They were determined to make an *Æneas* under a cloud out of him. One was convinced that he was Sir Gregor McGregor; another that he was Baron Von Hoffman, (a wandering High-Dutch adventurer, much in vogue at that time,) and a third ventured the bold conjecture that he was NAPOLEON himself. A rumor, then rise, that the most illustrious of *détenus* had effected his escape, gave greater accuracy to the last surmise than to any other. Napoleon was then in —!

The post-master advised the speculative crowd, whose imaginations were perturbed and overwrought by this suggestion, to keep themselves quiet and say nothing about it for the present. Letters and packages must necessarily come to the mysterious visitor, which would be subject to his inspection; and from the post-marks, directions, and other indices, which long experience had taught him to understand, he assured them that he should be able to read the riddle. By this promise, the adult population were controlled into forbearance from any public manifestation of astonishment. The little boys, however, whose discretion was not so great, kept hurraing for Bonypart to a late hour, around the widow's house; for which the biggest of them suffered severely next morning at school; their master being what was called an old tory.

'Days, weeks, and months, and generations (in the chronology of curiosity) passed;' but the post-master was unable to fulfil his promise. Nothing came to his department directed to *our* Mr. Tompkins; nor did that gentleman ever inquire for any letters. During this period, which was about half a year, the daily occupations of Mr. T. were almost uniformly the same with those mentioned in the diary I have given. So punctual was he, that a sick lady, having marked the precise minute at which he passed before her house, on his return to dinner, set her watch regularly thereafter by his appearance, and was persuaded that it kept better time than those of her neighbors. One would have thought that she ought to have felt grateful to the isolated stranger who thus saved her the trouble of a solar observation; but whether it arose from the influence of the genius of the place, the irritability of sickness, or her association of Mr. Tompkins with ipecacuanha, certain it is, that her guesses about his identity, and his motives for coming to that town, were of all others the most unamiable.

I must mention, however, some of the other habits of Mr. Tompkins, and some of the peculiarities of his character. For, though the former were systematic, and the latter monotonous, he was yet not a mere animated automaton; and was distinguished from other male bipeds by certain traits, which his acutely observant neighbors of course did not fail to note.

Neither he nor his wife ever bought any thing for which they did not pay cash. Their purchases were few in number, and small in amount; and they generally seemed to have exactly the requisite sum about them, rarely requiring change, and never exhibiting any large surplus of the circulating medium. On Sunday, unless the weather was very bad, they attended at the Episcopal church regularly, sitting in Mrs. Wilkins's pew; and regularly did Mr. Tompkins deposite a sixpenny-piece in the plate which was handed round. They did not, however, partake of the communion in that church; why, I know not. It was in vain that Mrs. Tompkins was urged by the ladies with whom she became acquainted, to attend religious meetings of different kinds, held in the evening. It was also in vain that either her husband or she was solicited to subscribe to any charity, of whatever description. They severally answered, 'I cannot afford it,' so naturally, that the ladies and gentlemen on the several committees appointed by the several charitable meetings, gave them up in despair. They rarely accepted invitations to tea-drinkings; and yet there was nothing unsocial in their manner or conversation. They could converse very agreeably, according to the opinions of many of the people; and what was strange, was, that they neither talked about scandal, religion, or politics. Sometimes they spoke of other countries so familiarly, that the question, 'Have you ever been there?' was naturally asked; and the answer was generally 'Yes.' Avoiding, however, any communion other than what was inevitable, with those who were decidedly gross and vulgar in intellect and feeling, and forming no intimacies in the small social circle into which they were thrown, the barrier was never passed by their acquaintances, which precluded familiarity. The amusements of Mr. Tompkins, other than those I have stated—to wit, walking and reading the newspapers—were extremely limited in kind or degree, so far as they were observed. Books of his own he had none. The widow's collection was small: but he availed himself of it occasionally, when smoking, or when the weather was bad. As it was more than a quarter of a century since any of the volumes had been purchased, and they were mostly odd ones, his studies could neither have been profound nor extensive. He also very frequently played backgammon with an old Danish gentleman, Mr. Hans Felburgh, who had brought his wife from the West Indies, to reside in this village for the benefit of her health, and had buried her there. It had been a subject of much dispute why he remained; whether from regard to her memory, want of funds, or because he was afraid or too lazy to go back. My readers, I trust, are troubled with no such impertinent curiosity. No human being can long move and live in the same society, without contracting a preference for somebody or other; but the intercourse between these two gentlemen arose

very naturally, as they were near neighbors and both strangers, and as the Dane was without kith or kin in the country.

Thus, as I have said, six months passed away, and the mystery which enshrouded Mr. Tompkins yet hung about him 'as a garment.' Curiosity, 'like the self-burning tree of Africa,' had almost consumed itself in its own ardors; but the vital fire yet glowed under the embers. The people had worn threadbare all the arguments on the questions who Mr. Tompkins was, and why he did not publish to them his autobiography. The all-absorbing topic of conversation now was, 'How did he live? what were his resources?' He ran in debt to no one, borrowed from no one, and kept no account in either of the four village banks; he paid his board regularly, as was regularly ascertained from the widow, who became indignant, however, at the frequent recurrence of the question. The tax-gatherer in his rounds called upon him, and found him only liable to be assessed at the same rate as those were who had neither realty nor personalty subject to taxation.

It was now suggested, and became the current report, that Mr. Tompkins and his wife were secretly connected with a gang of counterfeiters, for whom they filled up bank notes, and with whom they had means of holding clandestine intercourse. Often were they both dogged, on their rambles, by gratuitous enthusiasts in the cause of justice. Mrs. Tompkins was seen to stoop for some time, removing a stone that lay under a hedge. The observer in his eagerness, approached too incautiously, and trampled among the dry leaves. She turned her head and saw him, and went onward, making a pretext of pulling up a handful of violets. Nothing was to be found under the stone, or near it; but there could have been but little doubt, it was supposed, that she had intended to deposite counterfeit bank notes, where her accomplices knew how to find them. Mr. Tompkins was observed in his morning walks, to stop occasionally to talk to some very poor people, who lived in the outskirts of the village, and even occasionally to enter their rickety and tumble-down habitations. Many inquiries were of course made of them, both in an insinuating and a fulminating tone, as to the object of Mr. Tompkins's visits, and the purport of his communications. But these virtuous, though impecunious democrats, made no other reply, than that Mr. Tompkins was a good man, and a better man than those who came to examine them; and, when threatened, they stood upon their integrity as individuals, and their rights as free citizens, and contrived to empty their tubs and kettles 'convenient,' as the Irish say, to the ankles of the questioners.

But now an event occurred — or rather seemed likely to occur. One afternoon, a horseman, dusty with travel, rode up to the tavern, and having alighted, inquired if a Mr. Tompkins lived in that town. Now there was also a shoe-maker of that name who had long dwelt there. But when the stranger added, that the person he sought for could not long have been a resident, all doubts vanished. Between their impatience, however, to assure him he had come to the right place, and uneasiness to get out of him the facts which were to explain the mystery, the dusty traveller had much difficulty in obtaining answers to his first question, and to his second, 'where Tompkins

lived?' All the information he gave, in exchange for that which he received, was, that he had business with the gentleman. He also asked, where he could find the nearest justice of the peace? A bandy-legged individual, with a hump-back, and a strange obliquity in both his eyes, who was drinking beer, came forward immediately, and said *he* was the 'squire. The traveller looked as if he thought the people had a strange taste in selecting their magistrates; but, telling the crooked functionary that he might have occasion to call on him in a short time, set forth in the direction indicated to him, to find the person he was in search of.

He marched at a round pace; but not so fast that others were not on the ground before him. Several persons who had heard what had passed, scudded off in different ways for the same point, announcing as they ran, in half-breathless accents, to every one they met, that a sheriff had come for Mr. Tompkins. A party kept at no great distance behind the stranger, among whom was the justice himself, who seemed disposed not to be out of the way, should his services be demanded.

As Mr. Tompkins, who was sitting in the porch of the widow's house, reading a volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1749, and had just exhaled a cloud of many-colored smoke, was watching the delicate spiral curve of sapphire hue, which did not intermingle with the other vapor, but wound through it like the Jordan through the Dead Sea, (to give the *coup de grace* to a figure worn to tatters, and beggarly tatters too,) I say, as Mr. Tompkins lifted up his eyes and beheld the prospect before him, he was aware of a man in riding trim, lifting the latch of the widow's little court-yard; behind whom a small crowd, headed by the cross-eyed and cross-legged Coke of the parish, advanced in a huddle, all earnestly gazing upon himself. And, glancing around, through the rose-bushes, lilac-trees, and pales which surrounded the modest enclosure in which he was ensconced, he beheld, peeping and chuckling, the quaint and dirty faces of divers boys and girls, with dishevelled hair and goblin expressions; and he marvelled what in the world was the matter.

The stranger entered the court-yard, and touching his hat respectfully, asked if Mr. Tompkins was at home?

'That is my name, Sir,' said the gentleman.

'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said the stranger. 'I have been mistaken. I was looking for another gentleman.'

So saying, he again touched his hat, and retired, looking rather surlily upon the people who gathered round him, and followed in a cluster his retiring footsteps. My tale does not lead me to tell how he got along with them, nor do I know more than what I have heard, which was, that having proceeded a little distance, and feeling them treading upon his heels, he got upon a stump, and looking around him, asked if the place was a Sodom or Gomorrah, that a Christian man, dressed like themselves, could not come into it without being mobbed in that manner? Upon which he marched on at a quicker step, some of the men shouting, and a few of the little boys following and throwing stones after him, till he remounted his horse; and mingling with the clatter of the charger's retiring hoofs was heard

the rider's hoarse and coarse malison upon the town, and all the people that lived in it!

—— 'But with Mr. Tompkins
Abides the minstrel tale.'

'Time rolled his ceaseless course,' as he does now while I write; and I shall record but one more anecdote, being an incident which happened several months after that last mentioned.

A fondness for getting up charitable societies had always prevailed, to a greater or less extent, in this village. But at this particular time it became a *rage*, in consequence of the organization in larger towns of associations on a grand scale; the notices of whose meetings, with the names of the several official dignitaries, as published in the newspapers, inflamed the ambition of the country folks. A society for the Suppression of Pauperism was immediately formed. Under its auspices, at the same time, was organized a society for the relief of the poor and destitute; and, subsidiary to the latter, an auxiliary branch was instituted, for the purpose of seeking out and examining the condition of such poor and destitute people, with a view of reporting their cases to the parent society. The executive committee of the auxiliary branch consisted of four ladies and three gentlemen; who met twice a week regularly, with the power of calling extra meetings, for the purpose of reporting and consulting.

It was certainly most unfortunate that a system so complicated and so admirable should be framed, without any subjects being found to try it upon. It was like a fine new mill, with a double run of stones, without any grist to be ground in it. The executive committee were not inactive; but, strange to relate, unless they patronised some of the members of one or all of the three societies, thus compacted like Chinese boxes, there was never a soul in the place upon the causes and actual extent of whose poverty and destitution they could report, without going to the gentiles whom I have mentioned before, who lived in the crazy and deciduous tenements in the outskirts.

To them, however, the three gentlemen, urged partly by their zeal in the cause, and partly by some sly intimations from the four ladies, that they were afraid of receiving injury to their clothes or to their persons, were induced to repair. Their mission was fruitless enough. While they were talking to some of the members of this small Alsatia below, others from above contrived accidentally to administer libations of ancient soap-suds and dish-water to the philanthropists, which sent them back in no amiable mood, and in a pickle by no means prepossessing, to report to the executive committee of the auxiliary branch.

What was to be done? It was necessary that some report should be made, which, having been approved by the branch and the parent institution, and laid by them before the Pauperism Society of the village, might be transmitted to the great Metropolitan Branch of the General State Association. The grand anniversary was approaching; and what a contemptible figure their returns would make. Under these circumstances Miss Cross called an extra meeting of the executive committee.

I do not intend to report the proceedings of this illustrious delega-

tion, but merely the upshot of them. They actually appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Miss Cross, who was all of six feet high, and a pot-bellied tinman who was only four feet eleven, to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins; and to inform them, in a delicate way, that the auxiliary branch had viewed with satisfaction their efforts to maintain a decent appearance, and had taken into very particular consideration the causes of their poverty, and the mode of applying suitable relief. It was well known, the committee were instructed to say, that they were destitute people, because nobody wrote to them, and it was a universal subject of wonder how they lived. They were growing paler and thinner under the influence of hope deferred, or more probably of no hope at all; and if they would quit Mrs. Wilkins's, whose charge for board was too high, they might yet have bright and pleasant days before them, under the patronage of the society. They might lodge with the aunt of Miss Cross, who had a nice room in her garret, and took as boarders half a dozen of the cabinet-maker's apprentices. Mrs. Tompkins could improve her time by washing and ironing; and something might be done for her husband, in the way of getting him accounts to cast up for grocers, running about to collect them, dunning, etc.

So Miss Cross and the tinman went the next afternoon; and, I believe, that with all the importance they assumed or felt, as members of the auxiliary branch, there was a little hesitation in their entrance into the demesne of Mrs. Wilkins. At any rate, I know, that in mounting the three steps before the door, Miss Cross, by a twitch of her foot, either nervous or accidental, kicked her colleague, who was behind her, on his back, or some other part; and set him a rolling with such emphasis, that he found it troublesome to stand up again fairly; or, indeed, to know the four points of the compass.

Mr. Tompkins was playing backgammon with his Danish friend, when his wife opened the door suddenly, with her face flushed, and said, 'My dear, here are a lady and gentleman, who wish to inquire into the causes of our poverty, and the means of relieving it.' She laughed as she spoke, but as she turned away and went up stairs, cried hysterically.

Mr. Tompkins, who had a man taken up, as the phrase is, and had just thrown doublets of the very point in which he could not enter, rose, and issued forth to talk to the sub-committee. I believe, most devoutly, that he was an amiable man; and as to the vulgar practice of profane swearing, I do not think he ever had indulged in it before in his life. But when he discharged this sub-committee, I am credibly informed, that he availed himself of as round and overwhelming a volley of blasphemy as ever was heard on board a man-of-war. I hope it has been pardoned him, among his other transgressions.

Time rolled on, and five years had passed away since the arrival of Mr. Tompkins and his wife at ——. Curiosity as to them had become superstition; though the vulgar imaginations of the mechanical *bourgeois* of the village had not enabled them to conjure up any spirit or demon, by whose assistance this inoffensive couple were enabled to exist without getting into debt. No letters had come, during all this period, through the hands of the conscientious and intelligent post-master. No deposit had been made by Mr. Tompkins in any

one of the four banks ; nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, had he ever seen the inside of either of them ; for he never went to a place where he had no business to transact, or was not required by courtesy to go.

Death ! — which we must all expect, and meet as we can — Death came, and makes tragical the end of a narrative which I have written, perhaps, in a strain of too much levity. A fever, occasioned probably by local influences, seized Mrs. Tompkins, and after a few days' illness, unexpectedly even to the doctor, she died. Such was the fact ; and if I had all the particulars, I know not why they should be given. It is hard, however, to realize that any body is dead, with whom we have long associated ; still harder, if we have dearly loved the friend who has gone before us. I suppose this was the case with Mr. Tompkins, who did not long wear his widower's weeds. He died too, only eight weeks afterward.

He followed his wife to the grave, leaning on the arm of his friend, the Dane — for I may be allowed to call him his friend, as he had no other — and shed no tears that any body saw. His habits of life were ostensibly the same as before. He took his morning's walk, and his afternoon's walk, although he had no wife to accompany him then. He caused a plain white marble tomb-stone to be erected at the head of her grave, on which was simply inscribed, 'SUSAN TOMPKINS : Died in the 49th year of her age.' A fever of the same type with that which carried off his wife, seized him, and he died as I have already mentioned.

There is no difficulty in getting up a funeral procession in such country places. Those who would have cheerfully consigned their own blood connexions to Don Pedro or the Dey of Algiers, while living, will make it a matter of business to follow any body's corpse to its last home : and there is no religion, sentimentality, or poetical superstition, in their so doing. It is a mere way they have.

Therefore there was no lack of people to make up a procession, either at the funeral of Mrs. Tompkins or of her husband. There was a group of rather ragged-looking people, men, women, and children, who remained after the crowd had gone away, near the graves on both occasions. They had reason to cry, as they honestly did, for the loss of those who had been kind to them.

It was a strange circumstance, but it was actually true, that when Mrs. Wilkins, under Mr. Felburgh's inspection, came to settle up what was due for the funeral expenses of Mr. Tompkins, and to herself, they found exactly the amount required, and neither a cent more nor less. What papers he might have burned after his wife's death I know not ; but the lady and gentleman above-mentioned, who acted as his legatees, did not find the smallest memorandum or scrap of paper left by him. The wardrobe of both husband and wife was not extensive, and the trunks containing their wearing apparel were preserved inviolate by the respectable Mrs. Wilkins. She has since died. Mr. Felburgh went shortly after Mr. Tompkins's death to Denmark. If any private revelations were made to him, he has never divulged them, and I know he never will. When I saw him in Copenhagen, in the summer of 1826, I did not think he looked like a man who was to stay much longer in this world of care. He had

not any thing to trouble him particularly, that I know of; except that he had nobody to inherit his property, and that was not much.

There was another strange circumstance, which I must not pass over. A few weeks after Mr. Tompkins was buried, a plain tombstone, shaped exactly like that which had been erected by his order over his wife, appeared at the head of his grave; and on it was inscribed, 'HUGH TOMPKINS: Died in the 58th year of his age.' Who put it up, no one could tell, nor is it known to this day.

The burying-ground is as forlorn a place as can well be imagined. There is only a ragged fence around it, and nothing but rank common grass, dandelions, and white-weed grow in it. There is nothing picturesque in or about it; and a Paris belle would rather never die at all, than be stowed into such vile sepulchral accommodations.

These are all the facts in my knowledge, relating to my hero and heroine, as to whom and whose resources curiosity is yet so lively, in the village which I have referred to, but not named, in order to avoid scandal.

'The annals of the human race,
Its records since the world began,
Of them afford no other trace
Than this — there lived a man'

and his wife, whose name was Tompkins.

I superscribe my story 'A Simple Tale,' and 'simply,' as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, I believe it is such. It can possess no interest save from the mystery which hangs over its subjects; no pathos, except from their loneliness on the earth, into whose common bosom they have been consigned, leaving only such frail memorials behind them as their laconic epitaphs and this evanescent legend.

R O S A L I E .

I SEEK thy pleasant bower,
My gentle Rosalie,
To win its richest flower,
And find that flower in thee.
No more, though spring advances,
I seek her shining train;
I only meet thy glances,
And my heart is young again.

Thou art the morn, fair creature,
That wakes the birds and roses,
Thine, is the living feature
Where light and joy reposes.
All day, young joy pursuing,
I've found, when caught, that she
Was the maid I had been wooing,
The wild, young Rosalie.

When first the morning's lustre
Lights up the fleecy plain,
When first the shy stars cluster,
When the moon begins to wane;
Then do I seek thy bower,
With a spirit fond and free,
To win its richest flower,
And find that flower in thee.

G. B. SINGLETON.

STANZAS.

'To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.'

CAMPBELL.

I.

I go, my friend, thank heaven! at last I go,
Beyond yon clouds that sail, yon stars that glow,
And every thing that liveth here below

Is dead to me!

The stream on whose green bank I've often read,
The mountain-sward that felt my twilight tread,
The flowers around, the leaves above me spread —
All — all but thee!

II.

Yet, idol of my spirit! from thy heart
And memory, I shall not all depart,
And thou wilt then remain what now thou art;

And friendship's spell

Will with our pleasures people each lov'd scene,
The cascade's fount, the glade's romantic green,
The woodland with the sunset's gold between,
And classic dell.

III.

Oh! is it not a pleasure and a pride,
To think that we on earth shall be allied
With those who loved us, when we shall have died,
And sunk to rest —

And that fond aspirations will arise
To Him who ruleth earth, and sea, and skies,
That we be, by His saving sacrifice,
Among the blest!

Philadelphia, October, 1837.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

'NURSERIES OF AMERICAN FREEMEN.'

NUMBER TWO.

THE preparation and selection of suitable text-books for schools is a matter of great importance. Books are the great means by which the mind acts, in the acquisition of knowledge. But it is not every thing which bears the name of a book, that is to be regarded as the means of mental improvement. Since the invention of the art of printing, an immensity of paper and ink has been wasted in giving a wide extension to works which display the ignorance and imbecility of their authors, while at the same time, this noble art has placed within the reach of all the result of the mental labors and inquiries of the most gifted minds. The choice of books is of vast moment in the business of education, and text-books for schools require to be selected with great judgment and care.

School-books constitute the only species of American literature which has hitherto met with adequate encouragement. Stimulated by the vanity of authorship, by the desire of wealth, or by a wish to be useful, or by all these principles combined in different degrees, hundreds of competitors have started in this race. American talent has been very prolific in this species of authorship; and that person

must be well versed in the subject, who can give even the names of those who have produced spelling-books, reading-books, English grammars, arithmetics, geographies, astronomies, natural philosophies, and other books of school literature and science. In order to avoid the character of plagiarism, or from an ambition to produce something new, or from whim and caprice, changes have perpetually been made in text-books for schools, until there has come to be among them a confusion like that of Babel. Innovation, without substantial improvement, is the bane of school authorship.

That person has a very inadequate idea of the subject, who supposes that it requires only ordinary talents and acquirements to produce good text-books for schools. There is a great difference in these works, indeed, as it respects the ability necessary to produce them. It may require, for example, less talent to compile a good reading-book, made up merely of selections from different authors, than to compose a good text-book on natural philosophy, where the matter requires to be thoroughly digested; but the hand of a master is required to mould every species of material into a proper form. It is a high effort of genius to simplify knowledge, and to bring down the loftiness of science to the familiar comprehension of the youthful mind. A mind of a high order will generally leave its impress on whatever it undertakes; and although it may compose a primer for children, there will generally be something in its matter or form, which will show that it is not the production of ordinary talents and acquirements. Dr. Watts displays the same genius in the books which he wrote for children, as in those profound works in which he developed the philosophy of mind. When the storm of the French revolution was raging, and sending forth its lightning and its thunder, and threatened to rive the British nation in pieces, Hannah More was one of those master-spirits that rode upon this whirlwind and directed this storm. By her small '*Cheap Repository Tracts*,' addressed to the common people of England, who in a mental point of view were a kind of children, she became the safe-guard of the morals of her country; and the principal men in church and in state hailed these simple publications, as most happily adapted to their purpose, and as saying that which they could not themselves have said so well.

While distinguished talents and extensive knowledge are necessary for those who would write good books for children, a familiar acquaintance with young minds, the fruit of much study or of experience in instructing them, is of essential importance. For this reason, some practical teachers have succeeded better in producing school-books than some other men, who have possessed greater talents and superior knowledge. But talents and knowledge, when combined with experience, will give superior advantages. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, of Hartford, whose sermons have received high commendation from English criticism, and which are among the best specimens of fine writing which Americans have produced, if he had never engaged in the business of teaching, might have been an elegant scholar and a fine writer, but he could never have composed the '*Child's Book on the Soul*.' His capacity to produce works of that

description was acquired in teaching the deaf and dumb. In the institution for their instruction, over which he presided, being concerned with minds peculiarly uninstructed, he learned by experience the avenues to untaught minds, and his simple works are among the finest exhibitions of his talents. An English Review of his '*Class-Book of Natural Theology for Common Schools and Academies*,' has the following remarks: 'This work has much heightened our opinion of Mr. Gallaudet's talents as a writer for the young. He has learned (by educating the deaf and dumb,) what gentle patience, and what clear and precise explanation must be used to convey instruction to, and fix correct ideas in, minds not yet unfolded, nor imbued with knowledge. A book like this is no work of chance, but is the result of great expense of time, thought, and tact, in devising and perfecting it.'

To produce text-books for schools, such as are needed, the best talents of the country should be put in requisition. In some instances, such talents have been engaged on this subject; but there is a necessity that they should be much more extensively employed than they have hitherto been. How utterly unqualified many authors have been to produce good school-books, their crude and ill-digested works bear abundant testimony.

It cannot be expected that text-books for schools should contain treatises very much in detail on some of the sciences to which they relate, and hence they should be very select in their materials. In constructing them, it requires as much judgment to know what to omit, as what to insert. Text-books on the sciences for schools should be peculiarly simple and perspicuous in their language, and clear as day-light in their arrangement and their illustrations.

Very considerable advances are supposed by many to have been recently made in school-books. These pretended improvements have often consisted more of show than of substance, and much remains yet to be done, although it is not to be denied that some advances have been made. In works of this kind, there was, in former times, too little adaptation to the comprehension of the youthful mind. In recent times, school-books have been made more simple and more intelligible to children, and it is questionable whether the tendency be not, at present, to an unprofitable childishness. It is not necessary to adopt all the familiarities of children, in order to be understood by them; and the language used in instructing them should always be a little in advance of their present attainments, that they may be continually raised to a higher standard. The Roman women were peculiarly attentive to the language of their children, and by habituating them from early childhood to a pure and elevated diction, they prepared them, under great disadvantages for education, compared with those which are now enjoyed, to be either themselves distinguished orators, or if not, to be capable of apprehending the beauties and feeling the force of the highest efforts of their orators.

In school-books, a great deal of noise and useless parade has been recently made about the introduction of the '*Analytic Method*.' Many persons seem to consider this improvement to be like the exchange of the logic of Aristotle for that of Lord Bacon. The analytic method begins with the particular parts of a subject, and

after having surveyed them in detail, combines them into a systematic whole; while the synthetic method takes a general view of a subject, and then proceeds to an examination in detail of its several parts. Now it is a well-established opinion in metaphysical philosophy, that while the analytical mode is the only true method for the discovery of truth not always known, the synthetic system has important advantages in teaching well-settled truth. That person must be a novice in the business of communicating instruction, who has not learned that a summary, general view of a subject is an important preparation for a profitable consideration of its several parts, and that great confusion will result from attention to particular parts, without some general and connected views of the whole subject.

A great improvement was supposed to have been made, some years since, in geography, by a new method of classification and arrangement. The subjects on which it treats were associated according to their relation to each other, and not according to their relation to a particular country. Thus, a chapter would be devoted to colleges, and these institutions would be treated of in connection with each other, throughout the world, instead of being separately treated of, when the particular country in which they are 'located' was under consideration. The author of this system was Mr. WILLIAM C. WOODBRIDGE, and his larger work contains, perhaps, a greater variety of valuable matter than any work on the subject, of equal size, in the language. His geography has had a circulation sufficiently wide to satisfy a reasonable ambition, or even cupidity itself. But it is questionable whether his system of classification is, after all, the best. One principle of association is laid hold of, while another and more important principle of association is abandoned. Location of place is every thing in geography; and an association of particular facts with the country to which they belong, is more important than an association of these facts with similar facts, in other parts of the world. After an abundant trial of this plan, it is believed that public opinion is reverting back to the old method of classification. Other geographies, on a different plan, have in a considerable measure superseded Woodbridge's smaller geography, while as yet no work has been produced on a different plan, which has sufficient merit to occupy the place of his larger geography, unless the recent work of Bradford, taken chiefly from Balbi's Geography, be of this character. This work will be found to be exceedingly rich in its materials, and peculiarly lucid in its arrangement.

Among the attempted improvements in arithmetic, what is generally denominated 'mental arithmetic,' stands conspicuous. That arithmetics in former times were too abstract, too little applied to the business of life, is undoubtedly true. To obviate this, mental arithmetic has been introduced. This exercise the scholar generally commences at the beginning of his course. A little of it might not be unprofitable; but it is believed that the tendency, at present, is to give it too great a prominence. It would seem as if, in the view of some writers on this subject, the first efforts of the child in numbers should be to invent to himself rules of arithmetic, a work to which he is utterly unequal. In some recent arithmetics, vulgar fractions will be found mingled with simple addition, and the child will be re-

quired to solve difficult questions in the former, before he is well acquainted with the latter. This is altogether preposterous. Mental arithmetic has much less application to the business of life, than is often supposed. Few men of business rely very extensively on mental calculations, in preference to their pen or their slate, for two reasons. The one is, that in written calculations there is more certainty of correctness, and the other is, that they are incapable of inventing shorter and better rules for arriving at their results, than the rules of a good arithmetic. As an exercise of the mind, mental arithmetic may serve to sharpen the ingenuity, and give vigor to the faculties. But there is another exercise, which has been strangely overlooked by the writers of arithmetics for schools, which would be superior to it as a mental discipline, and that is, a demonstration of the rules of arithmetic, in which the reasons for every operation, in every rule, should be scientifically unfolded. The scholar would thus be led, in the true analytical method, to unravel the mental process by which the inventor of the rule arrived at it as a conclusion. Not more than two or three arithmetics, intended for common schools, have attempted this, in a general and scientific manner.

Among the improvements in regard to text-books for schools, many familiar treatises on general science stand conspicuous. School-literature is taking a wider range than formerly. Even in common schools, by the introduction of such a work as the '*Scientific Class-Book*' as a reading-book, two important objects would be secured at the same time; while youth are learning to read with propriety, their minds will also be stored with many of the principles of natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, botany, and political economy, with other important subjects. Reading-books for schools have extensively been of that character usually denominated '*light reading*.' But too much light reading, it should never be forgotten, is exceedingly well calculated to make light heads. Works for the youth of our schools, should be filled with substantial and systematic knowledge.

Among reading-books for schools, the Bible holds a distinguished place; and there is reason to apprehend that, of late years, it has been too often excluded from these institutions. Moral instruction in schools is of equal importance with that which is intellectual; and no means of moral instruction can be compared to the Scriptures. And even aside from their sublime doctrines, their pure morality, their immense practical bearing upon the heart and the life, there is no book where grandeur of thought is equally combined with simplicity of language, and where lofty ideas are so completely brought down to the comprehension of children. It will hence be found, that the reading of the Scriptures will be to them the most easy kind of reading, and well calculated to produce that natural tone and manner which constitute its perfection. They contain no high-sounding words, introduced to give a factitious dignity, where real dignity is wanting; no inversion, for the purpose of surrounding an idea with a mist, which may magnify its importance. Whether the whole Bible is used, or the New-Testament only, or extracts from different parts of the whole Scriptures, may be safely left to the decision of those who are charged with the selection of school-books. Several

volumes of sacred extracts, well fitted to this object, have from time to time been made; and among them, one was executed, some years since, with great judgment and taste, by Dr. McKEAN, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and another, more recently, by Dr. PORTER, President of the Andover Theological Seminary.

To undertake to discuss, at large, the subject of school-literature, or the merits of the more prominent text-books for schools, would greatly exceed the limits of this paper. But it is a subject of great importance, and one of which no person should be ignorant, who has any concern in the management of schools. Such is the ignorance of many teachers, and even of the most intelligent men in the community, in regard to school-books, that many works of this kind have obtained a circulation to which they are not entitled. No person of general information should suffer himself to be uninformed in regard to school-literature. School books need a literary censorship, very different from that to which they have hitherto been subject. If all the literati of the country were well versed in this matter, and would bring their opinions to bear on school-authors, a public opinion might be formed which would fix the seal of approbation on valuable school-books, and a mark of censure, which would help to consign them to speedy oblivion, on those of a different description. If teachers should not be suffered to instruct without having their qualifications put to a strict test, still less should text-books be introduced into schools, until they have undergone a still more rigid scrutiny, by persons competent to decide on their merits.

It has been suggested, in some of the public prints, that it should be the business of the superintendent of common schools to select text-books for the common schools in the state of New-York. It is questionable whether any single man could be found, to whom it would be safe to trust this important concern. DE WITT CLINTON himself, were he now living, would be unequal to the work, unless he were to qualify himself for it by an attention to the subject, such as he never gave. He, in conjunction with other distinguished literary men, recommended 'Bartlett's National School Manual,' a work containing many good things, but exceedingly defective as a whole. Like Pharaoh's lean kine, it is calculated to devour all other school-books, but after having done so, it would be a meagre skeleton still. The truth is, that a great majority of the most distinguished literary men in the country have devoted so little attention to school-literature, that on their recommendation of school-books but little reliance can be placed. But such ought not to be the case; for the subject is too important to be delivered over to less competent hands.

A systematic arrangement and vigilant inspection of schools, stands intimately connected with their prosperity. They are a complicated concern, and like all such concerns, they require great and systematic attention. School-houses must be provided, fitted up with neatness and convenience, and worthy of the names of temples of science. It is disgraceful to science, to have mean and incommodious school-houses, in the midst of commodious or splendid dwelling-houses. They should be well lighted, have convenient benches and desks, and at the proper season, be easily and comfortably warmed. Every teacher knows how import-

ant these things are to the successful prosecution of the business of a school. If the school-room be hung round with maps and charts, and scientific diagrams, it will be so much the better. According to the laws of association by which the course of thought in the human mind is regulated, these things will take a strong hold of the susceptible minds of children, awaken a scientific curiosity, and divert them from their play to the proper business of the school-room, as well as afford valuable aids to the teacher in the business of instruction.

A number of well-qualified and laborious inspectors constitute an essential part of every good school organization. It should be the business of these inspectors to examine into the qualifications of teachers, and to see in what manner the business of instruction is carried on. No teacher should be employed, until his qualifications have been put to a rigid test. In the case of public schools, this should be done by public authority; and in private schools, the patrons should select a suitable number of persons, competent to perform this work. 'Good recommendations,' as they are called, are obtained with such facility, and given, even by persons of respectability, with so much carelessness, that comparatively but little reliance can be placed on them.

Inspectors of schools should frequently visit them, see them in their every-day dress, and learn whether instruction is thoroughly and judiciously given. The competent and faithful teacher will be highly pleased with such visitation. It will show him that his work is not undervalued, and will stimulate him to greater exertion, while the incompetent teacher will be likely to expose his deficiencies in a way which will lead to their correction. Scholars, also, will be greatly stimulated to effort by the frequent and judicious visitation of schools. It will show them that they are engaged in no unimportant employment, and convince them that an education is worthy of their strenuous and persevering exertions.

Public inspectors have generally been selected from intelligent men of business; and experience has proved that, amidst their other numerous avocations, this is very likely to be neglected. Perhaps a different arrangement of this business would be more effectual. Let a thoroughly competent person, a man of large views, and general knowledge, be selected and appointed an inspector, and receive a sufficient compensation to devote a considerable portion of his time to this subject; let him have under his charge the schools of a sufficiently extensive district; let him spend a considerable time in these schools in rotation, inspect the manner in which they are instructed, suggest to the teachers any improvements in the method of instruction and government, and be, in fact, a kind of regimental school-master. In some of the states, it has been found difficult to procure men of sufficient legal attainments for judges of the county courts. To remedy the evil, a chief judge has been appointed, of extensive legal science, to travel from county to county, and to preside, with associate judges, in these courts; and the arrangement has been found eminently beneficial. The course just proposed would equally contribute to raise the character and promote the interests of common schools.

Among the improvements which have been recently introduced

into schools, that of illustrating the sciences by means of simple and appropriate apparatus, deserves to be particularly noticed. Apparatus for the illustration of the sciences has long existed in colleges, and no institution of the kind would be thought worthy of patronage, which did not possess it. But apparatus is not more necessary in colleges, than is appropriate apparatus in schools. Indeed, from the nature of the case, it would seem to be more necessary in schools than in colleges. Children and youth, in the earlier stages of their education, are naturally volatile, and need something to fix their attention. They are less accustomed to abstract reflection than persons of a more advanced age, and therefore have greater need of a visible illustration of the sciences.

Apparatus for schools needs to be materially different from that usually found in colleges, which is generally so expensive, as to be altogether beyond the reach of ordinary schools. Apparatus for schools must be cheap, or it will not be generally introduced; it must be neat, or scholars will turn away from it with disgust, and science will be disgraced by its slovenly appearance; it must be scientific, or it will be good for nothing. It may be scientific without being expensive. The value of a machine for scientific illustration depends much more upon its peculiar construction, than upon its mechanical execution.

By the use of apparatus, two avenues are opened to the mind where but one existed before, and the eye becomes auxiliary to the understanding, in the acquisition of knowledge. Appropriate apparatus is alike calculated to illustrate the sciences, and deeply to impress their principles upon the memory. Some kinds of apparatus have long been found in schools. Geography has long had the aid of maps, and no teacher would use a geography which was not furnished with a respectable atlas. But maps alone are not a sufficient apparatus in teaching geography. A globular revolving map of the world, a globe, and a cylindrical revolving Mercator's chart, will furnish important aid in explaining the globular, polar, and Mercator's projections of a map of the world. Astronomy and natural philosophy can no more be successfully taught without the use of machines, than can geography without the use of maps. No text-book on these subjects would be thought fit for use, which was not furnished with plates and diagrams. But plates and diagrams are but an inferior kind of apparatus; the objects which they represent are extensively presented in perspective, and the coarse manner in which these plates are executed, as well as the intrinsic difficulties of the subject, render them but imperfect substitutes for machines and models for illustration. The great leading principles of descriptive astronomy may, by means of a cheap machinery, be made matters of ocular demonstration, and thus be rendered intelligible to children. Natural philosophy acquires a greatly increased interest, in an illustration by experiment. All that variety of labor-saving machinery by which human toil is so extensively superseded, and the arts and conveniences of life so signally advanced, are but different combinations of the mechanical powers. Mechanics, not illustrated by machinery, is a dry study, but by its use a great interest is created in the subject, and some slumbering genius may be

awakened in a common school, that may originate discoveries in the arts, which will tell on the destinies of men, like the cotton-gin of WHITNEY, the cotton-spinning machines of ARKWRIGHT, or the steam-boat of FULTON. The time is rapidly coming, when no school will be considered well furnished, which has not a respectable apparatus for the illustration of the sciences, nor any teacher well qualified for his work, who does not understand how successfully to use it. Skill in the use of apparatus must be the result of much attention to the subject; and the teacher should labor to acquire it with the same assiduity with which he strives to make himself acquainted with the sciences which he professes to teach.

It is interesting to reflect on the cheering prospect which the advancing cause of education holds out in regard to the perpetuity of the American government, and the extension of the blessings of freedom to the civilized world. In passing over the long tract of time which authentic history discloses to the view, it is painful to observe how extensively tyranny has swayed an iron sceptre over the destinies of men; how governments, instead of being calculated to promote the interests of the people, have been artfully contrived to cause the multitude to toil and sweat for the gratification of the pampered few. How few are the green spots in the history of man, on which the friend of human rights delights to fix his contemplations! There have indeed existed some commonwealths, under the name of republics, but they have generally failed to affect, to any great extent, the purposes of a well-organized government. Greece and Rome, in their best estates, though denominated republics, were turbulent democracies, or over-bearing aristocracies, and both by turns. Deriving their notion of republics from these splendid failures, European politicians, on the commencement of the American experiment, predicted for it a disorderly course, and a speedy termination. They seemed to have overlooked the fact, that the constitution of the American government, and of American society, is wholly unlike that of the ancient republics. But while they have been watching, and waiting, and in many instances, hoping, for its downfall, their hopes have been signally disappointed. The American government has indeed been exposed to agitations. The storm of party violence and of sectional interest has beaten around it. But, like the majestic oak, instead of being prostrated by the blast, it has only caused it to strike its roots more deeply, and to obtain a firmer footing in the soil.

A general and well-conducted education nursed American liberty in its infancy, and is destined to sustain it in its maturity. The first settlers of New-England, whose example has told so widely on the destinies of the American people, after constructing a few log-houses, for the accommodation of their families, generally proceeded to the erection of a church, and planted a school-house by its side. The cause of education has never been regarded with indifference by the people of the United States, and it is yearly taking a deeper hold of the public mind. The governors of the states recommend it in their annual speeches to the fostering care of the legislatures, as one of the most important public interests, and laws are frequently enacted for its protection and advancement. Means are in increasing opera-

tion to raise up a nation of intelligent freemen. There is no fear that the cause of education will become retrograde in the United States. The old states are laboring to supply their former deficiencies, and some of the first acts of sovereignty in the new states consist in legislating for the advancement of the interests of schools.

Every intelligent citizen of this republic cannot fail to be convinced of the excellency of the government under which he lives, and of feeling a deep interest in its stability and perpetuity. He will perceive how abundantly it secures to him the unmolested enjoyment of all his rights, and at how cheap a rate all this protection is afforded. However the great Johnson may scowl upon the sentiment of the equally great Milton, that 'the trappings of a monarchy are sufficient to set up an ordinary commonwealth,' many a man, under an oppressive monarchy, who has been taxed from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and from his cradle to his grave, has felt the full force of its truth and importance. Education, by enabling the American citizen to compare the excellencies of his own government with the defects of different governments, in other nations, and through all time, has a tendency to strengthen his love of country, and thus tyranny itself becomes auxiliary to the support of the American constitution.

One of the greatest dangers to which the government of the United States is exposed, is party spirit, which arms one portion of the community against another, and causes measures to be approved or disapproved, not from their intrinsic excellencies or defects, but from a blind devotion, or a virulent opposition, to those by whom they are supported. This is one of the evils incident to freedom. But party spirit can never put on its most appalling form among an intelligent people. However a few men, who are seeking for stations of honor and of profit, may pursue a course which has their own advancement only for its object, the mass of the people can have no interest which is separate from that of their country. And with intelligence to understand the true interests of the republic, and to judge correctly of public men and public measures, they will be proof against the arts of ambitious demagogues, and extensively free from party violence. They will cling to the constitution of their country, as the ark of their safety, and the charter of their hopes.

Education is not only moving onward in the United States, but it is also assuming a more promising aspect in other parts of the world. In Prussia, in Great Britain, in France, in Germany, and in some other European countries, it is advancing, and in some instances with surprising rapidity. That this advancement will be favorable to civil liberty, there can be no doubt. The most intelligent nations have always been the most free, and the most difficult to be enslaved. There is not a throne in Europe, but is based, to a greater or less extent, upon the ignorance of the people, and which will not totter and fall, or be greatly modified in its structure, by the general prevalence of education. Oppression and abuses will not abide the light. The multitude are too strong for their oppressors. They need only to understand their rights, in order to assert them, and they need only to assert, in order to maintain them. They now obey despotic rulers for the same reason that the inferior animals are subject to man,

because they know not how to resist, or that resistance would be availing. Education will instruct them on both these points.

Beneath the whole surface of European society are smouldering fires, which threaten to break forth in some terrible volcano, that may spread desolation and destruction far and wide. The privileged few are marshalling themselves against the oppressed many, and the many are preparing for a conflict with the few, and their several pretensions must at length be put to issue. The monarchs of Europe, supported by the prescription of ages, and surrounded by powerful aristocracies, as so many body-guards, may refuse to listen to retrenchment and reform, and set themselves in array against the rights of the people. With the means at their command, they may oppose powerful obstructions to the progress of civil liberty; but it will be like damming up a mighty river, the force of which will be augmented by the resistance with which it is opposed, and which must at length break loose, and bear all before it. Revolutions in European governments are as sure as the progress of time; and the increasing intelligence of the people affords reason to expect that their result will be the more firm establishment of human rights. A great intellectual and moral training is necessary, to prepare a people for freedom; and a great change must take place in regard to the intelligence and virtue of every nation in Europe, before an entirely free government would be to them a blessing. LAFAYETTE, though a republican in principle, judged, and no doubt correctly, that a limited monarchy was the best government which France is prepared at present to enjoy, and to the erection and support of such a government he contributed his influence.

The advancing cause of education, however, is preparing Europe for a higher destiny; and there is reason to hope that she will not stop in her career of improvement, until the intelligence and virtue of her population shall prepare them for the full enjoyment of freedom, and put them in possession of its substantial blessings. How long it will be before such an event will occur, no human sagacity can precisely predict. The struggle of freedom may be protracted and arduous, but her ultimate triumph is certain; and even the distant prospect of it will be cheering to every friend of human rights.

H.

OLD AGE.

BY REV. C. C. COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

THOU anti-climax in life's wrinkled page,
 Worst end of bad beginning — helpless Age!
 Thou sow'st the thorn, though long the flower hath fled;
 Alive to torment, but to transport dead;
 Imposing still, through time's still rough'ning road,
 With strength diminish'd, an augmented load:
 Slow herald of the tomb! sent but to make
 Man curse that giftless gift thou wilt not take;
 When hope and patience both give up the strife,
 Death is thy cure — for thy disease is life!

HUNTING SONG.

I.

AWAKE — awake! for the day-beams break,
 And the morning wind blows free;
 The huntsmen strain over hill and plain,
 And the horn winds merrily!
 'Tis the dawn of day; and the shadows play
 O'er the paths in the woody glen;
 And the scent lies still upon field and hill,
 For the hound to thread again.
 Away — away! while the morn is gray,
 And the feathery mist hangs aigh;
 The hound bays deep from the craggy steep,
 And the horn winds merrily!

II.

Press on — press on! o'er the dewy lawn,
 And through the greenwood still;
 The brook is passed, and the stag breathea fast,
 As he pants on yonder hill.
 The sun peeps now from the mountain's brow,
 And the wild bird carolls free,
 While the hot steeds drink at the brook's green brink,
 And the hounds lag heavily.
 But bark! again through the tangled glen,
 Over meadow, and wood, and lea,
 The deep-mouth'd pack resume the track,
 And the horn winds merrily!

Wilmington, (Del.) Nov., 1837.

HACK VON STRETCHER.

THE POOR RELATION.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

It was in the early days of Codman county, that Eldred Worthington swung his axe upon his shoulder, and departed to seek his fortune in her almost untrodden wilds. Like thousands of others, the early pioneers of our land, he 'kept bachelor's hall,' until he had 'made an opening, and reared his rustic cot.' Then, with buoyant heart, he returned to the place of his nativity, to claim the plighted hand of Miss Abiah Perley, to become his help-mate in his future home.

To those who know any thing of the difficulties encountered by the first settlers, it will be unnecessary to portray the toils and hardships they had to overcome, before the savage was driven farther back to his forest-lair. They went forward, growing with the growth of the place; and, in a series of years, rearing a family of eight sons and four daughters. It was a natural wish of the parents that their children should not suffer for want of education, as they themselves had done in early life; and hence they yielded to their particular wishes. Benjamin, the eldest, desired to be a limb of the law; the second was for physic, and had his choice; and Thomas, the third, also, was much gratified, when arrangements were made for his departure to a neighboring sea-port, to serve a mercantile appren-

ticeship. His father was so fortunate as to place him in the house of an old acquaintance, Mr. John Howard, one of the first merchants of the city. This gentleman, having commenced life with nothing but his hands, had become extensively concerned in commerce. It was the very field for the mercantile propensity of Thomas. He devoted himself with unceasing assiduity; won the confidence of his employer; was made supercargo of his vessels in several voyages; and finally, as the good ship *Ajax* was bound on an East India voyage, he again bade farewell to his friends, and went forth upon the distant seas. He was faithful to the important trusts reposed in him. The ship was laden and ready to return; when, to the sad dismay of all on board, who were greatly attached to him, he could not be found! Every effort was made, for weeks and weeks, but the ship was finally compelled to sail without him.

Sad was the news for his disconsolate parents, and his good master, Mr. Howard. Conjecture followed conjecture, but all was mysterious and appalling. The *Ajax* returned again to the Indies. The strictest injunctions were made by Mr. Howard, that no efforts should be wanting in the endeavor to discover the fate which had befallen his young friend. Captain Bradshaw, a most excellent man, was indefatigable; but deeply did he deplore the day that once more compelled him to weigh anchor, without the slightest tidings to cheer the anxious parents. Though no voyage was made to the Indies for many years afterward, without all possible inquiries, yet the conviction had almost ripened into certainty, that the young man had been murdered, perhaps in the hope of booty, at his last visit to the shore, among an unknown people.

YEARS rolled away. The region of Codman county advanced rapidly in settlement, enterprise, and industry. Where once stood the farm of the elder Worthington, now the thriving, bustling, and enterprising village of Weckford shot up its aspiring head, with its immense factories, its capacious stores, and rich and tasteful dwellings. It was upon the banks of one of the noblest rivers in the world, where the elder Worthington had sagaciously sat himself down, relying upon his axe and his arm. But how little did he think, that ere fifty years had rolled away, the acres he then reclaimed would become the abode of thousands, and himself thereby rendered one of the wealthiest men of Codman county. Yet this is but one case of that talismanic power which has converted the forest into cities, and given to the poor great riches, in the mighty march of enterprise, industry, and intelligence, in the marvellous realm of the New World. Weckford had become a place of great note. It was a central point of trade for the surrounding country, which was peopling with astonishing rapidity; and all contributed to give an importance to the family of the Worthingtons. They were not only very rich, but were eminent in the estimation of 'all the region round about.' The sons had grown up under all the advantages which wealth and connexion could impart. They had studied learned professions, as a matter of course, and settled in Weckford,

relying upon the immense wealth which the extraordinary rise of property had poured into the lap of the family. Honors thickened upon them. Benjamin was twice elected to congress, and all the brothers were at times elevated to favor in the municipality, or the honors of state partialities.

The father and mother of this numerous family were now in the vale of years. The prudence, economy, and simplicity, which won the esteem of all, and laid the foundation of their wealth, continued to shed a benign influence over their declining days. They were the very antipodes of the new races who had come upon the stage of human action; and often did they deplore, in the bosom of their own domestic circle, that heartless etiquette and cold formality, which had rendered their children so ambitious to outshine others, and to be looked up to as the exclusives of Weckford. But there was a deeper feeling still, which hung heavily over their wasting years; the painful disappearance of their son, who had ever been their favorite, but who had also been regarded by the brothers and sisters with that unnatural jealousy which such a feeling is apt to beget in the minds of mere worldlings. In October of this year, the aged veteran was forewarned, by the insidious influences of flickering mortality, that he was soon to be 'gathered to his fathers;'

'For Time, though old, is strong in flight;
Years had rolled swiftly by,
And Autumn's falling leaf foretold,
The good old man must die;'

and, with the prudence, foresight, and calmness, which had actuated him through all his well-spent life, he sent for his estimable attorney, the honorable Phillip Longfellow, and by his 'last will and testament' divided his immense estate equally among his children; but an especial provision was inserted, reserving in the hands of a trustee, during the period of twenty years, an equal portion of the whole estate for Thomas, the income of which was to be annually divided among all the children. The trustee was to use all diligence in the almost 'forlorn hope' of endeavoring to gain tidings of the long-lost son. The widow, beside her 'thirds,' had some benefices, which were to go to the lost son, should he ever be discovered; but if no intelligence should be gained, within the twenty years, then the whole reservations were to be equally divided among the other children.

Winter at length came, with its awful severity to lengthened life, and the good old Mr. Worthington, mourned by all the villagers, was followed to the family vault, in the Oaklands of Mount Pleasant, at the ripe age of ninety-eight years. There is a wedded sympathy between those who have been united in true love, that but ripens with the lapse of time. Sixty-nine years had passed away, since Miss Abiah Perley left her paternal abode, for the rude but rural cot of Weckford. She had lived, during this long period, in the bonds of holy love, a pattern of affection, kindness, and peace; and the death of her husband severed a chord which nothing on earth had power to unite. It weaned her affections from this world, and

she sighed only to join him in that 'better country' to which, in the fullness of time, he had been called away; and in less than two years afterward, the last rites of earth were performed over her departed spirit, as her mortal ashes were laid beside his to whom her soul had so long been wedded.

SEVERAL years had now elapsed since the death of the parents. Weckford had continued to advance in population and wealth; and, as a consequence, the Worthingtons had grown richer and richer. They had indeed attained the apparent summit of their ambition, for none assumed to rival them in fashion, wealth, or importance. They were the leaders of the ton, and the very apex of the élite, in all things.

There were two principal streets in the village of Weckford, stretching along the banks of the river, as far as the eye could reach; and the offices, stores, dwellings, and factories of the Worthingtons, their children, and connexions, were every where to be seen. Many of the mansions, along Pleasant-street, were embellished with balustrades, where the residents, at the close of the labors of the day, came forth to enjoy the sweet odors from the flowers of the gardens, the ornamental trees of the walks, and the cooling breezes from off the beautiful river. It was at such an hour, that a stranger, clad in miserable tatters, with a long beard, dishevelled ringlets, and leaning upon a rough stick, cut from the woods, tottered slowly and feebly into the village.

'Will you tell me,' said the stranger, inquiring at the door of a descendant of the Worthingtons, 'where the dwelling of Thomas Worthington, Esq. is?'

'It is that noble edifice which you see yonder, beyond the long row of factories.'

The inquirer moved slowly on, apparently scarce able to sustain himself, from physical imbecility. He was met at the outer gate by a servant.

'Will you tell your master that a distant relation, from across the water, who has experienced many misfortunes, desires to see him?'

The servant returned, and ushered the traveller into the outer hall; and in a few minutes, the owner of the mansion appeared.

'I am, Sir, your supplicant,' said the stranger. 'You doubtless recollect, that a brother of your mother, residing in Scotland, had many sons. Misfortunes have thickened upon one of them. He is poor, and, from a recent loss of every thing by shipwreck, is now penniless. He begs a lodging at your hands, and something wherewith to clothe his almost naked frame.'

'I have nothing to give to stragglers,' said the lord of the mansion. 'Most persons like you are impostors.'

'I am no impostor,' said the petitioner; 'here is proof that I am not,' taking a letter from the American consul from his pocket; 'but I am your poor unfortunate cousin; and if you will but relieve my pressing wants, Providence may put it into my power to reward your kindness.'

'I repeat, I have nothing to give; and I should advise you to get some daily work to supply your wants.'

The stranger heaved a deep sigh, and left the house. He tottered on. It was impossible to pass many dwellings, without encountering one owned and occupied by a Worthington, or his descendant. He called upon many; told his misfortunes, and solicited relief; but *all* were deaf to his petition, and most of them shut the door in his face.

Late in the evening, an old Quaker gentleman, who accidentally heard the 'poor relation's' story, while passing the door of one of the Worthingtons, offered him a lodging and supper. He went with the benevolent old gentleman; and on the following morning he again wandered forth, to renew his calls of the day before. It was observed that he was very particular not to neglect to call upon every *son* of the deceased Mr. Worthington. He expended several days in this way, but every where there appeared the same undisguised dread of a 'poor relation.'

At length, he sought the magnificent dwelling of the Honorable Benjamin Worthington, which was situated about two miles from the main settlement of the village of Weckford. It stood upon a commanding eminence, which overlooked the village, and was justly regarded as one of the most delightful rural retreats that the country could boast. After going through the usual ceremonies of the door, he was introduced to the business-office of the 'Oaklands Mansion.' Presently, the Hon. Mr. Worthington appeared. The stranger repeated his solicitation for relief, and his claim as a relation; but here, too, he met nothing but coldness and neglect.

'Then,' said the stranger, 'if you will not relieve the wants of your most unfortunate cousin, perhaps I can tell you something that will move your pity. You had a brother Thomas, who, many long years ago, most mysteriously disappeared?'

'Yes,' said the honorable gentleman; but he is no doubt dead, long and long ago.'

'He is not dead!' said the stranger, 'but after an age of misery and misfortunes, he has returned in poverty and in rags; and now solicits you to clothe and feed him.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the Honorable Mr. Worthington.

'Here is a mark upon my arm, received by a burn, when a child, which proves the truth of what I say,' said the long-lost son.

Horror seemed to convulse the frame of the lord of the Oaklands. 'Take this note,' said he; 'go to the Swan Hotel, a small tavern directly upon the road, about two miles beyond this, and I will come to you with some clothes, and money to provide you a passage over the seas.'

The stranger departed; but not to the Swan inn did he bend his footsteps. He wandered to the confines of Weckford, where he was told that a distant relation of the Worthingtons lived, in a small cottage, a few miles beyond. Here he resolved once more to make himself known. He did so; and found the inmate, the widow of a cousin who had come to this country, and settled many years before, in a neighboring sea-port. He had died, leaving a very small property to his widow, and an only child. Mrs. Amelia Perley — for this was the name of the young widow — was overjoyed to see a relative of her 'dear husband,' although in rags. She bade him

welcome to her table ; provided some proper clothing for him at once ; and with a sweet smile, that added new pleasure to the offer, she proffered him a home beneath her humble cottage, until he should find one more congenial. The poor stranger accepted the favor of the kind-hearted widow, with becoming thankfulness, and remained under her roof a short time ; but at length suddenly and mysteriously disappeared ! Whither he had gone, his kind hostess knew not, and the rich Worthingtons took no pains to inquire. They were not a little delighted to be so easily rid of a 'poor relation,' who might have been a burthen, and a shame ; but most of all was rejoiced the Hon. Benjamin Worthington, to whom the disclosure of his relationship had been so alarming.

Time passed on, and the disappearance of the mendicant was forgotten in the whirl of fashion, business, and pleasure ; although the honorable elder brother was now and then visited by a painful recollection of the 'unfortunate' mark upon the arm of the returned wanderer.

It was a holiday in Weckford. Business was suspended, and the people were abroad, participating in the pastimes of the day. A superb carriage, with four white horses, and servants in livery, drove through Pleasant-street, and stopped at the 'Mansion-House,' the first hotel of Weckford. Parlors were taken in the name of 'Mr. Edmund Perley, and servants, from Scotland.' Forthwith it went upon the wings of rumor, that 'the rich Mr. Perley had arrived from Scotland.' As the Worthingtons were aware that the relations of their mother were reputed to be very rich in Scotland, they gathered to the hotel, in great numbers, to offer their respects, and solicit the pleasure of the Honorable Mr. Perley's acquaintance. Day after day did the Worthingtons, and all the descendants, down to the lowest contiguity of blood, pour into the 'Mansion-House,' to 'beg the honor of the rich and Honorable Mr. Perley's visits.' The carriage of the 'Hon. Benjamin Worthington' was out from the Oaklands, and the barouche of 'Edward Worthington, Esq.' from the 'Worthington Mansion.' There was neither end to the family outpouring, nor to their solicitude to bestow attentions. The stranger was polite in his replies ; and at last, in return, he invited all his kind relatives to honor him at his levee, at 'the Mansion.'

There never was such an outpouring of Worthingtons. The great halls of the 'Mansion-House' were filled to repletion. All was gayety, beauty, and fashion. It was a magnificent assemblage of the richest and most respectable families of the town ; and each one was most anxious to outstrip the others in doing honors to 'the rich and distinguished Mr. Perley, from abroad ;' when the 'poor relation' made his appearance, in the midst of the brilliant assembly, dressed in precisely the same clothes in which he wandered through the village, and holding in his hand the same uncouth stick, cut from the wilds, which supported his feeble steps from house to house !

It would be impossible to delineate the various countenances which were there exhibited. We must leave the filling up of that picture to the imagination of the reader. It is only necessary to

add, that the stranger was the long-lost Thomas, who had made an immense fortune in the Indies. He now immediately took steps to carry out the will of his beloved parent, receiving all the property it gave him. In the year following, he purchased the delightful retreat of 'Auburn Grove,' where he erected a charming residence. He soon after led to the altar the amiable and affectionate young widow, Mrs. Amelia Perley, who was not too proud to welcome him to her humble cottage, as a relative of her departed husband, even though he appeared there in the borrowed tatters of poverty and misfortune. It was a lesson which is often repeated by the villagers at Weckford, and will do no harm by being repeated elsewhere.

TO A BELLE.

I.

Is it a bliss to see a crowd
Gazing on thee,
Or like a gilded insect proud
In flattery sun thee?
Is not there a dearer thing,
Than when a fop, with painted wing,
Too poor to bless, too weak to sting,
Dreams he has won thee?

II.

Is it bliss to think thy charms
Are lauded ever;
That all would rush into thy arms,
And leave thee never?
O! is it not a sweeter thought,
That only one thy love has sought,
And in his soul that love is wrought,
So deep it cannot sever?

III.

Is it bliss to hear thy praise
By all repeated;
To dream a round of sunny days,
Then find thee cheated?
O! happier the hidden flower
Within a far secluded bower,
Whither some mind of gentle power
Has long retreated!

IV.

Is it not bliss to hear thy name
From lips so holy?
O! better than the transient flame
That circles folly.
If thou art lovely, thou wilt find
Pure worship from so pure a mind;
And love that will not leave behind
One taint of melancholy.

Written in 1828.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

FLORAL ASTROLOGY.

‘Flowrets, that shine like small blue stars in the green firmament of the Earth.’ — *CAROLI.*

SPACE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he call’d the flowers so blue and golden
Stars, that in Earth’s firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As Astrologers and Seers of Eld;
Yet not wrapp’d about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowrets under,
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this brave world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, the golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowrets, in the sun-light shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay!

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light,
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Every where about us are they glowing;
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born,
Others, their blue eyes with tears o’erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the yellow corn.

Not alone in Spring’s armorial bearing,
And in Summer’s green-embazon’d field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn’s wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield.

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequester’d pools, in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink.

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone;
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carv’d in stone.

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.*

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Cambridge University.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTINCTIONS OF COLOR.

'Look through nature up to nature's God.'

PERHAPS the most important benefit resulting to mankind from the study of the natural sciences, is the invention to which it leads of new arguments in favor of the being and benevolence of the Deity. And were this the only advantage arising from this study, it would render it well worthy the attention of the wisest and greatest of men. For every discovery which philosophers have hitherto made, whether of some new material element, or of some law or property of matter, has invariably disclosed fresh proof of the existence of an All-wise Intelligence. The chemical constitution and governing laws of a drop of water, even so far as they are now understood, may afford weapons, wherewith the weakest champion of religion might prevail against the most ingenious of the worshippers of the Goddess of Chance. Nay, were the atheist really in search of truth, no champion would be needed. The humblest flower, the meanest worm, even the dust beneath his feet, would seem to disclaim an origin in chance, and to warn him not to neglect the worship of their common Creator.

There can be no more interesting object of attention, than the examination of the evidences of design, as exhibited in parts of the intricate machinery of Nature. Physical principles, which, at first sight, or indeed after much philosophical investigation, have appeared of but limited importance, or perhaps wholly accidental or unnecessary, have, upon farther study, been found to rank among the number of most beautiful and convincing proofs of creative intelligence; have formed the most important links in the chain which holds together the material universe.

Such has been the train of thought suggested to the mind of the writer of this article, by an examination of the nature and physical relations of color. This property of matter might appear to a superficial observer as one of inferior importance. He would admit that the differences of color add to the happiness of the human race, inasmuch as they give variety and beauty to material objects, and afford one of the most easy methods of distinguishing them from each

* The Floral Games of the Middle Ages.

other, but would probably deny that the existence of animal life is at all dependant upon color, and that it is essential to the present constitution of things. But let such an one reflect a little more upon this property — let him consider attentively all its relations — and he will doubtless change his opinion.

In travelling from the equator toward the poles, we cannot but be struck with the fact, that there exists a difference of color corresponding to a change of climate. Under the equator, the covering of the earth, that is, the vegetation, is darker than in any other part of the globe; and, as there is but little change of climate through the year, this dark covering does not give place either to the light tints of autumn, or to the snowy robe of winter. In advancing north, the foliage becomes lighter in proportion to the increase of latitude. In the temperate zone, the dark, rich robe of the tropics gives place to one of livelier hue, which, after covering the earth during a part of the year, assumes the light colors of decay, and is buried beneath the snow. Thus this change continues to keep pace with the diminution of temperature, till we enter the frigid zone, and reach the region of eternal frost.

From this difference of color in the north and south, and in summer and winter, we may deduce this general fact, that the earth adapts itself in color to the variations of temperature, presenting a dark surface to the heat of summer and the tropics, and a light one to the cold of winter and the frigid zone.

So much then for the fact. Let us now consider the design of such an arrangement. When a body contains more caloric than the air, or the other bodies by which it is surrounded, heat is given off from it in all directions, till the equilibrium is restored. Three, and perhaps more, physical operations take place in this case; radiation from the heated substance, reflection and absorption by the surrounding bodies. Now it has been proved, by repeated experiment, that these changes depend, as it regards their extent and rapidity, upon the color of the bodies. The more light-colored the heated substance is, the more slowly will it part with its superfluous caloric. Were it entirely black, the change would take place with more rapidity than in any other case. If the surrounding bodies were of a light color, a large portion of the heat radiated upon them would be reflected, and but little absorbed. Just the contrary would take place were they dark. The caloric would nearly all be absorbed, and but little reflected.

Similar to these are the phenomena of light. Bright substances reflect, and dark absorb, the rays from a luminous body. This, however, is hardly a correct method of expressing the fact intended. Philosophers believe that darkness of color is not the cause of the absorption of the luminous rays, but, on the contrary, that this absorption is the cause of the darkness. The fact in question then is this; some bodies are of such a chemical constitution, that they readily absorb light, and, as a consequence, little being reflected to the eye, they appear dark. Others, differently constituted, reflect nearly all the light that is thrown upon them, and, therefore, the lightness of their color bears proportion to such reflection.

Let us apply these facts to the explanation of the design of the

geographical distinctions of color, of which we are treating. Suppose that the arrangement were different. Suppose, for instance, that the portion of the earth near the equator presented, throughout the year, a white surface to the sun. The rays of heat from that body would nearly all, upon reaching such a surface, be reflected back into the atmosphere, and would heat that part of it immediately bordering the earth, and most exposed to this reflection, to such a degree as to make the climate insupportable. The consequence would be, that a large portion of the earth would be rendered uninhabitable. But, by the existing provision, the rays of caloric pass directly through the air, heating it comparatively little, and are, for the most part, absorbed by the earth. The principle is similar in regard to light. Had the constitution of the covering of the earth in the tropics been such as to reflect the luminous rays, which are far more numerous and brilliant there than at the poles, the overpowering glare of light would alone have been sufficient to render those regions uninhabitable by any known species of animals.

Again: Let us suppose that the earth were clothed with a dark covering in the frigid zone. The few and oblique rays of heat, in that part of the globe would, after imparting but little of their caloric to the atmosphere, in their passage through it, be absorbed by the earth. The same effect would take place in regard to the rays of light, which are similarly few and feeble. It is easy to perceive the effect these things would have in darkening the polar regions, in greatly diminishing the temperature of the atmosphere, and, as a consequence, in contracting the extent of the inhabitable part of the globe. Thus we see, that by means of the snow, nay, by one, and as some would think, the least important of its properties, *i. e.*, its color, man and his fellow animals are enabled to live in regions, the climate of which, without the instrumentality of this property, would destroy them.

After speaking of the change of color corresponding to change of latitude, it were superfluous to dwell at length upon the corresponding change of season, since the principle is precisely the same in each case. There can be no doubt but that in the temperate zone, the climate throughout the year is to a great extent equalized by this happy arrangement; that, without it, our winters would be much more rigorous, and our summers proportionably oppressive.

In passing, we might speak of another evil that would arise from snow being of a darker color. Upon a sudden change of temperature, it would melt very rapidly, and, if collected in any quantity, would occasion dreadful inundations, which would sweep and desolate the country. Such accidents occur even now in some parts of the world. How much more frequent and destructive they would be, in the case we have supposed, it is easy to conceive.

Who then can deny that we have, in the general principle which unites these phenomena, a well-attested instance of benevolent design? Who will assert that so beautiful and necessary a provision could be the result of chance?

But perhaps some one will say: 'It is true that there appears to be a happy adjustment of the color of the surface of the earth. It is true that this adjustment has an important influence in diminishing

the difference of the temperatures of the polar and equatorial regions, and in rendering them both fit abodes of animals. But then, unhappily for the symmetry of the whole theory, no exception to the general principle is made in favor of the animals themselves. The inhabitants of the torrid zone, and man in a more marked and invariable manner than all the rest, are distinguished by the dark color peculiar to that part of the globe; so that they absorb the heat in an equal degree with, or perhaps greater than, the earth, since its color is even lighter than theirs. We find the same fact to exist as we advance from the equator toward the poles. The covering of the greater part of animals becomes lighter proportionably with the surface of the earth. In the frigid zone, the light color of man as well as of other animals, for instance the white bear, ermine, etc., must necessarily repel from their bodies by reflection a quantity of heat proportional to that which the atmosphere gains by reflection from the snow. This fact strikes us still more forcibly in the temperate zone, where the difference of climate, resulting from change of season, is greater than in any other part of the globe. Here our color is actually darkened by the heat of summer, in proportion to our exposure to it, and becomes lighter at the approach of winter. So that we are rendered by the heat itself more capable of absorbing it, and, consequently, of suffering from it. Surely, we cannot consider these things as evidences of design.'

But let us attentively examine these facts, and we shall find that the seeming difficulty disappears, and that the truths which gave rise to it, unite in a symmetrical whole with the others which we have mentioned, to form a cumulative and unanswerable argument in favor of the existence of a benevolent Creator.

Animal bodies do not depend for the quantity of caloric necessary to their existence upon the sun. By chemical changes, not yet well understood by philosophers, depending upon that subtle ethereal principle which we call *life*,* a sufficient quantity of animal or vital heat, as it is called, is evolved within the body itself. As this heat is constantly generated, it is necessary, in order that the body may not acquire too high a temperature, that it be as constantly conducted or radiated off. When the atmosphere contains too little caloric, its power of absorbing heat is so great as to deprive the animal body of it more rapidly than it is generated; thus producing the sensation of cold. On the contrary, when the weather is too warm, the air and other surrounding bodies, having less attraction for caloric, do not withdraw it as fast as it is generated; thus producing the feeling of heat. Perhaps, however, this is scarcely a scientific method of stating the fact in question. It is generally supposed by philosophers, that all bodies, whether in equilibrium, as it regards temperature, with surrounding substances, or not, are constantly radiating and absorbing caloric. When equally heated, the cause of their continuing so is, that they receive as much as they give off. When unequally heated, that which contains most caloric radiates more than the rest, and, of course, absorbs less than it parts with. By this

* See 'KNICKERBOCKER,' Volume V., for an able series of articles on '*Life*,' by Dr. SAMUEL L. METCALF.

means, an equilibrium of temperature is after a time brought about. Now, in cold weather, the heat which an animal body radiates is greater in quantity than the sum of what it generates itself, and absorbs from the sun and other bodies. The consequence is, it experiences the feeling of cold. In warm weather, the caloric radiated is less than that absorbed and generated; in which case, the animal suffers from heat. The vital heat of the generality of quadrupeds and other warm-blooded animals is several degrees greater in intensity than that of the atmosphere, during the warmest season in the tropics. The temperature of the human body is about ninety-eight degrees. The mean equatorial temperature Humboldt proved by repeated experiment to be eighty-one and a half degrees. It is evident, therefore, that in warm regions it is more important that the physical state and constitution of animal bodies should be adapted to the radiation of internal, than to the reflection of external heat, since the intensity of the former exceeds that of the latter.

Now we have before mentioned the fact, that the rapidity of the radiation of caloric from a heated body is in proportion to the darkness of its color. This then, taken in connection with the facts just stated, readily explains the reason why the color of animals varies with the temperature. The negroes of Africa, for example, are provided with a dark complexion, in order that the great quantity of heat which the warmth of their climate causes them to absorb, may be compensated for by an increased radiation. These unfortunate people, when they come to the north, as might be supposed, suffer at first extremely from the cold. They in time, however, become somewhat inured to it. Nature provides for them by another species of adaptation, which we cannot stop minutely to describe, but which may be proved to take place. The effect of it is to increase the evolution of animal heat, and thus to make up for the excessive radiation. Natives of high latitudes, however, are white, as has been said, and consequently their limited absorption of heat is compensated for by an equally limited radiation. We see, also, from this general principle, the design of the skin being so formed as to become tanned by exposure to the sun.

It is needless to dwell longer upon these facts. Taken in connection, they present perhaps one of the most interesting and harmonious arrangements that are to be met with in any of the departments of natural science. But it is by no means one of a few evidences of design, by which the advocate of religion may strengthen and confirm his faith. The whole universe is full of such examples. We have reason to believe, too, that we have but a very imperfect insight into the philosophy of Nature; that beyond the veil which separates the conquests of the human intellect from the vast tracts of knowledge, the possession of which yet remains to be acquired, there are myriads of beautifully-ordered systems, far surpassing in extent and grandeur any thing which the fancy of the wildest schemer has ever suggested to his mind. A few pebbles only have been gathered from the shore of the great ocean of truth. No wonder that the poet, impressed with this belief, should exclaim:

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'

B. R. W.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

Thou 'st played upon that cheek full oft,
 Thou shining tress of golden hair!
 And wreathed thy curl in dalliance soft
 Around that neck so dazzling fair:
 Whence hast thou caught that amber gleam,
 Soft as a fading autumn-sky?
 Part from the sun's enamoured beam,
 Part from that full refulgent eye.

I fear thou 'dst murmur, couldst thou speak,
 And curse the fate that bade thee part
 From thy bright home, a lady's cheek,
 E'en to be pillow'd on my heart:
 And I would give, thou wavy tress!
 To thee earth's warmest, purest breast,
 If thou in turn my lot wouldst bless,
 And give to me thy place of rest.
 Not Zephyr's breath could woo like me,
 Nor sunbeams there so warmly play;
 Nor wander o'er that cheek so free,
 Those wanton curls in sportive play.

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER EIGHT.

ALTHOUGH I joined Collins in much of his dissipation, yet I persuaded myself that I had his good at heart; and thinking a change of scene might have a beneficial effect, I proposed a jaunt to the Falls of Niagara. It was the month of June; we were in possession of a handsome equipage, and plenty of money; we had all the means of making the journey pleasant.

C — got wind of this project, and although we had not spoken for weeks, he came to my room the evening before our departure, and told me I was a ruined man, unless I gave up this journey. He explained to me the reasons of his coldness, and the reserve of others; it was to induce me to give up my association with Collins. He said all were interested for me, and besought me to listen to his advice; that some things had leaked out respecting Collins, which he was not at liberty to tell me. I knew I ought to hear him. I was convinced he was disinterested; but I remained fixed, for I intended to pass through N —, and was in hopes to see Alice once more; and this, after once getting into my heart, I could not get out. We departed upon our excursion of pleasure, which proved one of pain. With whom is hope more faithful?

Following the river, we soon emerged from the level meadow country, and began to ascend the hills of Vermont. The moon was at her full, and we rode mostly in the night-time. Collins could not bear the day, and I was willing to give in to his caprices, for the night gave a calmness and amiable tone to his feelings. His heart was open to the influences of nature, though he pretended to hate mankind.

The Connecticut river, in the north, has a swift and sparkling current, so that it makes music as it flows. Tall trees bend over it, all along its course, as if inclining to kiss its nimble waters. These trees are of one kind, and resemble the graceful elm. To the lover of nature, I know of no scene so fitted to call out his enthusiasm. After toiling up an ascent of three or four miles, as you stop to breathe your panting steed, which, if bred in the country, toils so faithfully for you, your eye is filled with all kinds of scenery. Here on your right reposes a village, with its neat white houses, in a rich valley, the land rising in hills in every direction from it, partly wooded, with here and there a wide pasture of close-cropped green, dotted with the fleecy flock and lowing kine. The river bounds it, on one side of which is a circle of meadow land, and on the other a steep rocky precipice, falling abruptly to the water.

It was twelve o'clock at night — a clear moon-light night — when we gained one of these elevations of land. No sound broke the stillness, save the voice of the 'solemn bird of night' marking by contrast the depth of the solitude of silence. Collins wept like a child. He had associations he would not communicate to me. Possibly he had been there before. He refused to speak. We stopped at the first public house, and he retired to his room without uttering a word.

Until this evening, I had never spoken to Collins of my own love affair. I had never told him of my difficulties, nor let him know that I had had any. My object was to divert his melancholy, not to find relief from my own sorrows. That night, as we sat in silence contemplating the scene, some lines of poetry had escaped me, which Alice Clair had been fond of repeating. I felt Collins start as he listened, and soon after, he gave vent to a torrent of tears, the first I had ever seen him shed.

The next morning we rode and travelled on in moody silence. Not a word was exchanged between us. Collins's whole manner toward me had changed. Now and then I discovered a black look upon his face, as he glanced toward me. I treated him with my usual kindness. I had, in the relation of my own unhappy attachment, concealed the name and personal appearance of Miss Clair, and the place, too. I was free from suspicion, supposed his reserve was a freak, and waited patiently for the recovery of his usual manner.

We now left the river, and struck off to the Green Mountains, taking the road to N —, where we arrived about dark. All the town knew of our arrival, almost as soon as we were settled in our apartment. I found that Collins was known there as well as myself, though under a different name. He was greeted as 'Mr. Cowles,' by every one, and the people stared at him as they would at a spectre.

When I asked the explanation of this mystery, after we had retired to a private room, he stared at me for some moments, with the glare of a maniac in his eyes, and then sprang upon me, drawing his dagger from his bosom. This was no time for parley. I flung him from me, wrested the dagger from his hand, and then

allowed him to rise. Seeing that he intended no violence, I sat upon the bed while he walked the room, gnashing his teeth, and mumbling to himself 'curses not loud but deep;' then stopping suddenly opposite to me, he said :

'You, fiend! — why did you seek me? Can *you* be the friend who feels an interest in me? Why have you proved a traitor to my peace?'

I assured him his words were inexplicable to me.

'Where,' said he, 'did you learn those words you quoted last night? Do you know her too? Have you, too, been a victim to those superhuman charms? I am a slave; she bound me; I am helpless. Oh, God! — but I have wronged you; you could not know; you are not to blame. I had better destroy myself. I am crazed — mad! I know not what I say. Oh! leave me, if you value your life or mine!'

This was all strange. What could he mean? He had no acquaintance with Alice. She had told me that she never had an attachment before the one she confessed for me. What other lady in town could there be to excite affections so refined as his? It could not be Alice; this was a vagary too wild to be listened to. However, determined to solve the difficulty, I went immediately to the house of Mr. Clair, and asked for his daughter; 'she was out of town;' for Mrs. Clair; 'she was sick;' for any of the family; 'I could not be admitted.' This was as unceremonious as I could bear; so I walked back to the hotel, and calling the inn-keeper aside, asked him what had become of Miss Clair. Inn-keepers in a country village know all the small news that any one does, for they hear the same story assume so many different shapes over the grog they deal out, that by night they become perfectly saturated with a piece of scandal, and give forty readings of the same event to suit the customer.

Mr. Shuffle gave me a full account of the affair. He said that Alice was with her sister in Albany; that she had been very sick, and not expected to live. After I had been out of town for a few months, she returned to her father's; used to go moping about, and people thought her mind was affected; he wondered that people could be so unreasonable, as to keep young folks that loved each other separate; if *he* had been me, he would have run away with her.

I did not wait to hear farther, or even to inquire about Collins, but ordered a horse, left a note for Collins, in which I advised him to return, as important business required my presence at Albany for a few days; and that I could not undertake our contemplated journey, after what had happened.

That very night I started across the mountains for Albany, and did not sleep until I saw the house that contained all I thought I loved on earth. The visit to old scenes had renewed all the fervor of my affection. Not wishing to be recognised, I stopped at a dwelling in an obscure part of the town, and sent a little boy to the house with a note, directing him only to give it into Miss Clair's own hand. If her health permitted, I requested an interview; but certainly some token of recognition by the bearer. She was well enough to meet me, and we agreed to take a walk that afternoon.

I pass over the agonizing bliss of meeting. All was forgiven in an instant. She had been sick indeed — sick at heart. She had heard of my disgraceful course of life in the city, after parting from her, and then again of my relapse at L — . She had supposed that I had given up all thoughts of her, and she said that she had tried to banish me from her thoughts ; but, smiling through her tears, her words were : ‘ You know, Conworth, you were my first and only love. I had determined to run the risk of what I feared would happen. I was willing to risk something for one who might be so much, if he did truly love me in return as I did him. I have been forsaken, and forgotten, and disregarded ; but the fault was in me in the first instance in trusting to you. I could hardly expect you to change your character for one like me.’

I could not bear this ; I implored her to accuse me, to upbraid me — any thing but such words ; and then I endeavored to palliate my faults, and in doing so, I told the exact truth. I led her back to motives, and temptations, and despairing states of mind, through which I could distinctly trace my own lapses ; convincing her that all resulted from my separation from her ; that ‘ could I have her with me to guide, comfort, and encourage me, I should, I felt confident, do every thing to make her happy.’

The idea of marriage had not crossed my mind until this instant. In consoling her, and drawing the picture of our union, I was so charmed with the notion, that I began to speak in earnest, and did, upon the spot, adopt the resolution of making the attempt to persuade her to unite herself to me on the instant.

I succeeded. She consented. We were to be married on the next morning. By good luck, her brother-in-law was absent from home, and I knew her sister possessed rather a romantic turn of mind. The devil lent me cunning and eloquence, and I persuaded her it was the only way to save Alice’s life and mine.

To bring this about, I had, without premeditation, to invent plans which should have the appearance of having been well-digested. I told her ‘ that I came authorized from my father to bring Alice to his house, if I could do so as my wife.’ I then showed her the wealth that I possessed — for beside my own money, Collins, on starting, had constituted me his banker — and the whole story was so well got up, that she seemed delighted with the novelty of the scheme.

Behold me then on the eve of perpetrating marriage. Every thing was prepared. My carriage, (one I had hired, and called mine,) was at the door ; the trunks were lashed on, and we were standing before the minister, in her sister’s parlor ; the justice’s daughter, and a friend I had picked up, acting as witnesses. The ceremony began. Hardly had a word been spoken, when the door flew violently open, and Collins, wild and haggard, with his dress torn and soiled, and without a hat, rushed into the room. He looked about him for a few moments in triumph, and then said, slowly : ‘ I am come in time, false woman !’ He stepped toward Alice, who, pale and trembling, was sinking to the floor. A dagger gleamed in the madman’s hand. I rushed forward, and taking the blow aimed at her, I fell senseless to the earth,

WHEN I awoke from my delirious dream, which followed the wound I had received, I found myself in a small private house. My father was standing by my bedside, and my sister was wiping the cold sweat from my forehead. I had been thus for a fortnight. My father and sister had arrived upon the earliest intelligence after the accident. They imagined they were journeying to attend my funeral. Would it had been so!

My father took my hand, as my eyes closed, upon meeting his anxious gaze, and said: 'It is all well — all is forgiven. Be calm; you are better, God be praised! I ask no more.'

I could not speak. His kindness, his affection, wounded me worse than ten thousand daggers. I covered my eyes with my hand, and wept. When I was strong enough to bear it, my sister told me all that had happened. Alice had confessed to her every thing. The substance was this.

'Collins had some years before met Alice Clair at a boarding-school in the city, and he fell violently in love with her. He was then an exile from home for his vices, and was living in the city, without plan or object. His assumed name was Cowles, to prevent his friends from hearing of his pranks. Alice had been pleased with his manners, and received his attentions, in walking in the street, to hold an umbrella over her when caught in a shower, and to bow with a smile when she met him; to be at home when he called to see her; as far as a school miss can go, in a love matter, she had been; which is just no way at all. The word love never had entered her head; she was gratified in being noticed and admired, and felt grateful for his kindness and attentions in bringing her new books and music. But with the playful coquetry of a child, she had impressed the heart of Collins with a lasting devotion. She did not know how much he loved her. The principal of the school had always allowed his visits, until ascertaining the knowledge of his true character, and seeing some instances of his misdemeanor one night at the theatre, he was dismissed from the acquaintance of the ladies, and Alice thought no more of him.

Soon after, she returned home, and was continually persecuted with letters, which were returned unread. At last, he went to N —, and behaved like a madman; threatened to kill himself in the presence of her father and mother, and committed other extravagances, which would have subjected him to arrest, had he not left town. All these facts were never hinted to me, during my stay at N —. Probably they were forgotten, except by the parties more immediately interested.

No wonder some surprise was manifested at seeing myself and Collins ride into town together. Well, after I had left Collins, and departed for Albany, he by a bribe found out my object in going thither, and immediately followed me on the next day. With a mind already shattered by excess, and stimulated to insanity, he imagined himself the victim of treachery, and determined on consummate vengeance on both of us. The reader knows the rest. The wound I received nearly proved fatal. My father was summoned, perhaps to attend my funeral. Mr. Clair followed us, so soon

as he got wind of our intended visit, to protect his daughter from two madmen, and arrived the day after the result. Alice was taken home with difficulty. Mr. Clair was inexorable. Some gratitude was expressed in a letter written to me by him after he heard of my recovery, for saving the life of his child.

'When you are older and more settled,' it said, 'in your views, if you ever are, I shall be glad to show you how much I am willing to forget, for the sake of your happiness and that of my child. You have perhaps unwittingly destroyed the peace of my family. You do not know the pain you have inflicted. Time must elapse. Your case is not hopeless. All depends upon yourself.'

My sister in a few days gave me a lock of black glossy hair, tied with a blue ribbon. It needed not to tell me where it came from. I have worn it next to my heart ever since that fatal morning. It is now placed before me, and tears course down my cheeks as I record this passage in my history, and look upon all that is left in this world of one who might have made this earth a heaven to any man, but one incapable of estimating the value, or rather incapable of profiting by the gift, of her affections.

Collins was released, by my father's request, after the question of my danger was over, and went I know not whither. From that day to this, I have never heard of him. The money of his in my possession was placed in the hands of a lawyer, and no trace can be found of his connections or of himself, by the most careful search.

We returned to my father's house. Hardly had we arrived, when we heard of the sudden death of Alice Clair. Worn out by fatigue and disappointment, she was attacked by fever, which was followed by delirium; and she went out of a cruel world, unconscious of her misery. My cup of bitterness was full. I neither hoped, nor excited expectation. I was considered a broken, ruined man. I remained some time a burthen upon my father's hands, leading a harmless but restless, good-for-nothing life, which only doubles the misery of existence.

Time works wonders. I began to have hopes of myself, and determined to leave my native city; to give up all old acquaintances; to go afar from all who knew me. I made arrangements to receive annually a small sum, to enable me to carry my projects into execution, and bidding adieu to all those I truly loved, and who I knew still loved me, I embarked on board a packet bound for New-Orleans,

HOPE.

HOPE for Experience boldly steers,
And gains that chilling shore,
But only to be wrecked on ice,
And sink to rise no more.
This is that hope whose sordid views
To earth alone are given;
That hope which wreck nor ruin fears,
Her anchor casts in heaven.
For he that would outride the storm,
Though whirlwinds waked the blast,
Makes that his first and only hope,
That all must make their last.

A PRACTITIONER, HIS PILGRIMAGE.

PART TWO.

ON steam! most stupendous, astonishing steam!
Transporting us faster than fleet-footed dream,
What *could* make a doctor, with serious face,
Pronounce a prognosis of death in thy case?
In thy system's full vigor, to venture to say,
That 'steam-locomotion had seen its best day'

THE flush that attended his words was cold,
Like a thing that happen'd — a tale that is told;
And his neighbor still vainly attempted to find
Some loop-hole of vantage to peep at his mind.
While his wonder was long, and his marvel was deep,
The man who was wonder'd at fell fast asleep.

Of every-day chances, there's nothing that seems
So involv'd in a mist as the dreaming of dreams:
When the fancies seem fitfully practising o'er
The parts that their waking realities bore;
Like the ghosts of departed returning again
To the scenes where they acted and suffer'd as men.
Thus the mind of our doctor most readily found
Its way to his regular visiting-round;
Now counting how long such a patient could live,
Now giving a drastic purgative;
It had tempted a frivolous man to a smile,
The half-drawing down of his mouth all the while.*

His journey soon ended, his dreaming was done,
And quickly dismounted the wonderful one.
Save a handkerchief-parcel, conveniently small,
No baggage or bag was he cumber'd withal;
Right glad was his heart that he was not delay'd
With porters disputing, and people dismay'd.
At the first man he met, with a citizen's air,
He propounded a question — it made the man stare;
The answer was ready, the questioner bow'd,
And hastily elbow'd his way through the crowd.
'Oh ho!' said his neighbor, as off he went,
(The one that had wonder'd,) 'I know what he meant!'

AT a house, (but I cannot tell which it may be,
Though possess'd of an author's ubiquity,)
At a house in that city, inhabits a maid,
Who travels by spirit, and makes it a trade.
That maid and her sister were sitting alone,
Employ'd in some manner not certainly known;
They might have been working, or reading, I guess,
Or playing at cards, or back-gammon, or chess;
Whatever employ'd them, a very loud rap
Disorder'd their nerves like a thunder-clap.

The sleep-walker quickly adjusted her hair,
Assuming the look she intended to wear,
And toss'd on the table, as other maids do,
Some 'work,' with the needle appearing half through.

* 'Half-drawing down.' From the control of the sleeper's mind over his muscles, this most expressive gesture of the Esculapian fraternity was but an 'opus infectum.'

One glance to see ev'ry thing properly plac'd,
 Or derang'd to exactly the limits of taste,
 Then, putting her chair with the back tow'rd the light,
 Prepar'd for the visitor, be who he might.
 The other, who play'd a subordinate part,
 Took the same little process, with little less art;
 And then was directed to 'ascertain straight
 What manner of person it was at the gate.'
 Oh! sleep-walker! sleep-walker! did you but know,
 Who the visitor is, that is waiting below.
 A leech in good practice, and wanting a wife,
 You'd think him a capital venture for life.

The sister arriv'd at the door in a trice,
 And the man that was waiting she look'd at twice;
 From the crown of his hat to the sole of his shoe,
 She look'd at him twice, as she'd look him all through.
 That hat was low and its brim was wide,
 But the sleep-walker's sister was not inside:
 And his coat was black and his breeches were gray,
 And look'd as a thriving practitioner's may.
 His bosom was clothed in a sombre vest,
 That aptly comported with all the rest;
 Each pocket contriv'd of an ample space
 For holding a portable instrument-case:
 But, far more than breeches, hat, waist-coat or coat,
 His own proper features seem'd worthy of note.
 His locks were grizzled, his beard it was spare,
 As he dieted ev'ry particular hair;
 From a long, long nose, one could fancy how well
 Its owner could practise his organs of smell;
 For it seem'd, as he breath'd atmospherical air,
 He perceiv'd what its physical properties were.
 His eye with occasional glances by stealth,
 Was plainly surveying one's bodily health;
 And in his thin fingers, there seem'd to exist
 A perpetual impulse to feel of one's wrist.
 Whatever he utter'd, his look was profound,
 And an odor of sanity breath'd all around.
 No difficult matter it was to see,
 That a person of science and skill was he.

Giving time for those matters that pass between
 A bachelor-man and a girl of eighteen,
 And a moment beside for her womanish airs,
 We find him ascending the sleep-walker's stairs.
 With gentlest tread, as if ever before
 He had practised his steps on a sick-chamber floor,
 His handkerchief-parcel, conveniently small,
 He laid on a chair, with the knots tow'rd the wall.
 The maiden insisting on taking his hat,
 He enter'd the room where the sleep-walker sat:
 A neat-looking woman, and fair to behold,
 And (climax of qualities) not at all old.
 Her accents and manner were wondrously sweet,
 As she kindly invited his taking a seat,
 And sweetly she said what she had to say
 Of the weather and wind, in a diffident way.
 And then he presented himself by his name,
 And hinted the matter about which he came;
 He harp'd upon science, and physic, and food,
 Incidentally hoping he did not intrude,
 And then, (what all orators well understand,)
 Digress'd to the subject directly in hand.
 What was it the sister spoke low in her ear,
 It was plain she alone was intended to hear.
 But little the medical gentleman cared,
 Commencing a speech he had ready prepar'd.

'This *aura-magnetica-making*,' said he
 Is a process as simple as A B C,

And very agreeable, certainly, where
 The patient is female, and passably fair:
 You hold her hand gently, and look in her eye,
 Succeeding the better, the harder you try;*
 Then paw her all over, it comes to you pat,
 Precisely like stroking the back of a cat.†
 And now it is holiday-time with the mind,
 It hastens to leave the poor body behind;
 As mischievous urchins escape to the street,
 The pedagogue slumb'ring unmov'd in his seat.
 Hereafter, no 'wishing-cap' ever can be
 Invented to rival the *bonnet de nuit*.
 But though I account myself fully *au fait*
 At dismissing the soul in a technical way,
 (Being funnily call'd by a patient of mine,
 A forwarding agent for Charon's old line,)
 I own that it never came into my head
 To try to converse with it after it fled;
 It might be unpleasant; particular folks
 Object to all species of practical jokes;
 And one might, with reason, resent being made,
 From a person of substance, an unreal shade.
 However, I think we had better prepare
 For one live spirit-walking — another affair.
 The patient appears well inclin'd to repose,
 Or rather, already beginning to doze.'

He sat himself opposite, look'd in her eye,
 Put his hand in his pocket, and stifled a sigh.
 A striking resemblance there was in the face,
 To one that occasion'd his first-love case.
 Ah, doctor! that love thou wert better forget,
 With symptoms recurring, comes over thee yet.
 'Be still!' said he, boldly! 'nay madam, don't start,
 The caution was private — address'd to my heart.'

He went through the process; ten minutes expir'd,
 The process was tedious, the doctor was tir'd;
 He hunted that opium, one or two grains,
 Had been quite as speedy, and saved him his pains.
 The patient, at this, to the doctor's surprise,
 Look'd sweetly upon him, and — sleep seal'd her eyes.

'I'll take the arm-chair, to be more at my ease,
 And then let us travel, as fast as you please;
 Can you tell me what lies at the head of your stairs?
 (He thought he should take her thus unawares;)
 She said, without any demurrage at all,
 'A handkerchief-parcel, the knots tow'rd the wall;
 Beside it, a beaver; it's brim is wide,
 And an old piece of paper is stuck inside.'
 A very round oath the physician swore,
 'T was the self-same hat that he always wore:
 No mortal could see through a six-inch wall —
 An angel undoubtedly whisper'd it all.'
 'You flatter,' the sister said, with a sigh,
 'I never *did* tell her, I'm sure — not I!'
 'The bundle contains,' said the spirit, 'a shirt;
 Your name and a number are mark'd on the skirt.'
 The doctor said nothing; it came to his mind
 That he *had* such an one, but had left it behind:
 He marvel'd a woman could tell to a hair,
 Not only what was, but what should have been there!
 'If you've no objections, (I have not,' said she,)
 We'll go to my house, and see what we can see;

* The stronger the exercise of the will, the more perfect is the effect produced.

† This experiment every urchin has repeatedly made, to his own edification and the annoyance of his family.

I hope you'll go too, Miss — it is not too far;
 Beside, you have only to set where you are.
 The spirit, (how pleasant soever the road,)
 Will find 'the more music, the lighter the load.'
 But the sister assured him that no one, except
 Himself, could affect her, so long as she slept;*
 'She could not distinguish a word that I said,
 Though loud as the trumpet that summons the dead.'
 'That's true,' said the spirit, 'for talk as she may,
 I'm not a whit wiser for all she can say;†
 But I'm at your door, and have given a knock,
 And some one is turning the key in the lock.'
 'That's odd,' said the doctor; 'I can't recollect
 When turning the key would have any effect;
 The lock is a *patent* one, made with such skill,
 It never yet work'd, and I fear never will.
 But why should we wait till they open the door?
 Let's fly to my study, it's on the first floor!'
 'How nice!' said the spirit; 'you get all the sun,
 With two pretty windows —' 'There is but one.'
 'But one?' said the walker — 'ah, that's very true;
 A somnambulist sees *twice* as plainly as you;
 But truly I'm certain, your fortunate wife
 Must lead a most exquisite sort of a life.'
 'But then I am single; 'I know it,' said she;
 'I mean, if you *had* one, how happy she'd be!
 So sweetly she said it, he look'd at her long.
 The likeness was striking — each moment more strong.
 Alas! poor practitioner, look to thy heart;
 A treacherous weapon is Love's little dart!

END OF PART TWO.

OUR BIRTH-DAYS.

THE anniversary of our birth-days is always an interesting period, and should be noticed accordingly. Each of such days is a mile-stone on the road of life, reminding us of the rapid rate at which we have been advancing on its journey, and approaching its close. It is true that in life's *morning*, these mile-stones appear to be farther apart than they do in later years; still, they are days of hope and promise. Thousands are then rejoicing that they are one year nearer to the boasting age of twenty-one, when a young man feels himself lord of his own actions, and glories in his liberty. To thousands of the fairer part of creation, these annual monitors are welcome, as harbingers of the day when they shall shine in the ball-room or circles of fashion; attract all eyes, and command all attention; or perhaps fasten some silken chain around the heart of an individual admirer, and lead him in delightful captivity. To other thousands of the same sex, the anniversary will tell a tale of sadness; of departed hours and departed charms; of withered roses and withered hopes; when the looking-glass has lost its magic power, and speaks nothing save in the plain language of unwelcome truth and soberness. Thou-

* Those in a somnambulist state communicate with, and can receive impressions from, the operator alone.

† No better confirmation could be had of the fact, than the patient's own asseveration.

sands are reminded that many of the intervals between one milestone and another were distinguished by lovely landscapes and countless beauties ; by health and enjoyment — by joy and gladness of heart. To thousands of others, such intervals have been gloomy and cheerless ; without the consolations of friendship, the comforts of society, or the flattering promises of hope. Surrounding prospects have only increased the gloom of the mind, and made the heart sick.

Yet in all these recollections, we may find instruction and nourishment for our better feelings. If our course has been checkered with good and evil, we may profit by tracing consequences to their proper causes ; and thus learn how many miscalled misfortunes are the offspring of folly, or imprudence, or wrong ; the natural results of our own wanderings from the path of innocence and duty ; or else have been so fortunate as to have discovered by experience, that our happiness and duty are intimately connected, and that wisdom's ways are always ways of pleasantness and peace. In both cases, this annual review of the days and years that have taken their farewell of us, will be salutary in its effect, and teach us the value of virtuous resolutions of amendment, when we have gone astray, and the peaceful feelings and sweet anticipations of those whose desire it is to preserve their moral health in the bowers of innocence and purity, and amid the green pastures and still waters of life.

This very day, I have arrived at the *seventy-third* mile-stone on the journey to another country, where we all hope to enjoy happiness unending. And here I must avail myself of the old man's privilege ; that of speaking of himself, and the incidents of exciting or soothing interest which have marked his onward course. I have abundant occasion to indulge in the pleasing retrospect. Through the smiles of heaven, I may truly say, that in the long vista I can scarcely discover an unpleasant object, to mar the beauty of the scene. It still appears margined with foliage and flowers, almost as green and bright as ever. The surface of the way still seems smooth, and the sky is clear and summer-like, as in the days of my youth and early manhood. Surely, these are distinguished blessings to me, and as such I fondly cherish them. Heaven has given me a firm constitution, and long-continued health. These are precious foundations to build upon ; and I have improved them for that purpose. But much has been effected by the formation of certain *habits*, and by an attention to certain *rules* ; and I feel their tendency and effects as valuable medicines. It is not vanity in an old man to recommend them to others. I am influenced by better motives. In the first place, when a child,

—— ‘ I knew a mother's tender care,
And heard th' instructions of a father's tongue ;’

and I hope I have never forgotten them, or in any situation disregarded their benign influence, but revered them as important safe-guards. The rules I have adopted have never, to any extent, deceived me.

1. I have always found, that if I had injured any one, especially if intentionally, I could enjoy no peace of mind, until I had *asked* and

obtained his forgiveness. When forgiven, all was calm and sunshine in my bosom. I never solicited in vain.

2. Knowing by experience the value of this blessed sunshine, I have always endeavored so to be on my guard, as not to offend by indulged passion, suspicion, or want of respect and courtesy. This has always insured courtesy and kindness in return, from all others.

3. If on a sudden I have for a few moments been guilty of indulging in passion, the sun never went down on my wrath. I never *did* and never *could* retain resentment against any one, and cherish a desire of revenge; for such a desire would have been painful and distressing. A word from him who had excited my momentary anger, spoken to me in kindness, never failed to disarm every disturbed feeling. I have always found a peaceful disposition a source of comfort, and to produce the same calm within, as is caused by gentle breezes on a summer day, refreshing an invalid who is walking abroad to inhale them.

4. By the aid of the foregoing rules, I have thus far through life been habitually cheerful; and cheerfulness is easily diffused, and cheerful feelings multiplied. It is a sort of letter of introduction, and insures a welcome, when duly exhibited. It adds to the charms of society, while at the same time it gives a youthful movement to the pulsations of the heart.

5. In order to preserve this youthful feeling of our nature, while advancing in years, I have steadily maintained the custom of associating freely with the *young* as well as the *old*; of joining in the social or fashionable circle, and breathing the atmosphere of the library or the drawing-room, with ladies and gentlemen, more especially with those whom I am in the habit of meeting, on other occasions, upon terms of easy intercourse. By this practice, my social feelings have remained almost unchanged. Though I am an old tree, my leaves remain nearly as green as ever. The scenes I have just described, I enjoy now as well and as pleasantly as I did forty or fifty years ago. Are not these blessings? Men and women may grow old, if they please, and lose all relish for social intercourse, even among those of their own age; and if they please, they may retain most of the better feelings of their early years, in the particulars before mentioned; and the honest, frank, and cheerful expression of them will generally be reciprocated, even in the circles of the young and gay. These interchanges of thoughts and feelings, in hours of easy and virtuous relaxation, are mutually beneficial, in producing kinder dispositions toward each, and bringing the distant periods of life nearer together, and forming a *temperate zone*, where the climate becomes more mild, uniform, serene, and salutary. Are not my rules and my practice, then, worthy of imitation, as having an evident tendency to preserve a green old age, and protract the 'Indian summer of the soul,' and keep the heart warm amid the gathering frosts of the December of life?

We cannot open a newspaper, without seeing advertisements of those who have compounded numberless medicines for curing almost all the pains and diseases 'which flesh is heir to;' and are desirous of diffusing them, for the relief of all classes of sufferers, for a moderate pecuniary compensation. And surely there can be no impro-

priety in my publishing this article for the benefit of all concerned, and giving them, *gratis*, my friendly advice, on so interesting a subject. My object is as commendable as theirs; and I presume my prescriptions, if duly observed, would promote the moral health of thousands, and save them from the penalty of 'low spirits;' quicken the healthful circulation of the 'social blood,' and add to the life of multitudes years of comfort, ending in a golden sunset.

SIXTY.

Portland, (Maine,) Nov., 1837.

LAY OF THE MADMAN.*

'Twas in the foul fens! He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mowdowns the white wheat, and burns the poor creature of earth. Beware of the foul fens!"

SHAKESPEARE.

MANY a year hath passed away,
 Many a dark and dismal year,
 Since last I roam'd in the light of day,
 Or mingled my own with another's tear;
 Wo to the daughters and sons of men—
 Wo to them all, when I roam again!

Here have I watch'd, in this dungeon cell,
 Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;
 Here have I shriek'd, in my wild despair,
 When the damn'd fiends from their prison came,
 Sported and gambol'd, and mock'd me here,
 With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame;
 Shouting for ever and aye my name!
 And I strove in vain
 To burst my chain,
 And longed to be free as the winds, again,
 That I might spring
 In the wizard ring,
 And scatter them back to their hellish den!
 Wo to the daughters and sons of men—
 Wo to them all, when I roam again!

How long I have been in this dungeon here,
 Little I know, and nothing I care;
 What to me is the day or night,
 Summer's heat or autumn's sere,
 Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
 Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?
 Time! what care I for thy flight,
 Joy! I spurn thee with disdain;
 Nothing love I but this clanking chain;
 Once I broke from its iron hold,
 Nothing I said, but silent and bold,
 Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
 Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,
 Hours upon hours, so watch'd I here;
 Till one of the fiends that had come to bring
 Herbs from the valley and drink from the spring,
 Stalk'd through my dungeon entrance!
 Ha! how he shriek'd to see me free—
 Ho! how he trembled and knelt to me,
 He who had mock'd me many a day,

* ALL who have ever visited the 'ward of the incurables,' in any of the insane asylums of our Atlantic cities, will be forcibly struck with the graphic picture presented in this spirited sketch.

Edg. ALLSTON.

And barred me out from its cheerful ray,
 Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!
 I wreath'd my hand in the demon's hair,
 And chok'd his breath in its mutter'd prayer,
 And danc'd I then, in wild delight,
 To see the trembling wretch's fright.

Gods! how I crush'd his hated bones!
 'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon-stones;
 And plung'd my arm adown his throat,
 And dragg'd to life his beating heart,
 And held it up, that I might gloat,
 To see its quivering fibres start!
 Ho! how I drank of the purple flood,
 Quaff'd and quaff'd again of blood,
 Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,
 Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
 Fetter'd and held by this iron chain;
 Ho! when I break its links again,
 Ha! when I break its links again,
 Wo to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,
 And devils mock, and call me mad;
 Many a dark and fearful sight
 Haunts me here, in the gloom of night;
 Mortal smile or human tear
 Never cheers or soothes me here;
 The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
 Though he's known my form for many a day;
 The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,
 Watches afar, but comes not nigh;
 The craven rat, with her filthy brood,
 Pilfers and gnaws my scanty food:
 But when I strive to make her play,
 Snaps at my hands, and flees away;
 Light of day or ray of sun,
 Friend or hope, I've none — I've none!

Yet 't is not always thus; sweet slumber steals
 Across my haggard mind, my weary sight;
 No more my brain the iron pressure feels,
 Nor damn'd devils howl the live-long night;
 Visions of hope and beauty seem
 To mingle with my darker dream;
 They bear me back to a long-lost day,
 To the hours and joys of my boyhood's play,
 To the merry green,
 And the sportive scene,
 And the valley the verdant hills between;
 And a lovely form with a bright blue eye,
 Flutters my dazzled vision by;
 A tear starts up to my wither'd eye,
 Gods! how I love to feel that tear
 Trickle my haggard visage o'er!
 The fountain of hope is not yet dry;
 I feel as I felt in days of yore,
 When I roam'd at large in my native glen,
 Honor'd and lov'd by the sons of men,
 Till, madden'd to find my home defil'd,
 I grasp'd the knife, in my frenzy wild,
 And plunged the blade in my sleeping child!

They called me mad — they left me here,
 To my burning thoughts, and the fiend's despair,
 Never, ah! never to see again
 Earth or sky, or sea or plain;
 Never to hear soft Pity's sigh —
 Never to gaze on mortal eye;
 Doom'd through life, if life it be,
 To helpless, hopeless misery;

Oh, if a single ray of light
 Had pierced the gloom of this endless night;
 If the cheerful tones of a single voice
 Had made the depths of my heart rejoice;
 If a single thing had loved me here,
 I ne'er had crouch'd to these fiends' despair!

They come again!
 They tear my brain!
 They tumble and dart through my every vein!
 Ho! could I burst this clanking chain,
 Then might I spring
 In the hellish ring,
 And scatter them back to their den again!

They seize my heart! — they choke my breath!
 Death! — death! ah, welcome death!

Sarannah. (Geo.) 1857.

R. M. C.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER XXII.

— As I was saying last month, beloved reader, that 'I am thine in promise,' or to that purport, I have anchored myself in my *fauteuil*, to the end that I may be thine in fulfilment. In our conversation about the Catskills, I omitted sundry pertinent matters, with the which, however, malgré the postponement, I shall not here afflict. Since that period, I have for the most part been pent i' the populous city, amid the wakeful noises by day thereof, and by night the calm security of the streets thereof. I affect the supernatural bawl of the watchman, as it rings up to my pillow; I love the serenade which the neighboring lover sings to his fair, and of which I get the good as well as herself; I like to see the straggling cloud go floating over the slumbering town at midnight, with the moon silvering its edge; or mayhap to note the sheen of a star greeting the vision over a chimney-pot. All these have charms for my eye and ear; I seem to see holy sights and shapes in the firmament; the winds come and go on their circuits, unknowing how many brows they fan; and at times they hush a whole metropolis to silence, insomuch that its wide boundary scarce produces so much noise 'as doth a chestnut in a farmer's fire.'

BY-THE-BY, when the sun begins to set at right descensions, and make his winter arches, I always think of the roaring fires in the domicile of the rural husbandman, with feelings akin to envy. Ye who toast your heels by anthracite; who survey the meagre 'blue blazes' of Liverpool coal, and whose nostrils take in the dry odor thereof, being reminded thereby of those ever-burning brimstone beds, where Apollyon keeps his court, and Judas has his residence; ye, I say, who have a life-long intimacy with these sorts of fuel, can have but small conception of a winter's fire in the country. Far round doth it illumine the apartment where it rages; intolerable is proximity thereunto; and its 'circle of admirers' is always large,

because they cannot come a-nigh. A pleasant disdain is felt for the snow which whirls on whistling winds against the pane; the herds are huddled in their cotes secure; and the storm has permission to mumble its belly full, and spit snow at its pleasure. Hugeous reminiscences of delight come over my spirit, in this connexion; post-school hours; the steaming bowl of flip, or those orthographical convocations, where buxom maidens exulted in their secret heart, as tall words were vociferously mounted, in correct emission, by green-horn swain. Sleigh-rides likewise; amatory pressures, under skin of buffalo or bison; long processions through wintry villages, whose tall smokes rose from every chimney; pillars of blue, standing upright in the air, like columns of sapphire. Cider, with its acidity of remembrance; apples, that melted on the tongue, as they descended toward the diaphragm; landscapes of snow; and slides down hill! — not forgetting those skating achievements, which for the time being fill the mind with such pride, that one scarcely wishes to reach heaven at last, if that amusement be interdicted among the just made perfect! All these circumstances and events, with curious confusion, hang in a nucleus about my memories of a rural hearth; 'but these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.' Shakspeare had a good notion of the comforts to which I refer. He puts a lovely sentiment into the mouth of King Richard II., when he causes him to utter to the royal lady this tender language:

' Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead ; and that from me thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid ;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me !'

I HAVE not, howbeit, reader, as might be inferred from what has been herein before written, spent all the mean season spoken of, in the busy capital. I have made, with household appurtenances, and delights, and responsibilities, an autumnal tour or 'excrecence' into the country, round about the Empire Town. Quotidian columns have borne the register thereof; hence Benevolence prompt to crucify farther infliction. The landscapes surveyed were beautiful; though it may be said of the eminences, as Mr. William Lackaday observes in the play, of his boy-seen uplands: 'Them there hills was n't clothed with much werder.'

How many steam-boat accidents are occurring constantly! One of late astonished the peaceful Delaware. But it did one good act. The explosion blew away a piece of very bad orthography in the cabin of one of those craft which ply between Philadelphia and Camden. Perilous voyages do they make, indeed! Nurses with their blooming charges, and who have never been to sea, embark in them to behold the wonders of the deep! The disaster I speak of arose from that which made the angels fall. 'T was curst ambition. One boat was going several inches ahead of another, and urged its

engine to the rate of at least fifty miles the hour. Rivalry was awakened; the captain of the hapless craft yelled to his assistant: 'Josey, we'll have a race with that t'other imperent boat! *Put that other stick of wood into the furnace!* My pride is elewated. Never mind the expense *this time!*'

The command was given; the boiler collapsed; and ambition was ended! The orthography blown from the steamer was this:

'No smoking *aloud* in the cabing f'

This was an injunction obeyed per force, for it could not be broken.* It specified tacit fumigation:

— 'Nothing could live
Twixt that and silence;'

and the unnecessary monition was no great loss, either to luxury or learning.

LET me here register a letter which I have received from the Jehu who voted for Smith, of Smithopolis. He conveys several curious sentiments; and among other matters, records the demise of the person to whom he was indebted for a lecture:

'MY DEAR SIR:

'November the 5th, 1837.

'I have seen a piece which you made and put into a perryague published down into the city of New-York, to which I am a-going to indict a reply. My indictment will be short, as some of the parties is not present to which you have been allusive. But with respect of that there diwine person you spoke of, I am sorry to remark, that he is uncommonly dead, and wont never give no more lectures. He was so onfortnight as to bu't a blood-vessel at a pertracted meeting; and I ha' n't hearn nothing onto him sence. His motives was probable good; but in delivering on 'em, it struck me forcibly that he proximated to the *sassy*. However, I never reserves ill will, not ag'inst nobody; and I authorize you to put this into printing, ef'so be that you deem it usefal. That's what Smith used to say, when he published his self-nominations in the newspapers, that a man with a horn (they tell me that he has a very large circle of kindred) used to ride post about, and distribit.

'In the sincere congratulation that there has not nothing been said in this commanication unproper for the public ear, and for giving you the descriptions of the rackets, and other messages respecting me, which you deeded to the public, I remain yours untill death do us part.

'POST TILLION.'

'MR. OLLAFON, M. D.'

Now there is no finding fault with a correspondent of this description. Plain, unadorned, he gives his thoughts the drapery of ink — dresses them in black — and there they stand, ('what is written remains,') evidences at once of his frankness and his erudition. To me, such documents, though light, and perhaps unpalatable to

* APROPOS of this 'supererogatory and adscititious' prohibition. The small steamers which ply on the beautiful Connecticut, above the ancient fortification of 'Göed Höop,' renowned in KNICKERBOCKER's veracious history, and now known as 'Dutch Point,' have but one paddle-wheel, which is placed some six or eight feet astern. The voyager in these pretty craft is forcibly struck with the necessity of obeying a printed order, conspicuously posted: *No smoking abaft the wheel!* And those who watch from the shore the locomotive column of spray, (like the 'pillar of cloud by day' that concealed the Israelites,) which hides the boat from view, in its upward passage, must also be of opinion that his 'pipe' would be soon 'put-out,' who should attempt to smoke in so moist a region.

those who prefer the heavier condiments of literature, form the cream or the dessert of life's plenteous table.

TALKING of desserts — by which (whisper) I don't mean the boundless contiguity of western wildernesses, nor the sandy bounds of Zahara, but the after-glories of a dinner — I have of late arrived at some curious embellishments of delicacies, on the part of those who are bent upon improving the English language, at all hazards; upon extending it to the utmost latitude of dainty expression and culture. The Astor-House, I learn, at its Ladies' Ordinary, has furnished forth some glorious specimens of English improved. 'Sir!' said an exquisite, desirous of partaking a certain delicacy for himself and his fair:

'Have you at present any of the *chastised idiot-brother*?'

'Hant seen no relations of your'n here to-day,' murmured the waiter, 'with an imperturbable and 'furtive' smile.'

'Do n't be impertinent, fellow!' was the reply; 'I mean something to eat!'

'If you want to eat any thing in the *idiot* line,' replied the servant, aside, as his inquisitor fingered his moustache, 'I guess you'd better put some butter on your hair, and swallow *yourself*!' And here the sacrilegious usher of sauces and glasses indulged in a half-suppressed guffaw.

'Dar' say you consider that funny, my short *help*,' said the inquirer: 'but what I want is what *you* call *whipped-syllabub*. Heaven help your ignorance!'

The requisite was handed — the exquisite appeased. But his quiet was brief. Calling to him the same locomotive assistance, he inquired:

'Now, individual, I want some *sacrificed-threshed-indigent-williams*. Have you got any?'

Not one, upon my soul, your honor; that is, if you mean turnips.'

'Turnips! — curse turnips! — you double-distilled Vandal — you Goth — you Visigoth! I mean, have you any roasted whippoor-wills?'

'Holy Paul!' said a Hibernian 'help,' who had drawn anigh, attracted by the discussion; 'in the name of the Vargin, what is *them*?'

Just at this juncture, the eaves-dropping by-stander who furnishes the *mem.* of this, came away, leaving the emerald son — more verdant to look at than his native isle — staring as if in a fit of astronomy, in eclipse-time.

ONE of my autumnal recreations, good my reader, is hunting. I pull a most fatal trigger. Venerie delighteth me, when the day is good and the game abundant. I love, (heaven forgive me!) to bring down the squirrel, with the half-munched chesnut in his teeth, what time his bushy tail, (no longer waving in triumph over his back, as he bounds from limb to limb,) quivers in *articulo mortis*. I confess me none of your cockney venators. Some of these I have seen

place the deadly muzzle of a double-barrel rifle at the unsuspecting tail of a wren, while the proximity of metal and feathers was less than an inch; and when they fired, they plunged back some several yards, overcome with horror, though the bird had flown without injury, save indeed some blackened down, in extremis — a trifle, with life safe, and the world before her.

The poetry of gunpowder is in making it tell. To go out when the woods are so beautiful that you deem a score of dying dolphins hang on every tree,

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,'

to hear the delicate tread of the game on the leaves, rustling amid the murmur of solemn winds, as the westering sun scampers down the west, with a face as red as if he had disgraced the solar family by some misdemeanor; and then, in some thick recess of passing foliage, and innumerable boughs, then and there to bore winged fowl, and my gentleman quadrupeds of the sylvan fastness, with cold lead, is exhilarating. All kinds of volent things that wing the autumn air — all sorts of movers on four legs — to make these succumb to the behests of minerals, deadly salts, and a percussion cap to set them on, is a kind of great glory in a very small way. I miss in my excursions of this nature, the kind of sport which I fancy they who course the fields and glades of England must peculiarly enjoy; hare-hunting, namely. 'The ancients,' saith my choice 'Elia,' must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *leporcs*, (obviously from *lepus*,) but from some subtle analogy between the delicate flavor of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries*. The fine madneses of the poet are the very de-coction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Haram-scarum is a libellous, unfounded phrase, of modern usage. 'Tis true the hare is the most circumspect of animals, sleeping with her eyes open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to all animals,) infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen, with thrice the number of dogs, scour the country in pursuit of puss, across three counties; and because the well-flavored beast, weighing the odds, is *willing* to evade the hue and cry, *with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord*, comes the grave naturalist, Linnaeus, perchance, or Buffon, and gravely sets down the hare as — a timid animal. Why, Achilles, or Bully Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat!' This is speaking sooth, and vindicates the fame of that class of tremulous tenants of rural haunts, whose ears, most unhappily, are sometimes longer than their lives.

SOMETIMES I surmount my pony, and traverse for miles the banks of the Schuylkill; moving, now fast, now slow, as humor prompts, or clouds portend. The city fades behind me; the beautiful emi-

nence of Fairmount, its spouting fountains, its statues in the many-colored shade; the sheen of the river; the trelised pavilions that hang on its side; the hum of waters, or the cheerings of some regatta, mingle with far obscurity and airy nothing; and then, as I ride, I sing the song of Anacreon Little, laying every tone to my heart, like a treasure and a spell:

'Along by the Schuylkill a wanderer was roving,
And dear were its flowery banks to his eye;
(I am bounding along — at a good rate am moving —
I have lost the last lines — unregained, if I try.)

Thus I murder the post-meridian hours, when the weather-office is propitious, and its clerks attentive.

By-the-way, how often have I pondered on the extreme surprise experienced by Balaam, of Old-Testament memory, when he rode out one day on business. His meditations were most unexpectedly interrupted by the beast he rode; and he was immensely astounded, when he found out the garrulity of the animal. True to her sex, (for she was of the tender gender,) she commenced a few sentences of small-talk, greatly to his dismay. And who could marvel? What man but would listen, *auribus erectis*, when he ascertained that his own ass was opening a conversation with him? 'T was thus with Balaam. He was well nigh demented. He pommelled his beast with great vehemence; but she turned her head to him, and said in the Hebrew dialect — '*No Go!*'

Is it not wonderful, that those who are skilled in biblical history, who weigh evidence by the ounce, and inference by the pound, is it not a marvel, that they have never traced the obstinacy of this four-footed individual to the right motive? She was, in sooth, the great progenitress of *Animal Magnetism*; and she presented, in her own person, the first instance of *clairvoyance* on record, either in prose or rhyme. It was at her hinder feet that MESMER sat, in thought, and caught the inspiration of his science. Balaam sat on her patient back, burdened her hallowed vertebrae, nor knew how much wisdom he bestrode. Blinded mortal! He looked ahead for the cause of his detention. He saw no reason why he should not push on; and in the Egyptian obliquity of his heart, he 'whaled' his ass to a degree. It did no good; on the contrary, 't was quite the reverse. The ass and the angel were looking steadfastly at each other; but Balaam saw but one of the parties. He noted not the glittering and glorious obstacle that stopped the narrow way. The loose and expressionless lips of his ass spoke like a book; the *clairvoyance* was established; but the effect was slow. Henceforth, when the magnetic science is discussed, honor its foundress. Render unto that ass the things which are asses.'

I HAVE achieved a victory which should fire the heart of any tasteful bibliomaniac. *I stand seized of Lamb*. Understand me, reader, 't is no juvenile mutton, whereof I am possessed; not adolescent merino, or embryo ram. By no manner of means; contrariwise, it is TALFOURD's brief memoir, and a most succulent correspondence, by

the author of 'ELIA.' 'T is a thing over which a father may waken his boy, in the small hours of the morning, (being yet unmoved bedward,) by a multitudinous guffaw. Rosy slumber, ruptured by obstreperous laughter; but ah! how decidedly unavoidable!

Yes; I write myself proprietor for the nonce of a London edition. My name is written in 'LAMB's Book of Life;' say rather, in a Book of the Life of Lamb. Most hugely do I relish his quaint conceits, and those dainty sentences, the fashioning whereof came to him unbidden, from spirits of the olden time, bending from the clouds of fame. (By-the-by, what an unconscionable dog was Ossian! He always kept a score or two of heroes, sitting half-dressed on cold clouds, making speeches. 'T was most unkind of him. But he lived in a rude age.) Lamb was one of those precious few of whom the world is not worthy. He wrote from the impulses of a noble heart, guided to new expression by a mind clear as the brook of Siloa, that flowed by the oracles of God. He was not one of your persons who are dignified by the phrase 'all heart,' for he had a prolific brain, which all-hearted people generally lack. Of course, he disciplined himself betwixt a desk at the India-House, and his social hours, or studious; but what golden fruitage sprang therefrom! None of your crude sentences, half-formed, unlicked, unpolished; but full of meaning; succinct to the eye, and harmonious to the ear. There is a light from his pen, which can illumine the saddest hour. He went forth to amuse and enlighten, as the sun gets up in the morning to cheer the world, 'with all his fires and travelling glories round him.' Essayist incomparable! How would he have looked writing a prize-tale for the horror-mongers!

IN respect of these latter things, how many double-distilled atrocities of that kind are now and then committed at this day! They must be filled with blood and murder; piracy, thieving, villany of all sorts, must be thrown in, to make the mixture 'slab and good.' This is the result of the ten thousand pages of trash, which the want of a copy-right law entails upon us from England. *Improbability* is the first ingredient, to which assassination, seduction, and all kinds of crime, must approximate. Let me give a specimen:

'THE FATAL VOW.'

'It was late in the fall of 18—, (convenient blank!) when, as the night had come on, on a stormy evening, a dreadful tempest arose in the west. The lightning flashed, the thunder faintly bellowed for a time; but soon the lightning discontinued, though the thunder moaned on. It was pitch dark — darkness Egyptian. The sight was palsied and checked within an inch of the eye. At this juncture, two men on horseback might have been seen, at the distance of half a mile from the river —, riding through a thick wood. One of them was of sallow complexion, with huge black whiskers; he rode a horse of the color called by rural people 'pumpkin-and-milk,' or cream-color, rather. In his holster were two pistols. He wore a broad slouching hat, apparently unpaid for. A frown, blacker considerably than hell, darkened his brow. Turning to his companion, a weazen-faced man, with a red head, mounted on what is called a 'calico mare,' he said:

'Well, Jakarzil, shall we do the deed to-night?'

'It would ill befit the noble Count d'Urzilio de Belleville,' said the dependant, 'to shoot that ill-fated lady at the present time. It would not look well.'

'I care not for the looks!' replied the count, curling his lip, and placing in his sinister cheek a piece of tobacco, 'I must have vengeance! If the candle is not at the casement, I shall be at the door. I want revenge!'

'TO BE CONTINUED.'

This is like the modern tales. Meditated butchery, successful scoundrelism, and other delectables, make up their sum. As the fragment just read may never be concluded, I will mention the fate of the parties. The hero shot his grandmother out of *pique*, and was hung; Jakarzil, his man, is in the penitentiary for horse-stealing.

SOME of my unpoetical friends think I have underrated the Falls at Catskill. Heaven save the mark! They have never seen Niagara, and are therefore contented with a few grim rocks, the gate of a mill-dam, and grandeur by the gallon; for thus, in a manner, is it sold. No! Let these untravelled but clever fellows once hear the roar that shakes Goat-Island, and the region round about; see the river that pours its mile-wide breakers down, and mark the rainbow smile! Ever thereafter will they hold their peace.

ONE or two credulous persons have fancied that the sketch of 'Smith of Smithopolis' was designed as an imputation upon the name. The said imputation is disdained, by these presents. I have a decided regard for that style and title: companionship, familiarity, personal knowledge, (so grateful to the inquiring mind,) are its synonyms. Beside, I honor the name, for sundry associations. Who has never rode in a rail-car, a steam-boat, or a coach, with a person of the name of Smith? Or heard him speak at a public meeting? Or owed him a trifle? Or had a trifle due from him, the Smith afore-said? *Nemo* — 'I undertake to say' — (in fact I not only *undertake* this vocal enterprise, but I *accomplish* it.) Aside, reader, 't is a criticism on the phrase; which whoso uses when he knows what he is about to set down in palpable chirography, is a *sumph* unqualified: *Anglice*, one of the flat 'uns, named of *Stulti*.

The Smiths are numerous, 't is said. Grant it. Who pays more post-office revenue? Who more quickly resents a jeer upon the name? Tell me that. 'Not nobody.' Would you look for heroes? The Smiths could supply them. For female goodness and devotion? The same, from the same. For wit, genius, and elevated talent? *Vide* Horace and James, of the Addresses, and Richard Penn; the studious scholar, good lawyer, quaint citizen, novelist, poet, dramatist — every thing clever.

I HAD many more things to say, courteous reader; but I fear, from what I have written, you may augur a bore. Heaven forfend! Consequently, thine in conclusion, I write myself, henceforth, now, and formerly,

OLLAPOD.

EXAMPLE.

His faults that in a private station sits,
Do mainly harm him only that commits:
Those placed on high a bright example owe —
Much to themselves, more to the crowd below.
A paltry watch, in private pocket borne,
Misleads but him alone by whom 't is worn;
But the town-clock, that steeples oft display,
By going wrong, leads half the town astray.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

I.

THE wintry months are here again —
Around us are their snows and storms;
The tempest shrieks along the plain,
The forest heaves its giant forms.

II.

The drifting sleet flies from the hill,
Thick clouds deform the threatening sky;
While in the vale, the birds are still,
And chain'd by frosts, the waters lie.

III.

Ah! where is now the merry May,
The green banks, and the leafy bowers?
The cricket's chirp, the linnæa's lay,
That gave such sweetness to the hours?

IV.

And where the sunny sky, that round
This world of glad and breathing things,
Came with its sweetness and its sound,
Its golden light and glancing wings?

V.

Alas! the eye falls now no more
On flowery field, or hill, or plain;
Nor for the ear the woodlands pour
One glad note of the summer's strain!

VI.

The green leaves stript have left the woods
Towering — their tall arms bleak and bare;
And now they choke the sounding floods,
Or fill, in clouds, the rushing air!

VII.

Yet turn we here! The winter's fire,
Its crackling faggots blazing bright,
Hath joys that never, never tire,
And looks that fill us with delight.

VIII.

Home's joys! Ah yes, 't is these are ours,
Home's looks and hearts! 't is these can bring
A something sweeter than the flowers,
And purer than the airs of spring.

IX.

Then welcome be old Winter here!
Ay! welcome be the stormy hour;
Our kindly looks and social cheer
Shall cheat the monarch of his power!

X.

With mirth and joy the hours we'll crown —
Love to our festival we'll bring!
And calm the sturdy blusterer down,
And make him smiling as the spring!

OCEOLA'S CHALLENGE.

LATE accounts from St. Augustine state, that the recent capture of the Indian chiefs has by no means increased the friendly feelings of the red men toward the whites. 'There will yet be hard fighting, and they will be rendered more desperate than ever. Even the captives seem to doubt that they will be sent out of the country.'

Come on! O'er prairie, bluff, and swamp,
By bush, and rock, and tree,
Where'er an Indian's foot may tramp,
Where'er ye march, where'er ye camp,
My warrior band shall be!

Come on! My words are plain and few,
My greeting brief and free
But if ye think it less than due,
With deadly aim, my rifle true
Shall welcome speak for me.

Come on! And if ye miss the track
Left by the red man's tread,
Well shall ye know the pathway back!
We'll strew it, lest a guide ye lack,
With heaps of scalpless dead!

Come on! Our sires your fathers fought
In these green wilds of old,
We ask ye, and we owe ye nought,
And know, these lands, that ne'er were bought,
Can but for blood be sold!

November, 1837.

R.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER EIGHT.

PRUSSIA—BELGIUM.

COLOGNE, SEPTEMBER 14TH. — On the arrival of the steam-boat, (*alias, dampschiffen, or le bateau à vapeur,*) the bells of the town were ringing, cannons firing, a band of music playing, and the *quais* were filled with at least five thousand people, who were kept in order by a party of soldiers. Some distinguished personage seemed to be expected in the boat, but there was none forthcoming. The military cleared a passage through the crowd, and we landed without any confusion, although it was dark, and there were three hundred passengers (picked up on the way,) to be supplied with porters and lodgings; and the place was known to be full. At the fourth hotel I applied to, alone, in the dark, in a strange place, I succeeded in securing an attic; but many others were even less fortunate.

After supper, I made a sally through the principal streets, which are well lighted with gas. It seems to be a busy and cheerful place, much like Paris; buildings irregular, streets crooked, and ill-paved.

The far-famed *Eau-de-Cologne* forms a considerable article of its trade, and has contributed not a little to familiarize its name all over the world. The four brothers Farina rival each other in the manufacture; but the most noted artist is Jean Maria Farina. I took a peep into his establishment; and were it not that His Majesty of England would make me pay for it over again, I should like to send you some of the 'genuine article.'

AIX LA CHAPELLE, SEPTEMBER 15TH. — My present date is from the city of Charlemagne. 'To begin where I left off.' While writing last evening in my *lofty* apartment, looking out upon the Rhine, the music on the quay suddenly re-commenced, and the enthusiastic shouts of the populace announced that the expected visitor had arrived. It proved to be the crown prince of Prussia, and his two brothers. Prussia now extends, as you are aware, this side of the Rhine as far as Aix. The present king and all his family are said to be exceedingly and deservedly popular with the people. The government, although in theory despotic, is evidently mild and liberal in practice. In education, I need not tell you, Prussia stands preëminent; and if you are curious for information on this point, I would refer you to the recent report of Victor Cousin.* The regulations of the police, the public conveyances, etc., in the Prussian dominions are certainly excellent.

I was early awake this morning, in order to finish exploring Cologne before six, the starting hour for Aix. Escorted by a young cicerone, who 'politely volunteered his services,' I went first to the cathedral, one of the most celebrated on the continent. Five hundred years have elapsed since this edifice was commenced, and yet it is scarcely half finished! The choir only is quite completed, and this is very elaborately decorated within and without. The grass is actually growing on the towers, which have as yet attained but one third of their intended elevation, (five hundred feet,) and being connected with the choir merely by a temporary structure, they look like ruins of a separate edifice. Yet, even in its present state, the cathedral of Cologne is a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity and perseverance. I followed my cicerone to the head of the choir, behind the great altar, where he pointed to a richly-ornamented monument as the tomb of the 'Three Kings of Cologne.' It is to be hoped you are versed in the veritable history of these same three kings, as well as that of the eleven thousand virgins before-mentioned, for neither memory nor time will permit me to edify you in 'legendary lore.'

Mass had already commenced, at this early hour, and the good people were kneeling reverently on the marble floor, saying their paternosters and counting their beads, or watching, with humble simplicity, the movements of the priest before the altar. I observed one of the boys employed to swing the censers of burning incense, turn round occasionally, with a piteous yawn. The painted windows

* Report on the State of Public Education in Prussia, etc. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

in this cathedral are very elaborate and beautiful. I had time to 'drop in' to several other churches during matins, where I saw much that was curious and dazzling, and heard some fine organ-music.

There were twenty-two passengers 'booked' for Aix, and according to law, they were obliged to send extras for as many as applied before the hour. This route to Brussels and Ostend is much travelled by the English, in preference to continuing on the Rhine to Rotterdam.

It was a bright morning again, and the ride proved rather pleasant, though somewhat monotonous. The country, for several miles out of Cologne, is nearly level, and almost quite treeless: near the city, it is laid out in one vast vegetable-garden, without any enclosure, as is often the case on the continent. Poaching does not seem to be dreamed of. The fortifications of Cologne, and those of Juliers, our first stopping-place, are of the most substantial kind. Juliers is surrounded by three distinct walls, each about twenty feet thick, and separated by broad deep ditches, or canals. And yet in the present *refined* state of the art of war, this fortress is far from being impregnable.

We arrived at Aix at 3 p. m., and having taken a place for an evening ride to Liege, and had my passport *vised* at the Hotel de Ville, the next thing was to visit the cathedral containing the bones of the great CHARLEMAGNE. His tomb is under the floor, in the centre of the church, and is covered by a plain marble slab, on which is inscribed in *lofty* simplicity,

'CAROLUS MAGNO.'

After looking at the throne of the 'grand monarque,' and at the immense windows of the choir, (remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their frames,) we were conducted by a priest to a closet, or *sanctum sanctorum*, to see the famous cabinet of precious relics.* I send you a printed account of these veritable relics, and as to their authenticity, it is to be hoped your bump of marvelousness is too large to permit you to doubt. Will you not look upon me with a 'thrilling interest,' when I tell you that I have seen and touched them with my bodily hands? They gravely tell you how the 'sacred' articles were obtained, and how they were presented to Charlemagne by the patriarch of Jerusalem. I doubt not they really find them *precious* articles of speculation, and would be grieved to hear a suspicion of their being genuine. The linens worn by the virgin when Christ was born, are among those too sacred for common eyes, and are only shown in seven years, with much 'pomp and circumstance.'

* Among them are, the point of the nail with which Christ was pierced on the cross; a piece of the identical cross; the leathern girdle, and a piece of the winding-sheet of Christ; morceaux of the hair of John the Baptist; of the chain with which St. Peter was bound; of the sponge on which they gave vinegar to Christ; a tooth of St. Thomas; the winding-sheet of the Virgin; beside relics of Saints innumerable. These are all printed in a book, and of course they must be true! But the Charlemagne relics you will not question. There are his hunting-horn, (an elephant's tusk,) a piece of his arm, and his leg; his coronation-sword; and to crown all, the skull of the emperor himself, taken from the tomb, and preserved in a brazen casque. And so I have actually handled the skull of this redoubtable hero and warrior, the ruler of Europe one thousand years ago!

By the way, I saw also the splendid crown of Isabella of Castile and Arragon, (the patron of Columbus,) of pure gold, covered with diamonds. And in London I forgot to tell you of Charlemagne's Bible, a magnificent folio mss., on parchment, richly illuminated, etc. It had intrinsic and unquestioned evidence of being executed for the emperor by Eginhard, the historian of that period. It was 'bought in' at auction, for £1500, (\$7,500,) but finally sold to the British Museum. But you must be tired of relics.

LIEGE, SEPTEMBER 16. — Last evening I reconnoitred the town of Aix la Chapelle, heard two acts of the 'Marriage of Figaro' admirably sung in the Grecian Opera-House, and then stepped into the 'Schnell-Post.' On the frontiers of Belgium, about midnight, we were stopped at a 'Bureau de Police,' our luggage was all taken off and searched, and our passports examined, during which operations we all 'kept our patience,' save a poor Frenchman, who had to pay duty on a couple of boxes of cologne, snugly stowed in his trunk. After rewarding the worthy gentlemen for their politeness, we were suffered to proceed.

Liege, you will recollect, beside being famous in history, was the scene of the tragedy so vividly pictured in 'Quentin Durward,' the murder of the bishop by the 'Wild Boar of Ardennes.' The bishop's palace was a short distance from the town, but no traces of it remain. His city palace, (noted for its eccentric architecture, each of the interior pillars being in a different style,) is now used as a market-house. Liege is built on both sides of the river Meuse. It is quite a manufacturing place, as well as lively and pleasant, and seems to be regaining its former importance. The shop-windows present a really brilliant display of merchandise, of every description. Two of the modern streets, strange to say, are well paved, and have sidewalks four feet wide; an unusual phenomenon on the continent. In the course of my ramble, I dropped into three or four churches, for the churches in these countries are open at all times; and they have abundant attraction, at least in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; in short, they are museums of the fine arts. The prevalence of superstition among the good people seems strange in this 'enlightened age;' and yet on the whole, we cannot wonder at it, if the proverb be true that 'Ignorance is the mother of Devotion.' One of the printed notices of holy days, etc., in honor of the virgin and the saints, commences on this wise: '*Marie le Mère de Dieu, est digne de notre homage,*' etc.

NAMUR, 16. — The ride from Liege to this place (forty miles,) along the banks of the Meuse, was delightful.* The scenery, if not *pittoresque*, in the Frenchman's sense, is at least beautiful. There

* Classic ground, again. 'Quentin Durward' escorted the ladies of Croye on the same side the river.

was a very perceptible difference in the diligences on leaving the Prussian dominions; the Belgian vehicle being large, clumsy, heavily-loaded, and drawn by three miserable, creeping compounds of skin and bones. On leaving Liege, we passed several close-looking, high-walled convents and nunneries in the environs. There was little else to notice during the journey, except the boats on the Meuse, drawn up by horses; and the cathedral and walls of Huy, the half-way town. In approaching Namur, the road makes a broad circuit, and enters the gate on the Brussels side, giving the traveller an imposing view of the fortifications on the heights overlooking the town. It was late in the evening, when the diligence set us down near the Hotel de Hollande, in which I am now snugly disposed of, a solitary guest.

BRUSSELS, 17TH. — I was on the top of the diligence this morning at six, for another ride of thirty-six miles to the capital of Belgium, over the field of Waterloo. The only village on the route worth mentioning is Genappe. At noon we came in sight of a large mound, in the form of a pyramid, surmounted by a figure of an animal. It proved to be the Belgic lion-monument, commemorating the great victory of the allies. We soon came up to, and passed over the centre of, the battle-field, our conducteur meanwhile pointing out the various localities which he doubtless has often had occasion to do before: 'Le Maison ou Napoleon logé.' 'Wellington et Blucher.' A tablet over the door of the cottage explained: '*La belle Alliance. Rencontre des Generaux Wellington et Blucher dans la bataille memorable de Juin 18, 1815.*' On the right of the road, 'L'armie Prusse;' farther on, 'L'armie Anglais;' on the left, 'L'armie Francaise.' We had now come where the fight raged thickest, at present marked only by the monuments to the more distinguished victims. The field is smaller than I supposed. Those great armies must have been necessarily in close contact. This is the spot, then, where, at the expense of the lives of twenty thousand men, the mastership not only of France but of all Europe was decided.

'And here I stand upon the place of skulls,
The grave of France — the deadly Waterloo ?'

And here, where on that dreadful night, the groans of the wounded and dying went up to heaven, calling aloud for retribution on their ambitious fellow man, who sought, at whatever cost, to

'Get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone;'

here you now see only the peaceful labors of the peasant women, planting their flax and potatoes over the graves of the slaughtered, which scarcely have a 'stone to tell where they lie,' or to remind you of the stirring scenes of the night when the gayety of the ball at Brussels was changed to anxious terror, by the cry of 'The foe! they come! — they come!'

After leaving the field, we passed through the straggling village of Waterloo, (now the abode of cicerones and speculators in old

swords, muskets, and sundry other relics of the 'grand bataille,' most of which are doubtless manufactured for the special benefit of credulous tourists, we entered a thick and beautiful grove, two or three miles long, and soon came in sight of the capital, which is nine miles from Waterloo. The general view of Brussels, on this side, is not more imposing than that of several minor towns; and the quarter we entered was still less favorable for a 'first impression.' Instead of the fortified portal, usual in insignificant villages in Germany, the city is guarded at the 'Porte de Namur' by a wooden fence, scarcely fit for a cow-pasture. In the 'Rue Haute,' which we first traversed, the houses are neither high nor handsome; most of them with gable-ends to the street, in the primitive Dutch style. But when I arrived at the 'Hotel de Bellevue,' (chosen at random from the list,) the face of things was changed. This hotel is in a large and splendid square, next to the king's palace, and the public buildings, and directly opposite the park, one of the most beautiful in Europe. The Rues Royale, de Brabant and de Zoi, which enclose that charming promenade, are decidedly superior to Rivoli, the boast of Paris. The royal palace and that of the 'prince hereditary,' are near each other, in a corner of the square; and on the opposite side, extending the whole length of the park, is the immense palace of the States' General. These buildings are all of the light cream color, so prevalent in Paris and Frankfort. The park is adorned with several fine pieces of sculpture, including a series of the Roman emperors. The views from the various avenues through the trees are magnificent. In rambling through the fairy place, I heard, from a building in the corner,

— 'A sound of revelry by night,
For Belgium's capitol had gathered now
Her beauty and her chivalry.'

It certainly has gathered a quantity of English visitors, for the hotels are full of them, and they are now listening to 'music with its voluptuous swell,' at the opera, where I doubt not

'Soft eyes look love to eyes which speak again,
And all goes merry as a marriage bell.'

18TH. — Just finished lionizing. Firstly, churches; St. Jacques; Corinthian order; remarkably elegant and tasteful: Notre Dame des Victoires, Notre Dame de Chapelle, and St. Michael; cathedrals richly adorned with paintings and sculpture. The towers of St. Michael are massive and conspicuous objects in the panorama of the city; and the magnificence of the interior is really astonishing. High mass was here also in operation in more than usual splendor, but I need not detail the ceremonies, with which I am free to say I was more amused than edified. In these cathedrals, as you are aware, there are no such things as pews, or permanent seats. The multitude are content to kneel on the cold stone floor, or if perchance a few chairs are provided, the occupants are often interrupted in their 'Ave Marias' by a summons for the rent thereof. Much did some of them seem to marvel that my heretical self touched not the holy

water. 'While I stood wrapped in the wonder of it,' comes up a battalion of about one hundred young ladies, all dressed alike, in black silk frocks and straw bonnets, respectable and intelligent-looking girls, probably belonging to some large Catholic seminary. They were escorted by two ladies into the choir.

Close by Notre Dame, I passed a grog-shop with this sign, verbatim.

'À LA GRACE DE DIEU:

VALENTINE, MARCHAND D'ÉPICERIES ET LIQUEURS.'

In all these churches there are little chapels around the walls, dedicated to the different saints, with contribution-boxes at the entrance, labelled in French and Dutch, '*Ici on offre à St. Roch, patron contre maladies contagieuse.*' '*Ici on offre à St. Antoine patron contre;*' something else, I forget what. '*Ici on offre à Notre Dame des douleurs aux pieds de la croix;*' and so on.

The next curiosity is the Hotel de Ville, a very large and curious old building, with a tower after the model of that of Babel. It was in this edifice that the Emperor Charles V. signed his abdication.

The beautiful palace built for the Prince of Orange, was just completed and furnished, when the revolution of 1830 broke out. Leopold, it seems, is too honorable and conscientious to use it, so that it is kept as a show-place. The interior is superb. It is a small edifice, comparatively, but a perfect gem of its kind. Visitors are required to put on cloth slippers, and slide, not walk, over the floors of polished oak. In some of the rooms, the walls are of variegated marble; others are covered with the richest satin damask. There is a fine collection of choice paintings by Rubens, etc., in this palace. They showed me also, in the stable, the state-carriage of the Prince Orange, which he had not time to save when he lost Belgium.

In the king's palace the furniture is rather plain, and somewhat the worse for wear. As their majesties are at present 'absent from home,' I was permitted to invade the sanctity even of the private apartments. Some of the halls are very large, particularly the '*Salle à Manger.*'

ANTWERP, 18th. — At two o'clock, or an hour and a half ago, I was in Brussels, twenty-four miles distant. The flight was not in a balloon, or in a '*bateau à vapeur,*' but in the car of the '*Le Chemin de Fer;*' for be it known, the yankee notions are spreading so far, that there are two rail-roads, of twenty-four and sixty miles, actually in operation on the continent of Europe; and moreover, there are three or four more contemplated, or commenced, viz: From Frankfort, first to Ostend, the port of Belgium; second, to Hamburg; third, to Berlin; fourth, to Basle, in Switzerland; and from Vienna to Trieste and Milan. Verily, the tour of Europe will be no such

great affair, 'when such things be.' It will lose all its romance; and the book-making tourist's 'occupation' will be 'gone' for ever! 'It's lucky I came before a 'consummation so devoutly to be wished.'

The low countries are, of course, well adapted for rail-roads and canals. There is scarcely an elevation of six feet on the whole course from Brussels to *Anvers*.* This rail-road is under excellent regulations. The train consisted of fifteen cars, part of which were open; and the fare was only about twenty-five cents. You may breakfast in Brussels, go to Antwerp to church, and return to Brussels before dinner, with the greatest ease. I had seen the opening ceremonies of a Catholic holy-day, at the church of St. Michael, in the capital, and now I have been to see them finished in the cathedral of Antwerp. I went into this grand temple just at sunset, when they were performing *Te Deum* on the immense organ, accompanied by a large vocal choir; and nearly thirty persons in gorgeous robes were officiating around the altar. This is one of the largest churches in the world. The spire is far-famed for its immense height and graceful design. Among the gems of art to be seen in the interior, is the celebrated *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross.

I walked out this evening to the *citadelle* which sustained, under Gen. CHASSE, the terrible siege of the French, in 1832.† It is a mile in circumference, and is enclosed by five bastions. The walls and the houses in the vicinity yet bear sad traces of the bombardment. During the seige, which lasted a month, including ten days of incessant cannonading, sixty-three thousand cannon balls were fired by the French into the citadel, and often no less than a dozen bombs were seen in the air at once. The interior of the fortress, and several warehouses near by, were reduced to a heap of ruins, before the resolute Dutch general surrendered. Such an affair is more in keeping with the days of Louis XIV., than with our own.

The diplomatists have not yet settled matters amicably between Holland and Belgium. King William and several of the despotic powers refuse to recognise Belgium's independence, and there is little or no intercourse between the two countries. Travellers are not permitted to enter Holland from this side, without special permission from his Dutch majesty, for a Belgian passport is good for nothing. Leopold, *le premier*, may thank his stars if he continues secure on the throne he acquired so easily; for there is apparently much discontent among the people, especially the trading classes, who feel the loss of the market for their goods at the Dutch sea-ports. The Antwerpers, at least, are decidedly inclined towards Holland.

* The French and German names of several places are puzzling — as for instance: Aix la Chapelle, *Aachen*; Liege, *Lutchen*; Mayence, *Mentz*; Ghent, *Gand*; Munich, *Munchen*; Antwerp, *Anvers*. The coins, too, of the various states, are a great annoyance. None but French and English gold, and five-franc pieces, are universally current. The Swiss *batzen* will not pass in Germany, nor the Prussian *kreutzers*, *groschen*, *Morins* or *thalers*, in Belgium. Each state, duchy, and canton, has a different currency.

† See KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for February, 1833, for a full account of this memorable siege, and a spirited portrait of its brave hero, one of the race of those from whom sprang the genuine KNICKERBOCKERS.

Antwerp, which in the sixteenth century was one of the most important commercial places in the world, has long been on the decline. It once contained more than two hundred thousand inhabitants—now, scarcely sixty thousand; and it is said there are no less than eight hundred houses at present tenantless. Its docks, once crowded with vessels, laden with the wealth of the Indies, are now almost deserted; and the streets are strangely quiet, for a place even of its present size.

The chief curiosities are the churches, for which Antwerp is renowned. But I have already inflicted enough of this topic upon you, and the Antwerp churches are much like those I have written about, save that they are yet more rich and profuse in their decorations. Those of St. Jacques, St. Paul, and the Jesuits, are the principal. Superb altars, and pillars of the finest marble, statues and paintings, in every variety, are to be seen in them. In St. Jacques, I stood on the tomb of Rubens, who was a native of Antwerp, and of a patrician family. Over his monument is a fine picture, by himself, of his wife and children. In the church-yard of St. Pauls is a fearfully vivid representation of Mount Calvary, the crucifixion and entombment of Christ, and of purgatory! While gazing at the lofty tower of the Cathedral, I was accosted by a cicerone: 'Voulez vous monter? Combien demandez vous? Deux francs.' 'Trop beaucoup?' 'Oui, Monsieur; mais tres belle vue; magnifique; vous pouver voir Bruxelles.' 'Eh bien, je veux monter.' This is the way they get one's francs away; for, as the book says, the Belgian lions must be fed as well as others. The view is certainly very extensive, though Brussels, I must say, was rather indistinct. But the Tower of Malines, or Mechlin, (that famous place for lace,) was very conspicuous, though twelve miles off. The prospects over such a country as Belgium are more extensive than varied. Antwerp is situated near the mouth of the Scheld, and the windings of the river may be seen for several miles toward Ghent and the sea-board. The tops of the houses in the city are mostly covered with red tiles.

In the tower, I saw a chime of no less than forty-six bells, and was shown the operation of winding the clock, with a weight of one thousand pounds attached. The large bell, meanwhile, struck eleven, and all the rest followed like dutiful children. Somewhat of a sound they made, sure enough! Chimes originated in this country, and all the churches have them, playing at concert every half hour. This tower is ascended by six hundred and twenty-six steps. I went to the very top, thinking of some one's exclamation at the cathedral of Cologne, 'What will not man achieve!'

From thence, made a call at Ruben's house, which still remains, and then looked in at the Museum, where are three hundred 'tableaux,' comprising eighteen pictures by Rubens, and six by Van Dyck. In the garden adjoining, is a bronze statue of Mary of Burgundy, on her tomb.

GHENT, (OR GAND,) Sept 19. — His majesty of Holland not seeing fit to admit me into his dominions, from his late rebellious territory of Belgium, the alternative was to cross over Flanders, by Ghent

THE COMING OF WINTER.

I.

THE wintry months are here again —
Around us are their snows and storms;
The tempest shrieks along the plain,
The forest heaves its giant forms.

II.

The drifting sleet flies from the hill,
Thick clouds deform the threat'ning sky;
While in the vale, the birds are still,
And chain'd by frosts, the waters lie.

III.

Ah! where is now the merry May,
The green banks, and the leafy bowers?
The cricket's chirp, the linnet's lay,
That gave such sweetness to the hours?

IV.

And where the sunny sky, that round
This world of glad and breathing things,
Came with its sweetness and its sound,
Its golden light and glancing wings?

V.

Alas! the eye falls now no more
On flowery field, or hill, or plain;
Nor for the ear the woodlands pour
One glad note of the summer's strain!

VI.

The green leaves stript have left the woods
Towering — their tall arms bleak and bare;
And now they choke the sounding floods,
Or fill, in clouds, the rushing air!

VII.

Yet turn we here! The winter's fire,
Its crackling faggots blazing bright,
Hath joys that never, never tire,
And looks that fill us with delight.

VIII.

Home's joys! Ah yes, 't is these are ours,
Home's looks and hearts! 't is these can bring
A something sweeter than the flowers,
And purer than the airs of spring.

IX.

Then welcome be old Winter here!
Ay! welcome be the stormy hour;
Our kindly looks and social cheer
Shall cheat the monarch of his power!

X.

With mirth and joy the hours we'll crown —
Love to our festival we'll bring!
And calm the sturdy blusterer down,
And make him smiling as the spring!

OCEOLA'S CHALLENGE.

LATE accounts from St. Augustine state, that the recent capture of the Indian chiefs has by no means increased the friendly feelings of the red men toward the whites. 'There will yet be hard fighting, and they will be rendered more desperate than ever. Even the captives seem to doubt that they will be sent out of the country.'

Come on! O'er prairie, bluff, and swamp,
By bush, and rock, and tree,
Where'er an Indian's foot may tramp,
Where'er ye march, where'er ye camp,
My warrior band shall be!

Come on! My words are plain and few,
My greeting brief and free
But if ye think it less than due,
With deadly aim, my rifle true
Shall welcome speak for me.

Come on! And if ye miss the track
Left by the red man's tread,
Well shall ye know the pathway back!
We'll strew it, lest a guide ye lack,
With heaps of scalpless dead!

Come on! Our sires your fathers fought
In these green wilds of old,
We ask ye, and we owe ye nought,
And know, these lands, that ne'er were bought,
Can but for blood be sold!

November, 1837.

Σ.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER EIGHT.

PRUSSIA—BELGIUM.

COLOGNE, SEPTEMBER 14TH. — On the arrival of the steam-boat, (*alias, dampschiffen, or le bateau à vapeur,*) the bells of the town were ringing, cannons firing, a band of music playing, and the *quais* were filled with at least five thousand people, who were kept in order by a party of soldiers. Some distinguished personage seemed to be expected in the boat, but there was none forthcoming. The military cleared a passage through the crowd, and we landed without any confusion, although it was dark, and there were three hundred passengers (picked up on the way,) to be supplied with porters and lodgings; and the place was known to be full. At the fourth hotel I applied to, alone, in the dark, in a strange place, I succeeded in securing an attic; but many others were even less fortunate.

After supper, I made a sally through the principal streets, which are well lighted with gas. It seems to be a busy and cheerful place, much like Paris; buildings irregular, streets crooked, and ill-paved.

The far-famed *Eau-de-Cologne* forms a considerable article of its trade, and has contributed not a little to familiarize its name all over the world. The four brothers Farina rival each other in the manufacture; but the most noted artist is Jean Maria Farina. I took a peep into his establishment; and were it not that His Majesty of England would make me pay for it over again, I should like to send you some of the 'genuine article.'

AIX LA CHAPELLE, SEPTEMBER 15TH. — My present date is from the city of Charlemagne. 'To begin where I left off.' While writing last evening in my *lofty* apartment, looking out upon the Rhine, the music on the quay suddenly re-commenced, and the enthusiastic shouts of the populace announced that the expected visitor had arrived. It proved to be the crown prince of Prussia, and his two brothers. Prussia now extends, as you are aware, this side of the Rhine as far as Aix. The present king and all his family are said to be exceedingly and deservedly popular with the people. The government, although in theory despotic, is evidently mild and liberal in practice. In education, I need not tell you, Prussia stands preëminent; and if you are curious for information on this point, I would refer you to the recent report of Victor Cousin.* The regulations of the police, the public conveyances, etc., in the Prussian dominions are certainly excellent.

I was early awake this morning, in order to finish exploring Cologne before six, the starting hour for Aix. Escorted by a young cicerone, who 'politely volunteered his services,' I went first to the cathedral, one of the most celebrated on the continent. Five hundred years have elapsed since this edifice was commenced, and yet it is scarcely half finished! The choir only is quite completed, and this is very elaborately decorated within and without. The grass is actually growing on the towers, which have as yet attained but one third of their intended elevation, (five hundred feet,) and being connected with the choir merely by a temporary structure, they look like ruins of a separate edifice. Yet, even in its present state, the cathedral of Cologne is a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity and perseverance. I followed my cicerone to the head of the choir, behind the great altar, where he pointed to a richly-ornamented monument as the tomb of the 'Three Kings of Cologne.' It is to be hoped you are versed in the veritable history of these same three kings, as well as that of the eleven thousand virgins before-mentioned, for neither memory nor time will permit me to edify you in 'legendary lore.'

Mass had already commenced, at this early hour, and the good people were kneeling reverently on the marble floor, saying their paternosters and counting their beads, or watching, with humble simplicity, the movements of the priest before the altar. I observed one of the boys employed to swing the censers of burning incense, turn round occasionally, with a piteous yawn. The painted windows

* Report on the State of Public Education in Prussia, etc. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

in this cathedral are very elaborate and beautiful. I had time to 'drop in' to several other churches during matins, where I saw much that was curious and dazzling, and heard some fine organ-music.

There were twenty-two passengers 'booked' for Aix, and according to law, they were obliged to send extras for as many as applied before the hour. This route to Brussels and Ostend is much travelled by the English, in preference to continuing on the Rhine to Rotterdam.

It was a bright morning again, and the ride proved rather pleasant, though somewhat monotonous. The country, for several miles out of Cologne, is nearly level, and almost quite treeless: near the city, it is laid out in one vast vegetable-garden, without any enclosure, as is often the case on the continent. Poaching does not seem to be dreamed of. The fortifications of Cologne, and those of Juliers, our first stopping-place, are of the most substantial kind. Juliers is surrounded by three distinct walls, each about twenty feet thick, and separated by broad deep ditches, or canals. And yet in the present *refined* state of the art of war, this fortress is far from being impregnable.

We arrived at Aix at 3 P. M., and having taken a place for an evening ride to Liege, and had my passport *vised* at the Hotel de Ville, the next thing was to visit the cathedral containing the bones of the great CHARLEMAGNE. His tomb is under the floor, in the centre of the church, and is covered by a plain marble slab, on which is inscribed in *lofty* simplicity,

‘CAROLUS MAGNO.’

After looking at the throne of the ‘grand monarque,’ and at the immense windows of the choir, (remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their frames,) we were conducted by a priest to a closet, or *sanctum sanctorum*, to see the famous cabinet of precious relics.* I send you a printed account of these veritable relics, and as to their authenticity, it is to be hoped your bump of marvelousness is too large to permit you to doubt. Will you not look upon me with a ‘thrilling interest,’ when I tell you that I have seen and touched them with my bodily hands? They gravely tell you how the ‘sacred’ articles were obtained, and how they were presented to Charlemagne by the patriarch of Jerusalem. I doubt not they really find them *precious* articles of speculation, and would be grieved to hear a suspicion of their being genuine. The linens worn by the virgin when Christ was born, are among those too sacred for common eyes, and are only shown in seven years, with much ‘pomp and circumstance.’

* Among them are, the point of the nail with which Christ was pierced on the cross; a piece of the identical cross; the leathern girdle, and a piece of the winding-sheet of Christ; morceaux of the hair of John the Baptist; of the chain with which St. Peter was bound; of the sponge on which they gave vinegar to Christ; a tooth of St. Thomas; the winding-sheet of the Virgin; beside relics of Saints innumerable. These are all printed in a book, and of course they must be true! But the Charlemagne relics you will not question. There are his hunting-horn, (an elephant's tusk,) a piece of his arm, and his leg; his coronation-sword; and to *crown* all, the skull of the emperor himself, taken from the tomb, and preserved in a brazen casque. And so I have actually handled the skull of this redoubtable hero and warrior, the ruler of Europe one thousand years ago!

By the way, I saw also the splendid crown of Isabella of Castile and Arragon, (the patron of Columbus,) of pure gold, covered with diamonds. And in London I forgot to tell you of Charlemagne's Bible, a magnificent folio mss., on parchment, richly illuminated, etc. It had intrinsic and unquestioned evidence of being executed for the emperor by Eginhard, the historian of that period. It was 'bought in' at auction, for £1500, (\$7,500,) but finally sold to the British Museum. But you must be tired of relics.

LIEGE, SEPTEMBER 16. — Last evening I reconnoitred the town of Aix la Chapelle, heard two acts of the 'Marriage of Figaro' admirably sung in the Grecian Opera-House, and then stepped into the 'Schnell-Post.' On the frontiers of Belgium, about midnight, we were stopped at a 'Bureau de Police,' our luggage was all taken off and searched, and our passports examined, during which operations we all 'kept our patience,' save a poor Frenchman, who had to pay duty on a couple of boxes of cologne, snugly stowed in his trunk. After rewarding the worthy gentlemen for their politeness, we were suffered to proceed.

Liege, you will recollect, beside being famous in history, was the scene of the tragedy so vividly pictured in 'Quentin Durward,' the murder of the bishop by the 'Wild Boar of Ardennes.' The bishop's palace was a short distance from the town, but no traces of it remain. His city palace, (noted for its eccentric architecture, each of the interior pillars being in a different style,) is now used as a market-house. Liege is built on both sides of the river Meuse. It is quite a manufacturing place, as well as lively and pleasant, and seems to be regaining its former importance. The shop-windows present a really brilliant display of merchandise, of every description. Two of the modern streets, strange to say, are well paved, and have sidewalks four feet wide; an unusual phenomenon on the continent. In the course of my ramble, I dropped into three or four churches, for the churches in these countries are open at all times; and they have abundant attraction, at least in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; in short, they are museums of the fine arts. The prevalence of superstition among the good people seems strange in this 'enlightened age;' and yet on the whole, we cannot wonder at it, if the proverb be true that 'Ignorance is the mother of Devotion.' One of the printed notices of holy days, etc., in honor of the virgin and the saints, commences on this wise: '*Marie le Mère de Dieu, est digne de notre homage,*' etc.

NAMUR, 16. — The ride from Liege to this place (forty miles,) along the banks of the Meuse, was delightful.* The scenery, if not *pittoresque*, in the Frenchman's sense, is at least beautiful. There

* Classic ground, again. 'Quentin Durward' escorted the ladies of Croys on the same side the river.

was a very perceptible difference in the diligences on leaving the Prussian dominions ; the Belgian vehicle being large, clumsy, heavily-loaded, and drawn by three miserable, creeping compounds of skin and bones. On leaving Liege, we passed several close-looking, high-walled convents and nunneries in the environs. There was little else to notice during the journey, except the boats on the Meuse, drawn up by horses ; and the cathedral and walls of Huy, the half-way town. In approaching Namur, the road makes a broad circuit, and enters the gate on the Brussels side, giving the traveller an imposing view of the fortifications on the heights overlooking the town. It was late in the evening, when the diligence set us down near the Hotel de Hollande, in which I am now snugly disposed of, a solitary guest.

BRUSSELS, 17TH. — I was on the top of the diligence this morning at six, for another ride of thirty-six miles to the capital of Belgium, over the field of Waterloo. The only village on the route worth mentioning is Genappe. At noon we came in sight of a large mound, in the form of a pyramid, surmounted by a figure of an animal. It proved to be the Belgic lion-monument, commemorating the great victory of the allies. We soon came up to, and passed over the centre of, the battle-field, our conducteur meanwhile pointing out the various localities which he doubtless has often had occasion to do before : 'Le Maison ou Napoleon logé.' 'Wellington et Blucher.' A tablet over the door of the cottage explained : '*La belle Alliance. Rencontre des Generaux Wellington et Blucher dans la bataille memorable de Juin 18, 1815.*' On the right of the road, 'L'armie Prusse ;' farther on, 'L'armie Anglais ;' on the left, 'L'armie Francaise.' We had now come where the fight raged thickest, at present marked only by the monuments to the more distinguished victims. The field is smaller than I supposed. Those great armies must have been necessarily in close contact. This is the spot, then, where, at the expense of the lives of twenty thousand men, the mastership not only of France but of all Europe was decided.

'And here I stand upon the place of skulls,
The grave of France — the deadly Waterloo !'

And here, where on that dreadful night, the groans of the wounded and dying went up to heaven, calling aloud for retribution on their ambitious fellow man, who sought, at whatever cost, to

'Get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone ;'

here you now see only the peaceful labors of the peasant women, planting their flax and potatoes over the graves of the slaughtered, which scarcely have a 'stone to tell where they lie,' or to remind you of the stirring scenes of the night when the gayety of the ball at Brussels was changed to anxious terror, by the cry of 'The foe ! they come ! — they come !'

After leaving the field, we passed through the straggling village of Waterloo, (now the abode of cicerones and speculators in old

swords, muskets, and sundry other relics of the 'grand bataille,' most of which are doubtless manufactured for the special benefit of credulous tourists, we entered a thick and beautiful grove, two or three miles long, and soon came in sight of the capital, which is nine miles from Waterloo. The general view of Brussels, on this side, is not more imposing than that of several minor towns; and the quarter we entered was still less favorable for a 'first impression.' Instead of the fortified portal, usual in insignificant villages in Germany, the city is guarded at the 'Porte de Namur' by a wooden fence, scarcely fit for a cow-pasture. In the 'Rue Haute,' which we first traversed, the houses are neither high nor handsome; most of them with gable-ends to the street, in the primitive Dutch style. But when I arrived at the 'Hotel de Bellevue,' (chosen at random from the list,) the face of things was changed. This hotel is in a large and splendid square, next to the king's palace, and the public buildings, and directly opposite the park, one of the most beautiful in Europe. The Rues Royale, de Brabant and de Zoi, which enclose that charming promenade, are decidedly superior to Rivoli, the boast of Paris. The royal palace and that of the 'prince hereditary,' are near each other, in a corner of the square; and on the opposite side, extending the whole length of the park, is the immense palace of the States' General. These buildings are all of the light cream color, so prevalent in Paris and Frankfort. The park is adorned with several fine pieces of sculpture, including a series of the Roman emperors. The views from the various avenues through the trees are magnificent. In rambling through the fairy place, I heard, from a building in the corner,

— 'A sound of revelry by night,
For Belgium's capitol had gathered now
Her beauty and her chivalry.'

It certainly has gathered a quantity of English visitors, for the hotels are full of them, and they are now listening to 'music with its voluptuous swell,' at the opera, where I doubt not

'Soft eyes look love to eyes which speak again,
And all goes merry as a marriage bell.'

18TH. — Just finished lionizing. Firstly, churches; St. Jacques; Corinthian order; remarkably elegant and tasteful: Notre Dame des Victoires, Notre Dame de Chapelle, and St. Michael; cathedrals richly adorned with paintings and sculpture. The towers of St. Michael are massive and conspicuous objects in the panorama of the city; and the magnificence of the interior is really astonishing. High mass was here also in operation in more than usual splendor, but I need not detail the ceremonies, with which I am free to say I was more amused than edified. In these cathedrals, as you are aware, there are no such things as pews, or permanent seats. The multitude are content to kneel on the cold stone floor, or if perchance a few chairs are provided, the occupants are often interrupted in their 'Ave Marias' by a summons for the rent thereof. Much did some of them seem to marvel that my heretical self touched not the holy

water. 'While I stood wrapped in the wonder of it,' comes up a batallion of about one hundred young ladies, all dressed alike, in black silk frocks and straw bonnets, respectable and intelligent-looking girls, probably belonging to some large Catholic seminary. They were escorted by two ladies into the choir.

Close by Notre Dame, I passed a grog-shop with this sign, *verbatim*.

'À LA GRACE DE DIEU:

VALENTINE, MARCHAND D'ÉPICERIES ET LIQUEURS.'

In all these churches there are little chapels around the walls, dedicated to the different saints, with contribution-boxes at the entrance, labelled in French and Dutch, '*Ici on offre à St. Roch, patron contre maladies contagieuses.*' '*Ici on offre à St. Antoine patron contre;*' something else, I forget what. '*Ici on offre à Notre Dame des douleurs aux pieds de la croix;*' and so on.

The next curiosity is the Hotel de Ville, a very large and curious old building, with a tower after the model of that of Babel. It was in this edifice that the Emperor Charles V. signed his abdication.

The beautiful palace built for the Prince of Orange, was just completed and furnished, when the revolution of 1830 broke out. Leopold, it seems, is too honorable and conscientious to use it, so that it is kept as a show-place. The interior is superb. It is a small edifice, comparatively, but a perfect gem of its kind. Visitors are required to put on cloth slippers, and slide, not walk, over the floors of polished oak. In some of the rooms, the walls are of variegated marble; others are covered with the richest satin damask. There is a fine collection of choice paintings by Rubens, etc., in this palace. They showed me also, in the stable, the state-carriage of the Prince Orange, which he had not time to save when he lost Belgium.

In the king's palace the furniture is rather plain, and somewhat the worse for wear. As their majesties are at present 'absent from home,' I was permitted to invade the sanctity even of the private apartments. Some of the halls are very large, particularly the '*Salle à Manger.*'

ANTWERP, 18th. — At two o'clock, or an hour and a half ago, I was in Brussels, twenty-four miles distant. The flight was not in a balloon, or in a '*bateau à vapeur,*' but in the car of the '*Le Chemin de Fer,*' for be it known, the yankee notions are spreading so far, that there are two rail-roads, of twenty-four and sixty miles, actually in operation on the continent of Europe; and moreover, there are three or four more contemplated, or commenced, viz: From Frankfort, first to Ostend, the port of Belgium; second, to Hamburg; third, to Berlin; fourth, to Basle, in Switzerland; and from Vienna to Trieste and Milan. Verily, the tour of Europe will be no such

great affair, 'when such things be.' It will lose all its romance; and the book-making tourist's 'occupation' will be 'gone' for ever! It's lucky I came before a 'consummation so devoutly to be wished.'

The low countries are, of course, well adapted for rail-roads and canals. There is scarcely an elevation of six feet on the whole course from Brussels to *Anvers*.* This rail-road is under excellent regulations. The train consisted of fifteen cars, part of which were open; and the fare was only about twenty-five cents. You may breakfast in Brussels, go to Antwerp to church, and return to Brussels before dinner, with the greatest ease. I had seen the opening ceremonies of a Catholic holy-day, at the church of St. Michael, in the capital, and now I have been to see them finished in the cathedral of Antwerp. I went into this grand temple just at sunset, when they were performing *Te Deum* on the immense organ, accompanied by a large vocal choir; and nearly thirty persons in gorgeous robes were officiating around the altar. This is one of the largest churches in the world. The spire is far-famed for its immense height and graceful design. Among the gems of art to be seen in the interior, is the celebrated *chêf d'œuvre* of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross.

I walked out this evening to the *citadelle* which sustained, under Gen. CRASSE, the terrible siege of the French, in 1832.† It is a mile in circumference, and is enclosed by five bastions. The walls and the houses in the vicinity yet bear sad traces of the bombardment. During the seige, which lasted a month, including ten days of incessant cannonading, sixty-three thousand cannon balls were fired by the French into the citadel, and often no less than a dozen bombs were seen in the air at once. The interior of the fortress, and several warehouses near by, were reduced to a heap of ruins, before the resolute Dutch general surrendered. Such an affair is more in keeping with the days of Louis XIV., than with our own.

The diplomatists have not yet settled matters amicably between Holland and Belgium. King William and several of the despotic powers refuse to recognise Belgium's independence, and there is little or no intercourse between the two countries. Travellers are not permitted to enter Holland from this side, without special permission from his Dutch majesty, for a Belgian passport is good for nothing. Leopold, *le premier*, may thank his stars if he continues secure on the throne he acquired so easily; for there is apparently much discontent among the people, especially the trading classes, who feel the loss of the market for their goods at the Dutch sea-ports. The Antwerpers, at least, are decidedly inclined towards Holland.

* The French and German names of several places are puzzling — as for instance: Aix la Chapelle, *Aachen*; Liege, *Lutchen*; Mayence, *Mentz*; Ghent, *Gand*; Munich, *München*; Antwerp, *Anvers*. The coins, too, of the various states, are a great annoyance. None but French and English gold, and five-franc pieces, are universally current. The Swiss *batzen* will not pass in Germany, nor the Prussian *kreutzers*, *groechen*, *florins* or *thalers*, in Belgium. Each state, dutchy, and canton, has a different currency.

† See KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for February, 1833, for a full account of this memorable siege, and a spirited portrait of its brave hero, one of the race of those from whom sprang the genuine KNICKERBOCKERS.

Antwerp, which in the sixteenth century was one of the most important commercial places in the world, has long been on the decline. It once contained more than two hundred thousand inhabitants — now, scarcely sixty thousand ; and it is said there are no less than eight hundred houses at present tenantless. Its docks, once crowded with vessels, laden with the wealth of the Indies, are now almost deserted ; and the streets are strangely quiet, for a place even of its present size.

The chief curiosities are the churches, for which Antwerp is renowned. But I have already inflicted enough of this topic upon you, and the Antwerp churches are much like those I have written about, save that they are yet more rich and profuse in their decorations. Those of St. Jacques, St. Paul, and the Jesuits, are the principal. Superb altars, and pillars of the finest marble, statues and paintings, in every variety, are to be seen in them. In St. Jacques, I stood on the tomb of Rubens, who was a native of Antwerp, and of a patrician family. Over his monument is a fine picture, by himself, of his wife and children. In the church-yard of St. Pauls is a fearfully vivid representation of Mount Calvary, the crucifixion and entombment of Christ, and of purgatory ! While gazing at the lofty tower of the Cathedral, I was accosted by a cicerone : ' Voulez vous monter ? ' Combien demandez vous ? ' Deux francs. ' Trop beaucoup ? ' ' Oui, Monsieur ; mais tres belle vue ; magnifique ; vous pouvez voir Bruxelles. ' Eh bien, je veux monter. ' This is the way they get one's francs away ; for, as the book says, the Belgian lions must be fed as well as others. The view is certainly very extensive, though Brussels, I must say, was rather indistinct. But the Tower of Malines, or Mechlin, (that famous place for lace,) was very conspicuous, though twelve miles off. The prospects over such a country as Belgium are more extensive than varied. Antwerp is situated near the mouth of the Scheld, and the windings of the river may be seen for several miles toward Ghent and the sea-board. The tops of the houses in the city are mostly covered with red tiles.

In the tower, I saw a chime of no less than forty-six bells, and was shown the operation of winding the clock, with a weight of one thousand pounds attached. The large bell, meanwhile, struck eleven, and all the rest followed like dutiful children. Somewhat of a sound they made, sure enough ! Chimes originated in this country, and all the churches have them, playing at concert every half hour. This tower is ascended by six hundred and twenty-six steps. I went to the very top, thinking of some one's exclamation at the cathedral of Cologne, ' What will not man achieve ! '

From thence, made a call at Ruben's house, which still remains, and then looked in at the Museum, where are three hundred ' tableaux,' comprising eighteen pictures by Rubens, and six by Van Dyck. In the garden adjoining, is a bronze statue of Mary of Burgundy, on her tomb.

GHENT, (OR GAND,) Sept 19. — His majesty of Holland not seeing fit to admit me into his dominions, from his late rebellious territory of Belgium, the alternative was to cross over Flanders, by Ghent

and Bruges, to Ostend, and there embark, instead of at Rotterdam, for London. A ferry-boat took passengers over the Scheldt to the 'Tête de Flandre,' where the diligence was in waiting. We 'niggled' over a flat, fertile country, at the five-mile pace, seeing nothing very strange until nine p. m., when we passed through a long village of one-story houses, rattled over an excellent stone-bridge, and found ourselves in the worthy old town of Ghent, or rather Gand; but if the people are ganders, they have shown some wisdom, nevertheless, in making so many nice, large, open squares, in their respectable city.

OSTEND, 20th. — This morning was to be my last on the continent. I rose at six from my last *coucher*, in the fifth story, took my last breakfast in the *salle à manger*, made my last visit to cathedrals, paid my bill at the Hotel de Vienne, and took my diligence seat for the last time. The last trunk was placed on the top, the last passenger took his place, the three lazy horses were affixed, the postillion mounted, the diligence rumbled forward, crossed two or three spacious squares, and as many bridges, (for the river or canals pass in several places through the town,) entered the great archway under the ramparts, and proceeded with slow and stately step toward Bruges. The whole of the road is broad, well paved, lined with rows of elms and poplars, and for several miles keeps along the banks of the broad canal connecting Ghent with Bruges; and so level is the soil, that the towers of Ghent were in full view for six miles.

Bruges, or Brugge, is a beautiful town, replete with reminiscences of the Counts of Flanders; yet it is far from being what it once was, in wealth and importance. Like Antwerp, there is an unnatural stillness in the streets; you would almost think an epidemic had depopulated them. And yet there are many handsome private dwellings, and many wealthy people in Bruges. It has also a considerable number of English residents.

Ostend is dull enough. The harbor is bad, not admitting large vessels, except at high tide; otherwise, this place would improve rapidly; for, save Antwerp and Dunkirk, it is the only sea-port of Belgium. When the rail-road to Brussels is finished, Ostend will begin to look up. The Belgians have always been a manufacturing rather than a commercial people; but now they are cut off from exporting their goods from the ports of Holland, they must necessarily build up a commerce of their own. They are now engaged in improving the harbor, etc., of Ostend.

As an evidence of the discontent caused by the depression of trade since the revolution, it is said Leopold was grossly insulted by the people of Ghent, about a year since. He was on a visit there, and was going to the theatre; but the Ganders hired all the best boxes, and locked them up! The Ostenders, however, are more loyal. The king and queen were greeted at the theatre here, a few evenings since, with a poetical address. The queen is here now; but her consort has gone to England to negotiate, as the papers say, for the Princess Victoria, in behalf of his nephew. Whether he or his beloved cousin of Orange will succeed, yet remains a problem.

Well — Bologne was the Alpha, and now, after travelling two thousand miles, the Omega of my continental tour. To imitate the lofty style of Chateaubriand's preface to his memoirs : I have been solitary in crowded cities, and in the recesses of the Highlands of Scotland, and the Alps of Switzerland ; I have promenaded the Regent-street of London, and the Boulevards of Paris ; the parks of Brussels, the Canongate of Edinburgh, the ramparts of Stirling and Geneva ; sailed on Loch Katrine and Lake Lemman, on Loch Lomond and 'fair Zurich's waters ;' slept on the Great St. Bernard, and by the side of Lock Achray. I have gazed on magnificent panoramas of cities, mountains, lakes, valleys, from the summits of the Trosachs and the Rhigi, from St. Paul's and Notre Dame, from the towers of Antwerp, and Edinburgh, of Stirling and Windsor. I have sailed on the Tay and the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Rhone, the Seine ; scaled rocky heights on the Swiss mule and the Highland pony ; climbed to the sources of glaciers, water-falls, and the Frozen Sea. I have been in the princely halls of Windsor and Versailles, of Warwick, Scone, and Holyrood ; the Louvre, Tuilleries, and Luxembourg ; rambled amidst the ruins of Melrose and Kenilworth ; of Dryburgh and the Drachenfels. I have heard the 'loud anthem' in the splendid temples of York and Antwerp, Westminster and Notre Dame, St. Paul's and Cologne. I have stood over the ashes of Shakspeare and of Scott ; of the poets and heroes of England and France. I have gazed on the works of Raphael and Angelo, of Reynolds and Rubens, of Flaxman and Canova. My hand has been in Rob Roy's purse, and on the skull of Charlemagne ; on Bonaparte's pistols, and Hofer's blunderbuss ; on the needle-work of the Queen of Scots, and the school compositions of the great Elizabeth ; on the crown of the Spanish Isabella, and the spear of Guy, Earl of Warwick ! I have traversed the battle fields of Bannockburn and of Morat, of Leipsic and of Waterloo. I have seen men and women of all grades, from the monarch to the chimney-sweep ; kings, queens, princes, heirs apparent, nobles and duchesses ; and I have seen Daniel O'Connell ! I have been preached to by the plain presbyters of Scotland, and the portly bishops of England ; and heard mass in the convent in sight of Italy, and in the gorgeous cathedrals of Belgium. I have seen wretchedness and magnificence in the widest extremes. I have been dazzled by the splendors of royalty, and have shuddered at the misery of royalty's subjects. In short, (for I am giving you a pretty specimen of egotism,) I have seen much, very much, to admire ; much that we of the 'New World' might imitate with advantage, and more still to make me better satisfied than ever that we are, on the whole, or ought to be, the happiest people in the world. Let us but pay a little more attention to our *manners*, (for they certainly *may* be much improved,) and let us check the spirit of lawless and fanatical agrarianism, which has shown itself to be already dangerous to our liberties and prosperity, and we may with conscious pride take our station first among the nations of the earth. Yes, my dear —, I now feel more than ever, that

'Midst pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !'

LITERARY NOTICES.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS. By the author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'Rienzi,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 411. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS novel is but half finished. At the conclusion of the second volume, Mr. Bulwer remarks: 'Here ends the first portion of this work; it ends with what, though rare in novels, is common in human life; the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled. Ernest Maltravers, a lonely wanderer, disgusted with the world, blighted prematurely in a useful and glorious ambition; 'remote, unfriendly, melancholy,' Lumley Ferrers, prosperous and elated; life smiling before him; rising in the councils of the proudest and perhaps the wisest of the European nations, and wrapped in a hardy stoicism of levity and selfishness, that not only defied grief, but silenced conscience. If the reader be interested in what remains — if he desire to know more of the various characters which have breathed and moved throughout this history — he soon will be enabled to gratify his curiosity, and complete what the author believes to be a faithful survey of the Philosophy of Human Life.'

Such is the author's apology for one of the most dangerous and seductive books which it has ever been our fortune to read. Let us examine its plan. Alice Darvil, a beautiful child of nature, wholly uneducated and perfectly innocent, saves the life of Ernest Maltravers, an English graduate of a German university, who had sought shelter at her father's cottage. The murderous and revengeful barbarity of the father compels the daughter to desert him, and she is immediately thrown in the way of the student. Impelled by gratitude and pity, Maltravers shelters the destitute beauty, takes her to a country-seat, which he purchases on purpose, teaches her music, elevates her benighted and earthward mind to heaven, falls in love with, and seduces her! The father of Alice goes on from crime to crime, till his burglaries extend to the cottage of Maltravers' mistress, and his own child, who, in the temporary absence of her lover, is carried away beyond his protection. Maltravers returns, misses his Alice, grows melancholy, visits Paris in company with an impertinent and selfish acquaintance, Lumley Ferrers, falls in love with another man's wife, is rejected by her, quits Paris in disgust, goes to Italy, forms an affectionate, platonic attachment for another married lady, and then returns to London. In the meanwhile, Alice flies from her father a second time, with Maltravers' child at her breast. She seeks the cottage-scene of her early and unsophisticated enjoyments, finds it occupied by other tenants, and is finally thrown on the fostering protection of a saint-like banker, who makes her Mrs. Templeton.

While the foregoing events are taking place, Maltravers falls in love again, and as he is on his knees, kissing the hand of his mistress, Alice, who happens to be in the next room, enters, is heart broken, goes away and gets married, as aforesaid. Among other important characters now introduced, is the Lady Florence Lascelles, a great beauty, and a greater fortune, who scorns all the fascinations of rank, and falls so in love with Maltravers, that she writes to him ardently and anonymously. But as other beauties sometimes are, this one, though her whole soul is filled with

Maltravers, is also a coquette, and she gains the affections of poor Cassarini, who is on a visit to London, in the desperate adventure of getting fame for poetry. Maltravers is flattered into a pseudo attachment for Lady Florence, which ripens into love. This excites the madness of Cassarini, and the hatred of Lumley Ferrers, who, as cousin of the lady, had been led to believe that his own pretensions might be advanced in that quarter. Lumley now copies Iago, and makes use of Cassarini as his Cassio, who becomes instrumental in effecting a break in the love-chain of Maltravers and Lady Florence. The latter sickens, and dies of a broken heart. Alice is made a widow, after having been made a lady, and Lumley Ferrers inherits her husband's title. The daughter of Maltravers and Alice is betrothed to his worst enemy, while the Cassio of the drama goes mad. Such is the state of things at the conclusion of the second volume, which suggests the explanation by the author, already quoted.

In reviewing this novel, we are struck with the consummate power of the writer. To an imagination raised to the very focal-point of burning, Mr. Bulwer unites the most penetrating intuition of those psychological relations, which are comprehended by master-spirits alone. The conceptions of his mind are invested by a transparent robe of spirituality, through which they are mellowed and disguised, like the beautiful time-stricken edifices in the gold-dust atmosphere of Italy. A manifestation of this power is one of the strongest characteristics of genius; but it serves to veil deformities and disarm criticism. We are spell-bound while gazing on his creations. We are so fascinated by the enchantment, that we cannot be fastidious if we would. The true and the false are mysteriously blended together; and, as in every distortion of the natural, we are led, by a sort of metaphysical mirage, to be captivated more by misrepresentation than by truth. Ernest Maltravers is certainly a brilliant production. No other than Mr. Bulwer could have written it. It is full of passionate beauty; it is glowing with ardent aspirations for the beau ideal. It contains many just reflections on human conduct, and many valuable hints on education. We are willing to concede all this, and more. But its faults are too glaring to be passed over, for they are the premeditated faults of a skilful designer, who with an insincere spirit, would have the reader imagine them to be out-shadowings of his own nature, the very portraiture of his humanity.

We are not disposed to be hypercritical with Mr. Bulwer's writings; but we can no longer concede that which we have heretofore claimed for him, a purpose to hold up to the world the rewards of virtue and the consequences of vice. On the contrary, the tendency of his morality seems to be, that we are the victims of destiny, and that circumstances alone determine the phases of character, and prescribe the paths of virtue and vice. He attacks the sanctity of marriage with unholy zeal. In 'Ernest Maltravers' he inculcates the principle that illicit love may in certain cases be innocent, and that where true affection is, the bond of matrimony is unavailing. His morality has sometimes the coldness of moonlight, but seldom the radiance and the warmth of the sun; and it is owing to the separation of the affections from the understanding, the disunion of Love and Truth in his nature, that Mr. Bulwer delights in the hollow and unsatisfactory fascinations of his intellect, and is led astray by his self-hood to despise the religion of the heart. With all his genius, he is wide from the path of greatness. The deep well of German metaphysics, at which he has drunk so largely, may invigorate the mind and mystify the imagination; but the logical acumen which it imparts, does not direct to usefulness, nor lead to truth; and the discursive powers which range through its suggested labyrinths, come back at last to the goal they started from, weary and disgusted with unavailing efforts after good.

It is a truth, inseparable from the relative condition of man, that he could not possibly have had an idea of God, unless it had been revealed to him. After a revelation, we find in nature concurrent proof of his existence; but by a law of mental action, we transfer the truth derived from the revelation to the evidence which is around us, and flatter ourselves that we reason *à priori* from this source. Mr. Bulwer has a

glimpse of this great truth, and only a glimpse; for in the work under notice, he inculcates the sophism that the idea of the Creator could not arise in an uneducated mind. He does not perceive, that under the divine dispensations manifested in the Word, a revelation has already taken place, which is reflected from the face of nature; and that it is impossible for one, in this advanced state of man, not to read the record of the divine creation—not to mention the extreme improbability, that a child of fifteen should never have heard the name of God, when it is oftener on the lips of the uneducated than on those of the refined, though abused and taken in vain.

Our limits will enable us to glance at only one more of the prominent faults of this book. We refer to Mr. Bulwer's ideas on duelling. What do our readers think of such sophistry as this: 'There are some cases in which human nature and its deep wrongs will be ever stronger than the world and its philosophy. Duels and wars belong to the same principle; both are sinful on light grounds and poor pretexts. But it is not sinful for a soldier to defend his country from invasion, nor for a man, with a man's heart, to vindicate truth and honor with his life. The robber that asks me for money, I am allowed to shoot. Is the robber that tears from me treasures never to be replaced, so go free?' Again: 'As in revolutions all law is suspended, so are there stormy events and mighty injuries in life, which are as revolutions to individuals.' It follows, of course, that a revolution may take place 'in the little kingdom man,' whenever his majesty sees fit. It is unnecessary to show up the monstrosity of such politics, and of that morality which, guided alone by worldly philosophy, makes it sometimes sinful, and sometimes not, to take the life of a fellow being. There are men enough in the world who will fight as they judge expedient; but Mr. Bulwer is the only one who has had the hardihood to defend the practice, as sometimes under the sanction of omnipotence.

We had some remarks to make on the sudden transitions of character, as delineated by our author, which strike us as exceedingly unnatural. But we have already transcended our space, and only record an impression here, which must be apparent to every reader. On the appearance of the sequel to *Ernest Maltravers*, we may examine this fault at leisure.

MEMOIRS OF AARON BURR. With Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence. By MATTHEW L. DAVIS. In two volumes. Volume Two. pp. 449. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume will prove even more generally interesting than its attractive predecessor, heretofore noticed in this Magazine. The early pages are devoted to an account of Col. Burr's habits and character, as a man and a lawyer; a history of the rise of political parties in this state, with copious extracts from various letters written during the war of the revolution; an account of the Clinton and Schuyler parties; Burr's political position on being elected Vice-President, and his course in that office; and a report of false entries made by Jefferson in his 'Ana,' of conversations said to have been held with Burr. Farther than this, we have not found leisure to read attentively; but on glancing hurriedly over the remaining pages, we perceive that they are devoted to a detail of the most prominent and interesting events in the life of the notorious subject, interspersed with letters from various eminent Americans, and including a correspondence with his daughter Theodosia, a full account of the premeditated and disgraceful duel with General HAMILTON, his departure for England, the 'incidents of travel' in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Sweden, and his return to New-York, in 1811. We shall take another occasion to refer more in detail to the work, and in the mean time commend it to the attention of our readers, with the single remark, that we see nothing in its pages to change our opinion that the murderer of ALEXANDER HAMILTON can only pass without censure while he passes without observation; and that the less his friends or apologists meddle with his memory, the kinder they will be to his reputation.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE. By the
REV. ORVILLE DEWEY. Published at the request of the Institute.

IT WAS our good fortune to form one of the dense auditory before whom this excellent Address was delivered; and although we are unable to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the effect its verbal publication produced, we may nevertheless afford a 'taste of its quality,' by a few choice extracts. We were pleased, at the very opening, to perceive that the Address was not to embrace political questions, connected with the arts of industry, nor to be a compendium of minute statistics, relating to the Institute, and manufactures in general—a course so common on such occasions. 'Figures cannot lie,' perhaps, but they can do things quite as disagreeable. Mere statistics are dismal bores to great masses, oftentimes, in the hands of matter-of-fact, hum-drum speakers, oppressively full of information; reminding the hearer of Swift's elixir, 'which being drank, presently dilates itself about the brain of the orator, whence instantly proceed an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums,' etc., all reducible upon paper, and fruitful of the most potent oscitant qualities. How many new members of Congress, who felt it their duty to attend to the public weal, in gratitude to their constituents, have been awakened by the watchful sergeant-at-arms, after the house had adjourned, from a deep sleep which had fallen upon them, as they 'by parcels something heard, but not attentively,' of 'figure-works and statistics,' from some arithmetical debater! 'In 1834, Sir, before the passage of the law creating the 'North American Window-Glass and Putty Company,' owing to the high price of putty in the United States, there were in ten counties in the state of Mississippi, nine hundred and sixty-two windows and a half, utterly destitute of glass; and it is worth stating, as a remarkable fact, that of the three hundred and twenty-seven panes which were fastened with a cheap adhesive substitute, the large number of two hundred and eighty-three were utterly useless. That putty—I say that putty, Mr. Speaker—would not stick!' And thus proceeds the bore statistical,* in a speech 'thin sown with profit or delight.' But we are keeping the reader from 'metal more attractive.'

After a felicitous exordium, descriptive of the scene which the Fair presented to the eye of the spectator, the writer proceeds to consider the connection between the arts of industry, and especially the mechanic arts, and the intellectual and moral improvement of

* Since the above was in type, we have met, in the scientific deliberations of the 'Mudfog Association,' reported by the humorous 'Boz,' in the last number of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' with the remarks of two members greatly prone to these 'figures of speech.' They are too characteristic to be omitted here. The one stated, that he 'had found that the total number of small carts and barrows engaged in dispensing provisions to cats and dogs in the metropolis, was one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. The average number of skewers delivered daily with the provender, by each cart or barrow, was thirty-six. Now multiplying the number of skewers so delivered, by the number of barrows, a total of sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers daily, would be obtained. Allowing that, of these sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers, the odd two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight were accidentally devoured with the meat, by the most voracious of the animals supplied, it followed that sixty thousand skewers per day, or the enormous number of twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers annually, were wasted in the kennels and dust-holes of London, which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel of war for the use of Her Majesty's Navy, to be called the 'Royal Skewer,' and to become, under that name, the terror of all the enemies of England!' This speaker was followed by an amateur philanthropist, of kindred parts, who had ascertained, from authentic data, 'that the total number of legs belonging to the manufacturing population of a town in Yorkshire, was, in round numbers, forty thousand, while the total number of chair and stool legs in their houses was only a fraction over thirty thousand, which, upon the very favorable average of three legs to a seat, yielded only ten thousand seats in all. From this calculation, it would appear—not taking wooden or cork legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person—that ten thousand individuals, (one half of the whole population,) were either destitute of legs at all, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes!'

society. He shows that the mechanic, laboring at his work-bench, is toiling for the general improvement; that the man who designs and erects a noble structure, speaks to passing multitudes, who may never read a book, and helps to refine and humanize the ages that come after him; that 'even he who makes a musical instrument, is laying up, in those hidden chambers of melody, the sweet influences that shall amuse, and soften, and refine many a domestic circle through life; and he, yet more, who can place upon our walls the canvass glowing with life, becomes the household teacher of successive generations.' The orator next repudiates the idea, that labor-saving machinery has ever been the cause of permanently injuring the working-classes; and this position he clearly establishes, by a variety of well-chosen illustrations. A few remarks succeed, in relation to improvements in matters of comfort and economy, of which advantage might be taken by American house-keepers. The French bed, consisting of two thin mattresses of wool, upon a foot deep of hay or straw, is pronounced to be four times as cheap as ours, and twice as comfortable. One half of the fuel, too, which is burnt in this country, the writer avers, is literally thrown away, the heat passing into the dead wall of the chimney. This is doubtless true. The excellent stoves of Dr. NOTT, however, now so generally demanded in all parts of the country, from his capable successors, Messrs. STRATTON AND SEYMOUR, of this city, have done much toward a awakening attention to the great economy of heat and fuel, which they exemplify and inculcate.

Labor, the writer justly contends, exercises and tasks the intellect; and he repels, with proper earnestness and force, the too common error, that the mind never labors, save over the written page or the abstract proposition. 'The merchant, the manufacturer, the mechanic, is often a harder thinker than the student. The machinist and the engineer are employed in some of the finest schools of intellect.' The tasks for which no such consideration can be pleaded, such as the dull, heavy labors of the hod, the writer humanely hopes some method may yet be found to relieve.

Could any thing be more admirably reasoned, or more beautifully set forth, than the arguments in favor of the true nobility of labor, contained in the annexed paragraphs:

"How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scene of labor, and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view, the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is consecrated by the names of wife, and children, and home. A secret and almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the work-shop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections. If he who fights to protect his home, rises to the point of heroic virtue, no less may he who labors, his life long, to provide for that home. Peace be within those domestic walls, and prosperity beneath those humble roofs! But should it ever be otherwise; should the time ever come when the invader's step approaches to touch those sacred thresholds, I see in the labors that are taken for them, that wounds will be taken for them too; I see in every honest workman around me, a hero.

"So material do I deem this point — the true nobility of labor, I mean — that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power, to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; houses might have risen like an exhalation,

— 'with the sound
Of doleful symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple';

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. 'Fair scene!' I imagine you are saying; 'fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!' But where then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and the forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for that nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and

it *has been* broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. 'But how,' I may be asked, 'is it broken down?' 'Do not men toil?' it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth, as escape from it.' 'This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat — TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!'

The orator next passes to the policy and necessity of extending a fostering care to the domestic industry of families, on their own property, and laments the want of employment, oftentimes, for the female members, who are in this country generally unwilling to seek it beyond the paternal roof. Manufactures, as of woollen cloths, stockings, etc. the culture of the mulberry, and the making of silk, are recommended as purely domestic occupations. The suggestions in regard to the disposition of our ample supply of water, when the Croton shall roll its refreshing stores into the metropolis, are conceived in a far-seeing and liberal spirit, and deserve earnest heed. We need not ask the reader to admire with us the subjoined extract, illustrating the advantages and comforts which have followed in the train of mechanical improvements:

"Our steam-boats and rail-roads are tending constantly to make us a more homogeneous, sympathizing, and humane people. A visit to one's distant friends, every body knows, is a very pleasant thing; but are its uses in the great family of society often considered? Intercourse, in such circumstances, is usually an interchange of all the thoughts, views, and improvements that prevail in different parts of the country. 'Their talk is of oxen,' if you please, or it is of soils and grains, or it is of manufactures and trade, or it is of books and philosophers; but it is all good — good for somebody at least — good in the main for every body. Thus, our steam-boats are like floating saloons, and our rail-roads like the air-pipes of a mighty whispering gallery; and men are conversing with one another, and communicating and blending their daily thoughts, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. These means of communication are thus constantly interchanging, not only different views, but the advantages of different kinds of residence. They are imparting rural tastes to the citizen, and city polish to the countryman. I cannot help thinking, that in time, they will produce a decided effect upon city residence; relieving us, somewhat, of our crowded and overgrown population; sending out many from these pent-up abodes in town, to the green and pleasant dwelling places of the country.

"The progress of communication during the last twenty years, leaves us almost nothing to wish, and yet entitles us to expect every thing. Many of you remember what a passage up the Hudson was, thirty years ago. You remember the uncertain packet, lingering for a wind at the wharf, till patience was almost exhausted; and then, at length, pursuing its zigzag course, now waving in the breeze, now halting in the calm, like a crazy traveller, doubtful of his way, or whether to proceed at all. And now, when you set your foot on the deck of one of our newly invented fire-ships, you feel as if the pawings of some reined courser were beneath you, impatient to start from the goal; anon, it seems to you as if the strength and stride of a giant were bearing you onward; till at length, when the evening shadow falls, and hides its rougher features from your sight, you might imagine it the queenly genius of the noble river, as it moves on between the silent shores, and flings its spangled robe upon the waters."

Scarcely less beautiful, are the following reflections upon the moral tendencies of the mechanic arts, in leading the mind to the infinite wisdom of Nature and of the Author of Nature:

"If an intelligent manufacturer or mechanic would carefully note down in a book all the instances of adaptation that presented themselves to his attention, he would in time have a large volume; and it would be a volume of philosophy — a volume of indisputable facts in defence of a Providence. I could not help remarking lately, when I saw a furnace upon the stream of the valley, and the cartman bringing down ore from the mountains, how inconvenient it would have been if this order of nature had been reversed; if the ore-bed had been in the valley, and the stream had been so constituted as to rise, and to make its channel upon the tops of the ridges. Nay, more: treasures are slowly prepared and carefully laid up in the great store-houses of nature, against the time when man shall want them. When the wood is cut off from the plains and the hills, and fuel begins to fail, and man looks about him with alarm at the prospect, lo! beneath his feet are found, in mines of bitumen and mountains of anthracite, the long hid treasures of Providence — the treasure-houses of that care and kindness, which at every new step of human improvement, instead of appearing to be superseded, seems doubly entitled to the name of Providence." "All nature is not only a world of mechanism, but it is the work of infinite art; and the mechanic-inventor and toiler is but a student, an apprentice in that school. And when he has done all, what can he do to equal the skill of the great original he copies; to equal the wisdom of Him who 'has stretched out the heavens like a curtain, who has laid the beams of his chambers in the waters?' What engines can he form, like those which raise up through the dark labyrinths of the mountains, the streams

that gush forth in fountains from their summits? What pillars, and what architecture can be lift up on high, like the mighty forest trunks, and their architrave and frieze of glorious foliage? What dyes can he invent, like those which spread their ever-changing and many-colored robe over the earth? What pictures can he cause to glow, like those which are painted on the dome of heaven?

"It is the glory of art, that it penetrates and develops the wonders and bounties of nature. It draws their richness from the valleys, and their secret stores from the mountains. It leads forth every year fairer flocks and herds upon the hills; it yokes the ox to the plough, and trains the fiery steed to its car. It plants the unsightly germ, and rears it into vegetable beauty; it takes the dull ore and transfuses it into splendor, or gives it the edge of the tool or the lancet; it gathers the elements which nature has curiously made, and weaves them into soft and compact fabrics. It sends out its ships to discover unknown seas and shores; or it plunges into its work-shops at home, to detect the secret, that is locked up in mineral, or is flowing in liquid matter. It scans the spheres and systems of heaven with its far sight; or turns with microscopic eye, and finds in the drops that sparkle in the sun, other worlds crowded with life. Yet more is mechanic art the hand-maid of society. It has made man its special favorite. It clothes him with fine linen and soft raiment. It builds him houses, it kindles the cheerful fire, it lights the evening lamp, it spreads before him the manifold page of wisdom; it delights his eye with gracefulness, it charms his ear with music; it multiplies the facilities of communication and the ties of brotherhood; it is the softener of all domestic charities — it is the bond of nations."

The Address is neatly executed, and will appear, as we learn, in the 'Journal of the American Institute.' It cannot fail to command a wide perusal and general admiration.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part Fifth. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

EACH succeeding volume of this work impresses us more thoroughly with the belief, that it is one of the most delightful biographies which the present century has produced. This may seem extravagant praise, to those who have not read the several 'Parts,' as they have appeared; yet it will be deemed but simply just, by all who have been so fortunate as to share with us in the pleasure of their perusal. The work has been a God-send in these 'juice-drained' literary times; and in the way of bright and eminent example, is now working its gentle triumphs upon the hearts of thousands in this country. We are more and more struck, as we read, with the great goodness, as well as intellectual greatness, of the illustrious subject; with the simplicity, truth, and sincerity ever in *alto-relievo* in his character; the beauty of his daily life, adorned with integrity and honor; a course, public, literary, and domestic, replete with the noblest traits, born of good and generous impulses, ingrained and innate. The leading chapter in the 'Part' before us, describes Scott's hospitality and urbanity, as host at Abbotsford. When at the acmé of his fame, honored by kings and admired by the world, he would cheerfully devote his precious hours to intruding lion-hunters, and submit with patience and politeness to be over-poeted with small browsers on Parnassus, bored with the solemn applauses of learned dullness, the self-exalting harangues of the 'hugely literate,' the pompous simpers of condescending magnates, the vapid raptures of beapainted and periwigged dowagers, and questions urged with 'horse-leech avidity by under-bred foreigners.' Byron says of himself that 'none did love him.' How different from his great contemporary! Those who knew Scott, loved him not less than they admired his genius. Without pretence or self-esteem at home, he was equally so abroad. 'I am heartily tired,' he writes to his son from London, where literary menageries for the reception of 'lions' were constantly opened wide to him, 'I am heartily tired of fine company, and fine living, from dukes and duchesses, down to turbot and plover's eggs. It is very well for a while; but to be kept at it, makes one feel like a poodle-dog compelled to stand for ever on his hind-legs.' The spirit herein breathed, he preserved throughout his life, which was spent in delighting the literary world, and in the exercise of those qualities of the heart which 'assimilate men to angels, and make of earth a heaven.'

In reading the volume under notice, we experienced an 'excess of participation' in the richness of its stores. Hence it is full of dog's-ears, and pencilled passages, which we

find it impossible to extract, and yet can scarcely consent to omit. For the present, however, we yield to necessity, promising our readers and ourselves the pleasure of an early renewal of this notice, after the volumes shall have been completed. We make a single extract, representing Scott as escaping from Abbotsford, upon which an avalanche of bores had descended, and taking refuge in the summer-cottage of his son-in-law, a mile or two distant. The touching allusion of the biographer to his recent loss, will not escape the notice of the reader :

"The clatter of Sybil Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joys shout of *revillie* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast, he would take possession of a dressing-room up stairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate*; and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work — and sometimes to labor among them as strenuously as John Swanston himself — until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefwood in a body toward evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wise in a well under the *brac* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced; this primitive process being, he said, what he had always practised when a young house-keeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice; and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing. Mr. Rose used to amuse himself with likening the scene and the party to the closing act of one of those little French dramas, where 'Monsieur le Comte,' and Madame la Comtesse, appear feasting at a village bridal under the trees; but in truth, our 'M. le Comte' was only trying to live over again for a few simple hours his own old life of Largswade.

"When circumstances permitted, he usually spent one evening at least in the week at our little cottage; and almost as frequently he did the like with the Fergusons, to whose table he could bring chance visitors, when he pleased, with equal freedom as to his daughter's. Indeed it seemed to be much a matter of chance, any fine day when there had been no alarming invasion of the Southron, whether the three families (which, in fact, made but one) should dine at Abbotsford, at Hunsly Barn, or at Chiefwood; and at none of them was the party considered quite complete, unless it included also Mr. Laidlaw. Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle — as happy a circle I believe as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. With three exceptions, they are all gone. Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight of all those simple meetings — she to whose love I owed my own place in them — Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manner, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like him in all things as a gentle innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life — she, too, is no more. And in the very hour that saw her laid in her grave, the only other female survivor, her dearest friend Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also. But enough — and more than I intended."

A spirited portrait by RAE BURN, pronounced the most faithful of the early likenesses taken of Scott, prefaces the present volume, which presents its usual excellence of paper and typography.

RORY O'MORE. A NATIONAL ROMANCE. By SAMUEL LOVER, Esq. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 429.

Old Dan Tantalus himself was not more sadly bothered, than is a reviewer, tied to certain limits of space, and feeling the impossibility of dividing with his readers the pleasure of perusing a work of rare spirit and humor. Such emotions are ours, and such a work is 'Rory O'More.' Mr. LOVER has no superior in depicting — with the nicest perception of character and the keenest eye for fun — the peculiarities of the Irish people. We can give the reader no better idea of his ability and manner, than by saying, that he effects all with his pen which POWER achieves in his admirable personations of his countrymen. There is a life, a vraisemblance in his pictures, which will win for them enduring applause. This is our verdict; and we ask the reader to confirm it, as sure we are they will, by a perusal of the volume whose title stands at the head of this brief and inadequate notice.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A GLANCE AT BY-GONE TIMES.—Commend us to an old newspaper! Well does COWPER term it a 'happy work,' that 'folio of four pages.' In what a faithful and striking spirit of delineation are the features of the hallowed years behind the mountains called up, as one pores desultorily over a file of time-worn gazettes! It is exploring a Herculaneum of history, and ferretting out the minuter fragments which lie buried beneath the rubbish of old days, and which are fertile in materials for reflection, instruction, and amusement. A kind female friend (God bless the women! they are always devising some good or kind action,) has sent us an old volume of the BOSTON CENTINEL, the most ancient newspaper of which the Union can boast. Greatly have we fructified by the contents thereof; and at the risk, perhaps, of beguiling some reader, who may prefer neoterics before ancients, of a hearty yawn or two, we propose to devote a couple of pages, or more, to a notice of the dingy folio-tome in question.

After all, Solomon was right, when he said, 'The thing that hath been, is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done;' there are few 'new things under the sun.' In glancing over these abstract and brief chronicles of the olden time, we find many points of resemblance between the past and the present. Then, as now, metaphysical adepts imagined they were invigorating their intellects, in the same manner as archers strengthen their arms, by shooting into the air; political wranglers were 'blowing the bellows of party, until the whole furnace of politics was red-hot with sparks and cinders;' popular fallacies were flourishing, and wonderful seemed the vigor of their constitutions; commentators were elucidating old authors into obscurity, quite after the manner of the present era; many of the *religii* seem to have had religion enough to make them hate, but not enough to love, their brethren; officious meddlers were looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking their own; tragedians were strutting on public boards, 'with tin pots on their heads, for so much a night;' and small comedians, with brass enough to set up a dozen braziers, were quarrelling among themselves, and parading their importance and grievances before a public who cared *nothing* for either; there were public fêtes, frequent clamors of rejoicing communities, and occasional violent effervescence of popular transport. In short, to draw a long summary to a close, we have come to the conclusion, that notwithstanding the gradual desuetude of many old customs and observances, we have a great deal, at this much-boasted epoch, in common with the vanished generation. But gone are their eternally repeated sorrows and joys, the vain delusions, and transient struggles. Time has thrown his all-concealing veil over them. The bigotted polemic has found that men may journey heavenward by different roads, and that charity covereth many sins; ultra metaphysicians have learned, that there are realities enough to be sought after in life, and that a morbid yearning for the shadowy and intangible cannot come to good; and the actor, a forked shade, stripped of his regalities, and 'ferried over in a crazy Stygian wherry,' has entered upon a new theatre of action, where, unlike the one he has left behind him, the scenes and actors know no change. But let us turn over the ancient daily budgets to which we have alluded, and from which we are keeping the reader, who we will suppose looking over our shoulder, quite familiarly, and asking a great many questions.

'What is that long 'by authority' article, on the first page?' It is a congressional enactment, 'That a District of Territory, not exceeding ten miles square, to be located, as hereafter directed, on the river *Potomack*, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern branch and *Conogochique*, be, and the same is hereby accepted for the Permanent Seat of the Government of the United States.' What a thriving town the 'City of Washington' must have been at this period! Here is an important postscript. It contains intelligence received at Boston from Philadelphia, in the short space of *seven days* — (they travel the distance now in eighteen hours!) — that a French frigate had arrived in the Delaware, supposed to have been despatched by the National Convention. Close beside this paragraph, is a very reasonable complaint, that those Americans who, despising to be copyists, call for 'Yankee-Doodle' at the play-house, can't be accommodated with their old favorite, because of the uproarious opposition of a tory faction: 'Most Horrid!' What is that under your thumb? 'A son of Mr. Cox, the celebrated architect, in viewing a wild *Panther*, which a shew-man had in his possession, in *Medford*, was suddenly seized by the voracious animal, and his head and face torn in so shocking a manner, that his death would be a consolation to his desponding relatives. The strength of the animal was so great, that five persons could hardly disengage its teeth and claws from the unhappy victim of its rage. It is hoped the Legislature will provide by law for the security of the lives of people, that if persons will endeavor to obtain money, by the shew of wild beasts, that they be properly confined in cages.' 'Shew!' This corruption is still extant in New-England. 'He *shew* me a book he had purchased,' etc.

'We find a great deal said about 'Mr. PRIESTLY' here. He has fled to the United States 'for freedom from the rod of lawless power, and the arm of violence.' He is every where received with marked honor, his whereabouts regularly recorded, and eminent individuals and public institutions are enulous to make their attentions acceptable to him. In juxtaposition with this, is one of the bloody *ROBESPIERRE*'s plausible reports, just promulgated. We will not pause to read that. 'Stay! Let us see what all this theatrical display is about, before you turn the leaf.' The manager is going to give a 'Benefit' for the suffering Americans in the prisons of Algiers. Good! 'I wonder if that *JEFFERSON*, who is to be one of the attractions, was the father of our Philadelphia favorite, whylear?' This interrogation lights up Memory, with the suddenness of a 'loco-foco' match. The image is evoked; and that prince of comedians is before us. A very clever theatrical performance is now going on in the 'Dome of Thought.' Ah, 'Old Jefferson!' When shall we look upon *his* like again? For years, we could never meet him, in ever so retired a lane of the city, without being presently seated in the play-house, devouring, with lively gusto, his inimitable comicalities. We had spirited performance going on, with nothing to pay. 'Where he walked, eate, or stood still, there was the theatre. He carried about with him pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable play-house at corners of streets, and in the market-places. Upon flintiest pavement, he trod the boards still.' 'Well, vot of it?' Turn over.'

That long original poem is by *PETER PINDAR*. He is ridiculing the monarchical notions of the opposition, and the folly of paying court to mere outward form and show. His illustration is homely, but forcible. 'Who,' says he,

'Who would not laugh to see a *TAYLOR* bow
Submissive to a pair of satin breeches?
Saying, 'O Breeches, all men must allow
There's something in your aspect that betwixches!

'Let me admire you, Breeches, crown'd with glory;
And though *I made* you, let me still *adore* ye.'
Who would not quick exclaim, 'The *TAYLOR*'s mad?'
Yet Tyrant-adoration is as bad.'

In reading Pindar, as has been observed of some other obsolete author, you may find

fault with the antique setting, but intellectual jewels of truth are there, which can never grow out of date.

'Melancholy Event!' Skip that. A laugh is worth a hundred groans, in any state of the market. Read the 'Anecdote,' if it be good, under the song, 'God save great WASHINGTON,' at your right hand, third column: 'ANECDOTE — RECENT. — A certain newly-created Justice of the Peace, rather too much elated with the dignity of his office, riding out one day with his attendant, met a clergyman, finely mounted on a handsome gelding, richly caparisoned. When he first saw him, he desired his attendant to take notice how he would smook the Parson. He accordingly rode up to him, and accosted him as follows: 'Sir your servant: I think, Sir, you are mounted on a very handsome horse.' 'Yes, Sir, I thank you, tolerably fleshy.' 'But what is the reason,' says the Justice, 'you do not follow the example of your worthy Master, who was humble enough to ride to Jerusalem on an Ass?' 'Why, to tell you the truth,' says the Clergyman, 'Government have made so many Asses Justices, lately, that an honest Clergyman can't find one to ride on.'

'Well said of the Dominie! There must have been more of Sterne than Sternhold about him. He evidently loved a joke, as well as old Pater Abraham à Sancta Clara.'

'Blanchard's Balloon.' An ascension, I suppose. No; it is a political squib. Mr. Blanchard has given out, that his gas, owing to an unfortunate accident, has also 'given out,' and that on account of the great expense, he is compelled to forego a second ascension. A wag advises him, as a cheap and expeditious method of obtaining an ample supply of gas, to place his balloon over the chimney of a house in which the 'Democratic Society' are to meet, in the evening, the members of which are expected to be highly inflated with a kind of light, combustible air, which will escape into his vessel, and answer his purpose admirably!

In these days of 'wars and rumors of wars' between the whites and Florida Indians, these twin poetical epistles will be apropos. The writer says, under date of Pittsburgh, 10th June,

'Since Friday last the news we've had,
Has been, dear Sir, extremely bad;
An Indian of the Senecas,
A white who swears to all he says,
Have brought a most alarming story,
The substance I shall set before you:
Six nations of the Indians, set on
By Satan and the imps of Britain,
Have join'd the Indians to the westward,
By which we soon shall be quite prest hard;
They now are crossing o'er the lake,
Fort Franklin to surprise and take;
That Fort will certainly be taken,
And scarce a settler save his bacon.'

Two days after, he adds the following, by way of postscript:

'The news I wrote three days ago,
This day I learn is all untrue;
The British have not gain'd their ends,
The Senecas are still our friends:
Fort Franklin is in statu quo,
Nor dreads a white or yellow foe;
For Capt. DENNY finds he can go,
And I suppose is at Venango.'

'Although I' extract the naked truth,
We put these traders on their oath;
Yet while they swear to what they say,
We find we're humm'd from day to day;
Hence, when I write to you again,
A second letter shall the first explain.'

In Animal Magnetism parlance, we 'will' the reader from off our shoulder, and close the book. It is matter-full, however, and peradventure we may open it yet again, anon.

MUSIC — MR. RUSSELL. — Our theatrical reporters have left us but brief space wherein to reply to a correspondent of the Philadelphia '*National Gazette*,' who, in a long communication bearing the signature of '*Honestus*,' consures the tone of our remarks in relation to Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, the popular vocalist, and the peculiar style of his performances. Both the writer alluded to, and the editor who publishes and endorses his strictures, 'trust that the KNICKERBOCKER will not maintain a dignified silence' under their remarks, since, originating in a work supposed to be influential in leading public opinion, the observations complained of 'have inflicted deep injury on the profession of music, taking away incentive to honest professional toil, close study, and real science,' by elevating a false standard of musical excellence. The writer denies, in so many words, that Mr. RUSSELL ever received the honors in Italy, to which he lays claim; doubts his having been 'a pupil for three years under ROSSINI,' or that he studied under GENERALI, MAVERBERG, and other masters; affirms that '*The Brave Old Oak*' is transposed, without acknowledgment, from LÖDER, save a few trifling alterations for the worse; that '*Some Love to Roam*' does not bear the real composer's name; and that five-sixths of the '*Treatise on Singing*,' recently issued, with Mr. RUSSELL's name as author, are plagiarized from a work on singing by RODOLPH, who has been dead these thirty years.

We depart for once from our uniform practice of silence, in relation to newspaper comments upon articles which appear in the KNICKERBOCKER, to correct one or two errors of the correspondent in question. In regard to the honors received, and the studies pursued by Mr. RUSSELL, '*Honestus*' will perceive, by reference to the article in our last number, that the entire paragraph touching his personal and musical history, is quoted from an article in the '*New-York Mirror*,' far more laudatory and elaborate than the one which embodied it, as an extract. The *onus*, therefore, in so far as these statements and the remarks which they elicited are concerned, rests not with this Magazine. As to the remaining charges of '*Honestus*,' if established, we shall be found not less ready than himself to counsel one capable of such deception, to lose no time in bringing down his pretensions to the level of his talents; and farther, commend him to a serious reflex upon the folly of a course so unworthy of his reputation. In the mean time, however, let it not be forgotten, that there are *two sides* to this matter, and that Mr. RUSSELL is extant, to reply for himself to these anonymous accusations.*

The opinions we expressed of Mr. RUSSELL's singing, are entertained by the great majority of those who have heard him; and our remarks in regard to the musical *affectations* of the day were not lightly hazarded, nor did they fail, as we have good reason to know, to strike an answering chord in the hearts of our readers. Italian effeminacy, elaborate ornament, (often known in musical parlance by the term '*difficult execution*,') interpolated upon the simplest airs, demanded reprehension. It was ridiculous *imitation*, pressed by Fashion into the service, and was lamentably infectious, from the *prima donna*, down to the tawdry damsels who flirt at the tail of a chorus, and the piano-strumming miss, redolent of bread-and-butter. It would have irked even Aristophanes, the quintessential, to have heard, as we have heard, some such melody as '*John Anderson my Joe*' garnished with attenuated and circumfused skeletons or shades of notes, in endless progression and recurrence, by your '*difficult execution*'-er, bent on wrecking all the tones of his voice upon a single word. Bells jangled out of tune, and harsh, or '*the spheres touched by a raw angel*,' would have the advantage, in comparative execrability, over such refined tinkering of simple melody. It was this misplaced ornament, (rendered for a period *fashionable*, by the affected ecstasies of '*genteel*' young men without brains, and small travelled amateurs, who voted it '*the thing*,') that we condemned, and *not* music, cultivated and improved by the great masters of the art.

* THE tone and manner of a second communication from '*Honestus*,' (perused, it is proper to add, since this article was placed in type,) induce the opinion, that something of personal feeling and private pique is mingled with his '*enlarged regard for the progress of musical science in this country*.'

LETTERS AND LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. — There is at the 'Merchants' Exchange' in this city, the model of a machine for re-pressing cotton-bales. Would that some ingenious person would invent a similar process, by which much of the matter of such a work as TALFOURD'S 'Letters of CHARLES LAMB, with a Sketch of his Life' — now lying damp before us, in all the luxury of London typography — could be re-pressed into these pages, for the gratification of our readers! In the absence, howbeit, of so desirable a power, we may present such condensed portions as can be subdued 'by hand,' withal. The letters in these volumes are connected by a 'thread of narrative,' which evinces a kindred spirit between Lamb and his biographer. The author of 'Ism' was an old and familiar friend of 'Elia's'; hence he every where exhibits a thorough knowledge of his character, not less than a perfect appreciation of his originality of thought, the delicacy and refinement of his taste, and the fascination of his language. These familiar epistles set before us *the man*, as he lived, moved, and acted. We have here, too, the first germs of those delicate children of his brain, which have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. We see the sources whence sprang the dainty thought, the charming image; and we may mark the daily creation and circumfusion of those felicitous conceits with which the name of 'Elia' is inseparably associated. What a reader was he, and how the ferreted beauties of the old worthies 'slid into his soul.' Upon the fertile suggestions of a creative, observant spirit, were inoculated and grafted the rich treasures of the elder intellects. But as our associate, in 'Brotherly Love,' (in a double sense,) has, since the above was penned, spoken elsewhere in this Magazine of these distinctive endowments and graces, we forbear farther comment. '*Reverens à Mouton.*' Return we to LAMB:

As the volumes will hereafter be issued from the press of the Brothers HARPER, we shall postpone a 'prepared report' upon them, until another number; contenting ourselves, in the mean time, with a few selections, in the perusal of which we have had especial delight. The annexed — to plunge at once, *in medias res*, into the work — was addressed to a friend who was about to depart for the East, being haunted with the idea of oriental adventure:

"My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such *parts* in heathen countries, among nasty, unconvertible, horse-belching, Tartar people! Some say, they are Cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow eating my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! . . . The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchey set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray try, and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 't was none of my thought *originally*.) Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burns. *Shave the upper lip.* Go about like an European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies,) only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin.* Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects, to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry *natural* captain, who pleases himself vastly with once having made a pun at Otaheite in the O. language. 'T is the same man who said Shakespeare he liked, because he was *so much of the gentleman*. Rickman is a man 'absolute in all numbers.' I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthrophaghi! their stomachs are always craving. 'T is terrible to be weighed out at five-pence a-pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland,) not as a guest, but as a meat."

The attractions which a New-York 'May Day' would have had for one whose horror of 'moving' is thus naturally accounted for, may be readily conceived:

"What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind, if it was to save your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Was I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kinderkin into a hog-head, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret. Our place of final destination — I don't mean the grave, but No. 4, Inner Temple-lane — looks out upon a gloomy church yard-like court, called Hare-court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old."

A clever artist might readily transfer the following picture to the canvass, though his imagination were naught. It describes the misfortune of a 'cised' fellow-clerk in the East India House, akin to one whom he elsewhere mentions, as 'pouring down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first is gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, a fourth to say there is another coming, and a fifth to say he is not sure he is the last :'

"The E. I. H. has been thrown into a quandary by the strange phenomenon of poor ——— whom I have known man and madman twenty-seven years, he being elder here than myself by nine years and more. He was always a pleasant, gossiping, half-headed, muzzy, dozing, dreaming, walk-about, inoffensive chap; a little too fond of the creature; who is n't at times? but ——— had not brains to work off an over-night's surfeit by ten o'clock next morning, and, unfortunately, in he wandered the other morning, drunk with last night, and with a superfecundation of drink taken in since he set out from bed. He came staggering under his double burthen, like trees in Java, bearing at once blossom, fruit, and falling fruit, as I have heard you or some other traveller tell, with his face literally as blue as the bluest firmament; some wretched calico that he had moped his poor onzy front with had rendered up its native dye, and the devil a bit would he consent to wash it, but swore it was characteristic, for he was going to the sale of indigo, and set up a laugh which I did not think the lungs of mortal man were competent to. It was like a thousand people laughing, or the Goblin Page. He imagined afterward that the whole office had been laughing at him, so strange did his own sounds strike upon his sensorium. But ——— has laugh'd his last laugh, and awoke the next day to find himself reduced from an abused income of £600 per annum to one-sixth of the sum, after thirty-six years' tolerably good service. The quality of mercy was not strained in his behalf; the gentle dews dropped not on him from heaven."

Lamb was a creature of ardent sympathies. His social affections were as fresh and tender as those of childhood; and in the subjoined extract from a letter to Wordsworth, these characteristics are admirably portrayed :

"Deaths overset one, and put one out long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within this last two twelvemonths, and so many parts of me have been numbed. One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and thinks to tell of it to this person in preference to every other: the person is gone whom it would have peculiarly suited. It won't do for another. Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There's Capt. Burney gone! What fun has what now? — what matters it what you lead, if you can not fancy him looking over you? One never hears any thing, but the image of the particular person occurs with whom alone almost you would care to share the intelligence: thus one distributes oneself about — and now for so many parts of me I have lost the market. Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles. The going away of friends does not make the remainder more precious. It takes so much from them as there was a common link. A. B. and C. make a party. A dies. B. not only loses A., but all A.'s part in C. C. loses A.'s part in B., and so the alphabet sickens by subtraction of interchangeables."

But gentle-spirited as he was, Lamb knew how to use the polished weapon of satire. Witness his 'Letter to Southey,' and the following keen sonnet upon the editor of the Quarterly Review. It is a revenge for the severely-expressed 'distaste of a small though acute mind, for an original power which it could not appreciate, and which disturbed the conventional associations of which it was master.' GIFFORD was originally a shoe-maker. The sonnet is entitled, SAINT CRISPIN to MR. GIFFORD, and dated 'Saint Crispin's Eve :

"All unadvised, and in an evil hour,
Lured by aspiring thoughts, my son, you daft
The lowly labors of the 'Gentle Craft'
For learned toils, which blood and spirit sour.
All things, dear pledge, are not in all men's power;
The wiser sort of shrub affects the ground:
And sweet content of mind is oftener found
In cobbler's parlor, than in critic's bower.
The sorest work is what doth cross the grain;
And better to this hour you had been plying
The obsequious awl, with well-waxed finger flying,
Than ceaseless thus to till a thankless vein:
Still teasing muses, which are still denying;
Making a stretching-leather of your brain."

The annexed ludicrous account of a temporary indisposition, was addressed to Bernard Barton, the well-known Quaker poet. It breathes the very spirit of 'Eliä :

"Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare — 'a whorson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it — an indisposition to do any thing, or to be any thing — a total deadness and distaste — a suspension of vitality — an indifference to locality — a numb, soporific, good-for-nothingness — an ossification all over — an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events — a mind stu-

por—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it's three-and-twenty furlongs from hence to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge —'s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an 0! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I do n't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton: nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, 'will it?' I have not volition enough left to dot my i's, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub-street attie to let—not so much as a joint-stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off. O for a vigorous fit of gout, of cholic, tooth-ache—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death: Did you ever have an obdurate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill, and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment!

"It is just fifteen minutes after twelve; Thurtell is by this time a good way on his journey, halting at Scorpion perhaps; Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat; the Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns, but, on consideration that he may get somewhat by showing 'em in the town, finally closes."

In the same vein is the following, written under similar circumstances:

"I have had my head and ears stuffed up with the east winds. A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or the spheres touched by some raw angel. Is it not George the Third tuning the Hundredth Psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge, writing to me a week or two since, began his note: '*Summer has set in with his usual severity.*' A cold summer is all I know disagreeable in cold. I do not mind the utmost rigour of real winter, but these smiling hypocritical Mayas wither me to death. My head has been ringing chaos, like the day the winds were made, before they submitted to the discipline of a weather-cock, before the quarters were made. In the street, with the blended noises of life about me, I hear, and my head is lightened; but in a room, the hubbub comes back, and I am deaf as a sinner. Did I tell you of a pleasant sketch Hood has done, which he calls, '*Very deaf indeed?*' It is of a good-natured, stupid-looking old gentleman, whom a foot-pad has stopped, but for his extreme deafness cannot make him understand what he wants. The unconscious old gentleman is extending his ear-trumpet very complacently, and the fellow is firing a pistol into it to make him hear, but the ball will pierce his skull sooner than the report reach his sensorium. I choose a *very* little bit of paper, for my ear hisses when I bend down to write. I can hardly read a book, for I miss that *small soft voice* which the idea of articulated words raises (almost imperceptibly to you) in a silent reader. I seem too deaf to see what I read. But with a touch of returning zephyr, my head will melt."

It is in a letter to the same staid correspondent, that we find the following reflections on the fate of Fauntleroy, who was executed many years since in London. It is 'a strange mingling of humor and solemn truth':

"And now, my dear Sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder vein. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the charge of them. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many beside him, who at last have expiated as he hath done. You are as yet upright; but you are a banker, or at least the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour—but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations! I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged, as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrung, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe, (which is something,) but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, etc."

Here is a capital programme for those losel scouts whose 'tales of the crusades' which are waged against the canine species, generally fill our newspapers in the dog-days. We have no doubt that similar suggestions to those here thrown out, have been acted upon by many a dog-hater, in the fervid summer solstice, what time a worse

virus than the hydrophobic was raging in his brain. Lamb is inquiring after his adopted dog, 'Dash :

" Goes he muzzled, or *aperte ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign — he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased — for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder-Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you,) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a bedlamite."

There is an adroit satire upon epitaphs — certificates of good character given to persons on going to a new place, who oftentimes had none in the places they left — in the annexed fragment from a letter enclosing an acrostic :

" I am afraid I shall sicken you of acrostics, but this last was written to order. I beg you to have inserted in your country paper, something like this advertisement: 'To the nobility, gentry, and others about Bury: — C. Lamb respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he is leaving off business in the acrostic line, as he is going into an entirely new line. Rebuses and charades done as usual, and upon the old terms. Also, epitaphs to suit the memory of any person deceased.'"

A few original anecdotes of Lamb must close our notice for the present. The first dry specimen was doubtless suggested by the closing couplet of a London street-ballad, wherein is set forth the ultra fickleness of a female 'loverer :

' And there I spied that faithless she,
A fryin' saasongers for he!"

" One day, at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, I was sitting on a form, looking at the catalogue, and answering some young people about me who had none, or spared themselves the trouble of consulting it. There was a large picture of Prospero and Miranda; and I had just said, 'It is by *Shaks*;' when a voice near me said, 'Would it not be more grammatical to say by *her*?' I looked, it was Mr. Lamb.

" He went with a party down to my brother Charles's ship, in which the officers gave a ball to their friends. My brother hired a vessel to take us down to it, and some one of the company asked its name. On hearing it was the *Antelope*, Mr. Lamb cried out, 'Do n't name it; I have such a respect for my aunt, I cannot bear to think of her doing such a foolish action!"

" A widow-friend of Lamb having opened a preparatory school for children at Camden Town, said to him, 'I live so far from town I must have a sign, I think you call it, to show that I teach children.' 'Well,' he replied, you can have nothing better than '*The Murder of the Innocents*!"

" A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling him that eight people dined at the top of the spire of that edifice; upon which he remarked, that they must be very '*sharp set*."

" An old woman, on a cold, bleak day, begged of him for charity: 'Ah! Sir,' said she, 'I have seen better days.' 'So have I,' said Lamb; meaning literally one not so rainy and overcast as the one on which she begged.

" Mrs. H — was sitting on a sofa one day, between Mr. Montague and Mr. Lamb. The latter spoke to her, but all her attention was given to the other party. At last they ceased talking, and turning round to Mr. Lamb, she asked what it was he had been saying? He replied, 'Ask Mr. Montague, for it went in at one ear and out at another.'

" Coleridge one day said to him: 'Charles, did you ever hear me *preach*?' 'I never heard you do any thing else,' said Lamb.

We shall discuss anew these teeming volumes, when the American edition (which it is to be hoped will possess the portraits of the English) shall have appeared.



BRISTOL ACADEMY, TAUNTON, (MASS.) — A catalogue of the officers, teachers, and pupils of this institution, now before us, affords very favorable evidence of the prosperity which it enjoys, under the supervision of its able preceptor, J. N. BELLOWES, Esq. It already numbers nearly an hundred pupils, in the male and female departments, embracing residents in various quarters of the country. The plan of instruction, set forth in the appendix, is an excellent one; 'uniting, as far as practicable, pleasure with study, yet not to the neglect of strictness of discipline, and thoroughness in the business of instruction,' in which the art of teaching, as a profession, is included, in a separate department.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—MR. FORREST.—Two succeeding engagements of Mr. FORREST, have given us an opportunity of witnessing his efforts in all of his old, and in some (to him) new characters. Othello, Damon, Richard III., Metamora, Spartacus, Lear, Carwin, in the 'Orphan of Geneva,' and even Hamlet, have in turn been presented, through the impersonations of Mr. Forrest. Among these, there are some characters which long ago he made his own, and which have not since found any other representative. Such are Metamora, Spartacus, and perhaps Damon; Othello and Lear, too, had been previously attempted by Mr. Forrest, and found among his many friends enthusiastic admirers. This last engagement, however, has presented this gentleman in two new characters, Richard and Hamlet. Of the first of these, it shall be our province to speak in this paper.

Mr. Forrest has challenged criticism upon his conception of the character of the Duke of Gloster, by his remarks contained in a published letter to a friend, written during his English visit. In this letter he boldly affirms, that the ideas which EDMUND KEAN always held of the personage which he represented as the Duke of Gloster, were erroneous, in one great particular, and that therefore he should portray the crook-backed tyrant in a light quite different from that in which Kean presented him. This error of Kean consisted, it seems, in supposing the royal cut-throat to have been a too *serious* villain; in presenting the early part of his career in a shade too sombre. According to Mr. Forrest, the wily duke was rather inclined to be jocose in his butcheries; and he should therefore, in his personation of the character, make the jester a sort of *basso-relievo* to the hard, black surface of his marble heart.

Now we admire originality, whether it be displayed on the stage, at the bar, in the pulpit, on the canvass, or in books. Whether the original be a cobbler, or an architect, we hail his advent with joy and gratulation. That clever artist, who first conceived the interesting metamorphosis whereby a sliver of wood could be converted into a pumpkin-seed, deserves, indeed, more praise for his singular ingenuity, than for any lasting blessing thereby conferred upon mankind. Nor can we affirm, that the kindred hand which first transposed the same material into those cherished condiments of eastern Ind, y'clept nutmegs, has claim to any higher reward; yet were both these worthies original thinkers, and thereby entitled to the respect due to genius. To endeavor to trace back some great original thought to the impulse which first opened the way to its creation; to search for the early germ, no bigger perhaps than a grain of mustard-seed, out of which the towering tree sprang up in all its original greatness, is a subject which must always engage the attention, and employ the research, of the admirors of genius. We have therefore endeavored, by the most patient and diligent study, both of Shakespeare and his commentators, to discover the ground upon which Mr. Forrest formed his original reading of the Duke of Gloster, or the hint, if possible, from which he snatched his conception of the murdering duke's jocular disposition. The only peg which we can possibly discover, whereon we suppose Mr. Forrest might hang his wonderful originality, is comprised in that line wherein the crafty Gloster, gloating over that devilish hypocrisy with which he is enabled to cloak his monstrous villainies, exclaims:

'For I can smile, and murder while I smile.'

Mr. Forrest was no doubt struck with this passage. It seemed to him to contain the germ of a mighty thought, and in his aspirations for immortality, he has given a liberal meaning to the passage, and rendered it thus:

'For I can laugh, and murder while I laugh!'

The spirit of originality seized upon his desires and his faculties at the same moment; and with a determination to wither at a blast the laurels of Kean, Cook, John Kemble, Booth, and a host of less distinguished worthies, he has, in the magnitude of his wisdom, declared them 'sumphs' in their ignorance of Shakespeare, and himself the only true representative of the most powerful of the bard's creations!

'Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
'What power,' he cries, 'what power these wonders wrought!'
Soul! what thou seek'st is in thee; look and find,
Thy monster meets his likeness in thy mind.'

We were truly inclined to give Mr. Forrest credit for too much good sense, to be tempted into any such absurd extravagance as he has been guilty of, in attempting to foist his new reading of Richard upon an intelligent public. He must have discarded all authority, and taken it upon himself to settle this question with the world; and he has settled it, in a way most lamentable for his judgment. The first three acts of Richard were really pitiable. There was a lack of every thing which we had long supposed belonged to the character. His sarcasms—those biting sentences which Kean made so withering—were turned to absolute jests—regular Joe Millers in blank verse!

Gloster murdered in joke, and all his villainies became, as Mr. Forrest presented them, no more than the peccadilloes of Punch. The scene with Queen Anne had no propriety whatever. It was not the wily Gloster, whose tongue could 'wheedle with the devil,' but the gay, slashing Corinthian, paying his devoirs to a moonlight Cyprian. The Duke of Gloster was a gentleman, bloody-minded enough, truly, but with the polish of a court about him, and an air of nobility as inseparable as his hump; both of which Mr. Forrest discarded long before the Duke of Gloster gave up the ghost. The last two acts, and especially the very last, were powerful, so far as physical effort could render them powerful. The tent-scene was terrific in this respect; it was like the 'tic douloureux,' deafening and dull. It was heavy physical force, with very little of genius to thrill or to startle; a sort of artificial thunder, without the lightning. Strange that any can be found to uphold such extravagance; but rant and fustian seem the order of the day; and he whose lungs are the stoutest, seems the victor among modern tragedians.

'The rabble knows not where our drameshine,
But when the actor roars, 'By Jove! that's fine!'

ELLEN TREE. — The finest comedies in the language, presented to us, in their principal characters, through the acting of Miss ELLEN TREE, have proved, during the last engagement of this lady, that a true taste for the legitimate drama yet exists in full force in America, however it may have degenerated on the other side of the water. 'Rosalind,' 'Beatrice,' 'Lady Teazle,' 'Viola,' as well as 'Ion,' 'Jane Shore,' 'Clarissa,' in the *Barrack-Room*, 'Christine,' and a multitude of other characters, as varied in their kind as these, have offered a rich intellectual treat to all who can appreciate the chaste, ungarlished beauties of the drama. It would be superfluous to speak of Miss Tree's merit in these characters. To us, at least, she has become identified with them all; and in speaking of her performances, we must say that the task can only be a repetition of that even strain of unadulterated praise, which, justly awarded, belongs only to perfection. We look in vain for some fault, some discrepancy, some point which might be improved upon. All is so near the *beau idéal* of her art, that we must, in omitting all censure, either confess ourselves wanting in judgment, or at once acknowledge Miss Ellen Tree a being more perfect on the stage, than any we know or can conceive of, off of it. Perhaps the greatest of her many merits is the remarkable purity of her utterance, and the true sound and meaning with which she clothes the language of the author. In the classic phrases of 'Ion,' this beauty is prominent; the choice words which form the finished sentences of this gem of English literature, are sounded full in every letter. Vowels and consonants receive their measured justice, and every line is meted out with its just cadence, imparting to our much-abused English a quality as free from blamish as it is capable of sustaining. In common or less classical compositions, the words are endued with a strength and beauty, which are borrowed from her perfection of utterance. There is a roundness and a rich purity in her pronunciation, which gives a finish and fullness to the sound, that is really musical. She is a worthy mistress of the Queen's English.

MADAME CARADORI ALLAN. — A new star in our musical world has shone upon us during the past month; not the less dazzlingly, perhaps, from its foreign lustre. Mde. ALLAN possesses a *soprano* voice, of a light quality. She sings with great apparent ease, and there is a finish to every note, worthy of the highest praise. Her execution is graceful in the extreme. The most rapid notes glide as distinctly through her voice as the most slow and measured. There is neither hesitation in the one, nor hurry in the other. All are in exact time, and evince in their execution a degree of study seldom effected, and a taste fully competent to seize upon and display the most exquisite beauties of the art. Her manner is evidently that of one unaccustomed to the stage; that of a sensitive and delicate gentlewoman, suddenly placed in a situation new to her, but embarrassing only from its novelty. If, as has been asserted, Mde. Allan's first appearance here was really her *débüt* in an opera made up of English words, she certainly has great reason to congratulate herself on the success which attended even her acting of the part of 'Rosina.' The execution of the opening song, the 'Unâ Voce,' first in English, and then, in obedience to an *encore*, in Italian, was truly as beautiful as we can fancy it in the power of her peculiar voice to make it. It was certainly sufficient to merit one of the most rapturous bursts of applause that was ever listened to. The other music of her part was equally well executed, if we except those pieces where low contralto notes were to be sounded. Here, of course, the artiste could do nothing; and she showed her good sense by attempting nothing. We particularly noticed this peculiarity in the concerted piece at the close of the first act. Having no contralto notes in her voice, it was impossible for her to express the music belonging to this scene. A repetition of 'The Barber,' on the next night, gave us an opportunity of witnessing the same beauties, and the same slight defects. There was, as might have been

expected, less embarrassment than on the previous evening; while the acting, and the stage-business altogether, was more easy and natural. 'Love in a Village' displayed the high faculties of Mde. Allan to still greater advantage, and certainly, with one glorious exception, we never heard the melodies which belong to 'Rosetta' more exquisitely given. There were two simple ballads introduced, which, in her way of expressing them, made perfect gems of the hacknied 'Coming through the Rye,' and 'I'm Over Young to Marry.' It is the peculiar province of genius to hallow all it breathes upon; and surely, in a musical way, this truth was never more clearly exemplified. We are sorry to say, however, that with the exception of Mr. PLACIDE, Mde. Allan has been most wretchedly supported. Mr. JONES sang worse than ever, and acted no better. Mr. RICHINGS is not equal to the parts which we honestly believe he is *obliged* to sustain in opera. His exertions, however, as 'Hawthorn,' would, on this particular evening, have been entitled to less censure, if he had taken the trouble to learn his part. The minor characters in opera are shamefully executed at this house. They were bad enough when the WOODS and BROUGH were to be supported, but infinitely worse now. There are singers enough in the country to make up this deficiency. Why are they not engaged? There is Mr. BROUGH for the 'Basils,' Mr. LATHAM for the 'Figaros,' there is Mr. HOAX, who *can sing*, if he cannot *act* the 'Elvinos,' and surely an 'Almaviva' and a 'Hawthorn' might be found, to fill the places of those who now disgrace these characters at the Park. With two or three exceptions, (and among them, in justice, we must name Mr. HAYDEN,) the most exquisite music is played by an admirable orchestra to no better purpose than to show the sad deficiency of the singers. Of Mde. Caradori Allan's performance of the 'Somnambulist,' we are not prepared to speak fully; as, in consequence of the early hour at which this Magazine is put to press, we have, 'at this present writing,' only seen her first appearance in the character; when, from over-exertion, perhaps, in the second act, she was unable to go through with the third as satisfactorily as we may hope practice will enable her to do hereafter.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, under its present management, is second to none in the United States in the varied talent and efficiency of its acting company, in scenic effect, general good order, the attraction and excellence of its entertainments, and the number and respectability of its audiences. It has uncommon materials for either tragedy, comedy, or opera. 'Macbeth' and 'Othello,' for example, the 'School for Scandal,' 'Cure for the Heart-ache,' etc., could not probably be produced more effectively in any particular, even at Drury Lane. Othello, especially, with J. W. WALLACK, VANDENHOFF, BROWNE, ABBOTT, Miss WHEATLEY, and Mrs. SEFTON, in the principal characters, is really a rare treat. It is so much like SHAKESPEARE'S Othello, that we think even the great bard himself would recognise it; which is more than can be said of most portraiture of his splendid creations. In 'Macbeth,' too, we opine that Mr. Vandenhoff is scarcely excelled, even by Macready — still less by any other living tragedian; and at neither of the two great London theatres, where we saw Macready in this character about a year since, was the play otherwise better done than at the National. In his personations of Hamlet, Iago, and Cato, Mr. Vandenhoff is also pre-eminently great, if not unequalled. He has strongly confirmed his reputation as an artist of the first order in his profession, and he is, moreover, as we are assured by those who know him, a gentleman of sterling acquirements, and unassuming worth. In person, he is of medium height, with an intellectual and expressive face, and a voice at once pleasing and powerful. An emphasis sometimes rather too *drawing*, is the only exception we can make to his usually chaste and judicious elocution.

A review of the performances at the 'WOODWORTH BENEFIT,' some wholesome advice to Mr. GANN, for over-action, a notice at large of 'The English Gentleman,' (a most sterling play,) together with a report upon the laughable and admirably-acted piece, 'Gulliver in Lilliput,' although in type, are reluctantly, yet unavoidably, omitted.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, Bowery, has presented to large audiences, since our last notice, a melodramatic piece called the 'Bronze Horse,' the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations of which are said to have been unequalled by any thing hitherto seen at this establishment. Its great and continued popularity must be taken as substantial evidence of its merit as a spectacle.

THE OLYMPIC continues, in an unpretending way, to increase its reputation as a quiet and well-conducted theatre, where one may find the lighter attractions of the drama admirably presented, by actors who understand their business, supervised by managers who know theirs, and attend to it. It is a capital place wherein to pass a leisure hour agreeably.

MR. SIMMONS' LECTURES ON ELOCUTION.—We have had the gratification, since our last number, of attending a course of lectures upon elocution, given at the 'Stuyvesant Institute,' by WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, Esq., of Boston; and we are confident we speak the unanimous opinion of his auditory, among whom were many of our most distinguished citizens, when we say, that for sound reasoning, felicitous manner, and richness of voice, Mr. SIMMONS' equal has not been heard in this meridian for many a long year. He expounded clearly and analytically the natural laws of vocal expression, according to the method pursued by Dr. RUSH, in his 'Philosophy of the Human Voice;' exemplifying, at the same time, the practical effect and application of all the important tones, inflexions, and modes of emphasis, by a variety of readings and recitations, which were invariably received with the liveliest demonstrations of admiration, on the part of his hearers. We sincerely hope that the capable and accomplished lecturer, and we must add orator, also, may find sufficient inducement to deliver a second course; and as there is abundant room for improvement, both in our public and colloquial elocution, we trust, moreover, that the private lessons in his useful and delightful art will be liberally attended. We are glad to learn that he is giving a course of lectures and lessons at the Episcopal Theological Seminary; and that he is about to gratify a large body of young men, engaged in professional studies and mercantile pursuits, by the repetition of his course, at Clinton Hall. Mr. SIMMONS' address is the Astor-House.

LITERARY RECORD.

TOKENS OF THE HOLIDAYS.—We feel paternal yearnings, when we sit down, as now, by our round-table, to draw around us our great family of readers, that they may admire with us the various gems of art with which it is literally overloaded. Before us, gleaming in gold, crimson, and purple, rich blue and velvet green, and affluent in the finest engravings, are the *ENGLISH ANNUALS*, for 1838, which, with their American brotherhood, will very soon, we venture to predict, collect some of the superfluities of this 'money-voiding town.' Love-tokens are they, for the tasteful swain, and remembrancers from the generous-hearted, to those who stand on the top-scale of their friendship's ladder. *Annuals*, both foreign and domestic, are every year improving. From 'combinations of show and emptiness,' they have come to be the medium of the highest efforts of art; while green-sick sonnetteers and small tale-writers are succeeded by minds more capable of entertaining the public. We can do little more than *catalogue* the rich stores before us.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX, in imperial quarto, may be placed first in the list, since it is superb, beyond all former precedent. It is intended to represent the peculiar female beauty of different countries, or provinces, with a characteristic back-ground of scenery, and adjuncts in keeping. 'England,' 'Andalusia,' 'Florence,' 'Egypt,' 'Ceylon,' 'America,' 'Georgia,' 'Scotland,' and 'Castile,' have each their representatives; and what a galaxy of beauty would that court present, which should combine in one assembly these ambassadors of loveliness! The letter-press illustrations, in prose and verse, mainly by Miss MITFORD, we need not say, are worthy the pictorial department, and the reputation of the author of 'Our Village.' The '*FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS*,' edited by Miss LONDON, also in the imperial quarto form, is a very pretty volume, but less beautiful, as it strikes us, than its predecessor. It is dedicated to the Queen, in a clever acrostic upon her name, in four-line stanzas, each verse of which is introduced by an ornamental letter, representing a flower; a pretty and feminine device. Female beauty is made to represent the Clematis, Hyacinth, Water-Lily, Night-blooming Convolvulus, Poppy, Canterbury Cathedral, Pansy, 'Marvel of Peru,' the Laurel, Iris, etc. **HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY** contains thirteen engravings, portraits of several women of nobility, and fancy pictures. Its externals are gorgeous. The binding is of cerulean satin, richly embroidered with thread of changeful golden tissue. It has a few stories, &c.

some good poetry. LADY BLESSINGTON does the editorial honors. 'CHILDREN OF THE NOBILITY' is a work in the large quarto. The engravings are by HEATH, from drawings by CHALON. One or two of them are exquisite—the portrait of LADY MARY HOWARD, for example. There are some pretty children, too, and 'extraordinary ordinary'-looking othersome, with legs like upright nine-pins, and shod hoofs. Edited by MRS. FAIRLIE. 'BEAUTIES OF COSTUME'—HEATH again. This is a series of female figures, in the dresses of ancient times—Egyptian, Scottish, Court of Louis XII., Bernese, Milanese, Russian, English Peasant, Swiss, Court of Charles VII., Persian, Scottish Highland, etc. Descriptions by LEITCH RITCHIE. We can say little for the ENGLISH ANNUAL. Old plates, which have been served up to the British public in the 'Court Journal,' if we do not mistake, are scarcely worthy of being ushered forth as original embellishments. The 'ORIENTAL' has twenty-two spirited engravings of 'Scenes in India,' many of which are very superior. The name of Rev. HOBART CAUNTER is a guarantee for the character of the letter-press portion of the work. The London 'CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE' is worthy of all praise, both as to matter and embellishments. A portrait of Mrs. STEWART, (wife of Rev. C. S. STEWART, of the American Navy,) late missionary to the Sandwich Islands, from a painting by INGRAM, of this city, is one of the gems of the volume. HEATH's 'PICTURESQUE ANNUAL' is devoted to 'Scenes in Ireland.' They are well selected, and the engravings are exceedingly soft and clear. The descriptive matter is from the pen of LEITCH RITCHIE. Beside these, there are 'Italy, France, and Switzerland,' in two large quarto volumes, the plates by PROUT and HARDING, and the illustrations by THOMAS ROSCOE; FISHER's 'DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK,' with its usual quality and quantity of engravings, edited by Miss LONDON; 'Midland Counties Tourist,' illustrating hoary ruins, romantic castles, and picturesque towns and landscapes, in the counties of Chester, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Rutland, and Lincoln, with descriptions historical and topographical, 'Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverly Novels, etc. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—'Selections from the Court Reports, originally published in the BOSTON MORNING POST, from 1834 to 1837. Arranged and Revised by the Reporter of the Post.'—The writer of this work is surely chief of the *adepti* in his art, for art it is. He is a preëminent 'dab' at his business; uniting grace of composition with a keen sense of the humorous, and the reflections of a heart open to the influence of generous emotions, and full of sympathy for the unfortunates, whose abandonment to temptation he records. As contrasting examples of pathos and fun, we would instance the picture of maternal affection, in the story of the three juvenile book-thieves, and the cool knavery of the *omnium-gatherum* varlet, whose systematic pilferings were directed by a written programme, as: 'Visit Bailey's Female High School—*scrutinize*;' 'Get books from library—*valuable*;' 'Go to the theatre—*once*;' 'Go to the Museum, night and day; *criticise, and get every thing I can*;' 'Visit Horticultural Rooms—*and get things*;' 'Get some pocket-handkerchiefs—*gratis*,' etc. These 'Selections' will amuse a dull hour passing well. The reader will find the book fruitful of fun or instruction, open it wheresoever he may. BOSTON: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

'THE ARETHUSA.'—Such is the title of a naval story, in two volumes, by Captain CHAMIER, R. N., author of 'Ben Brace,' 'Life of a Sailor,' etc. In our judgment, it is his best work. If not as a whole, certainly in particular scenes it has not been surpassed by any previous effort of the author. The wreck of the Tribune, the naval warfare, the pestilence at Jamaica, and many other detached scenes, which might be mentioned, are most vividly portrayed. We would counsel Captain Chamier, however, not to meddle with character of which he knows nothing more than may be conveyed in the terms, 'I reckon,' 'I guess,' and 'I calculate,' in endless iteration. His 'Corncob' is an imaginary anomaly, and has no counterpart in America. Philadelphia: E. L. CARRY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'REVIEWERS REVIEWED:'—BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PELAYO.'—This is a little volume of seventy-two pages—dedication, introduction, argument, text, notes, and appendix, all counted—and is facetiously denominated by the young lady-author a 'Satira.' The editors of the 'Courier,' 'Gazette,' 'Commercial,' and 'Mirror' journals, together with the KNICKERBOCKER, are the victims—because they could not admire 'Pelayo.' For our own poor part, the force of the attack has stunned us. We know not what to say. Also, we wist not what to do. 'Where,' (to adopt the kindred language of our fair satirist's illustrious archetype, 'Rosa Matilda,')

'Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe!
Bear us safe, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES.—MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY have published a handsome volume, of some five hundred pages, entitled 'A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants.' By JOHN WILLIAMS, of the London Missionary Society.' We regret that we are compelled to advert so briefly to this excellent work, in gathering the materials for which, the author travelled one hundred thousand miles, and expended upward of eighteen years. The book is full upon all the heads mentioned in its title, and is illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. The style is simple and flowing, and the details invariably interesting, not less to the general than the Christian reader. We were struck with a fact recorded toward the close of the volume, illustrative of that divine purpose in nature of which a correspondent elsewhere speaks, in the present number. In many of the coral islands of the South Sea, there are neither streams nor springs; and were it not for the cocoa-nut, the inhabitants would perish. On a sultry day, when the very ground burns with heat, the natives climb this fruit-tree, and in each unripe nut find a pint or more of a grateful lemonade-like water, as refreshing as if taken from a spring.

'SCIENCE MADE EASY:'—'Being a Familiar Introduction to the Principles of Chemistry, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics.'—We took up this corpulent dictionary-quarto, under the impression that it was one of those scanty and superficial 'made-easy' books, good-naturedly intended to instil dull truths into unwary understandings, by alternate layers of *utile* and *dulce*, but capable in reality of very little good. Its perusal has agreeably disappointed us. The author has not alone sketched on the frontier of a few of the sciences, but he has drawn a small array of them into close order, in such wise that they may be surveyed with ease and expedition, and made to fructify without a world of unnecessary trouble. The volume is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.

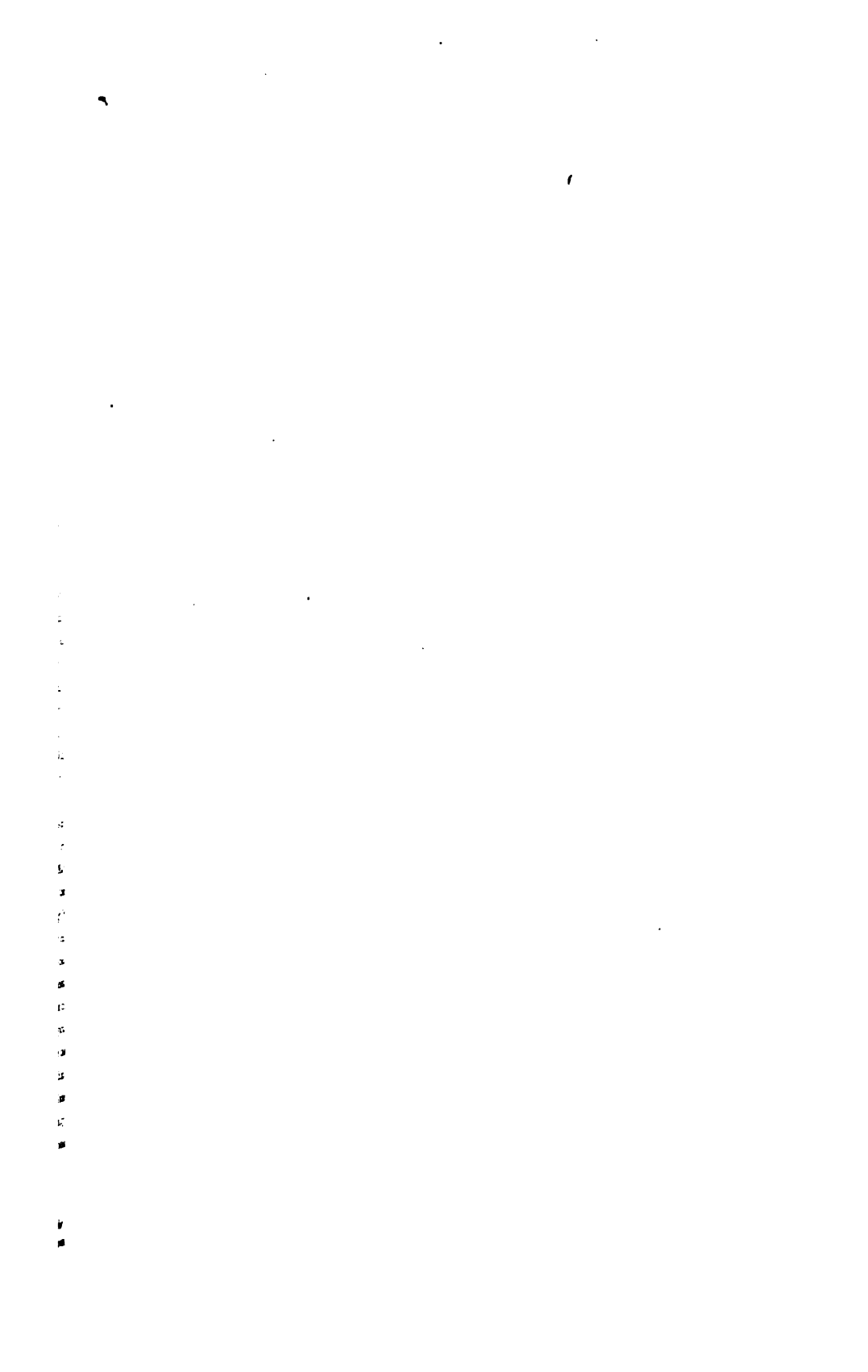
MISS LESLIE'S 'PENCIL SKETCHES.'—This volume contains all of Miss LESLIE's fugitive pieces which have appeared since the publication of her second series of 'Pencil Sketches.' Every article has been carefully revised by the author, and improved, as she believes, by numerous alterations and additions. The following are the contents: 'The Red Box, or Scenes at the General Wayne;' 'Constance Allerton, or the Mourning Suits;' 'The Officers, a Story of the Last War;' 'The Serenades, and Dream of Songs;' 'The Old Farm-House;' 'That Gentleman, or Pencillings on Ship-board;' 'Charles Loring, a Tale of the Revolution;' and 'Alphonsine.' Aside from the natural ease and conversational ability, peculiar to all Miss LESLIE's productions, the reader may always rely upon a main object of intellectual or moral good.

'THE HAWK CHIEF.'—This 'Tale of the Indian Country,' by JOHN T. IRVING, JR., author of 'Indian Sketches,' is too clever a production to be despatched in a few lines; but we are compelled to postpone a more enlarged notice of the work, until some future occasion. In the matter of literary provender, it seems latterly to be either 'a feast or a famine.' Our hands are now full, which but recently were quite empty, of intellectual wares. We shall discuss them in order, when space and leisure serve.

ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE KNICKERBOCKER. — We cannot permit the closing number of the present volume of this Magazine to go forth to our readers, without holding a brief and familiar tête-à-tête with them, in relation to its prospects, literary and otherwise. For the past, let it speak for itself. We have accomplished all we could, and our friends are kind enough to admit that it has been beyond what was promised, and more than satisfactory. For the future, we have rich stores of valuable and entertaining matter, not only from our present unequalled corps of contributors, but from several writers, akin to the best of them, whose acquaintance our readers have not hitherto made. We can promise, that the more solid articles which the next volume will contain, will neither be too voluminous to be read, nor too dull to be useful; that they will be varied and novel in subject, and attractive in manner. Eschewing politics and polemics, our readers will escape the long-winded discussions to which they so frequently give rise; and they may rely, moreover, upon a faithful discharge of our critical responsibilities, uninfected by partizan or sectarian feeling. With articles of a lighter description, we shall, as heretofore, be well supplied. By 'light articles,' we do not mean silly love-stories, and inflated, finical rhapsodies, nor the aimless efforts of writers mounted on airy stilts of abstraction, but matter capable of improving while it amuses; that shall 'fortify like a cordial,' and be productive of sweet blood and generous spirits; reviving and animating the dead calm of idle life, entertaining the leisure of the active, and relieving the toil of the laborious; now beguiling, perchance, pain of body, or diverting anxiety of mind; and happily again, it may be, filling the place of had thoughts, or suggesting better. We do not anticipate that every paper will please every reader. Our articles are so many dishes, our readers guests; that which one admires, perhaps another rejects; but we shall take especial care, that none may be without something to enlighten his understanding, and gratify his fancy or taste. The pericraniums are not disfurnished, good reader, from which so many good things have heretofore been evoked for your edification and profit; nor will they be, by some score or two, the only sources of your future intellectual gratification. You will believe us, when we hold out to you these tokens of good, since we have never deceived you. Judge ye, if we have not 'fought our way to your good graces valiantly, and showed our passport at every barrier.'

Our success is abundantly satisfactory, so far as reputation and an increasing subscription-list are concerned. 'The pressure,' however, which has borne so heavily upon all business, and all professions, has not been without its influence upon the pecuniary interests of this Magazine. Many of our unthinking readers — we will harbor no worse opinion of them — unwilling to curtail their expenses, by stopping their subscriptions, have been quite-ready to lessen them by not paying for a work which they could not bring themselves to forego. To such we have only to say, they cannot be fully aware of the injustice of which they are guilty, nor of the unmitigated exertions which they so illy requite. The 'never-ending, still beginning' labor which is going on for their benefit and amusement, long after their heads are upon their pillows, or while they are indulging in the relaxations from toil which are denied to the less fortunate laborer in the literary vineyard, should be promptly rewarded; and we cannot but hope that each delinquent under whose eye this paragraph may fall, will yield tardy justice to those who have wrought long and faithfully for him. Having said thus much, explanatory, denunciatory, and exhortatory, we enter upon a new volume with an enhanced patronage, enlarged hopes, and a settled determination to lose no opportunity, and to spare no labor nor expense, which may increase the reputation of this Magazine, and widen the already far-reaching boundary of its circulation and influence.

ERRATA. — In the poem 'Floral Astrology,' page 498, the word *us* should follow the final '*under*,' in the third line of the third stanza. In the '*Lay of the Madman*,' p. 518, the seventh line from the close should read, '*They tremble and dart through my every vein.*'



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